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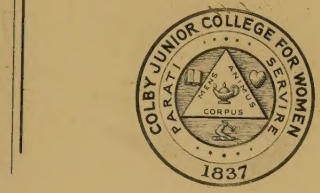

FRANCE

August, 1824, to February 8, 1826

Volume II

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IRVING IN 1824, PARIS

FRANCE

ENGLAND

DRESDEN

SPAIN

WESTERN

TOUR

THE JOURNALS OF WASHINGTON IRVING

(HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED)

EDITED BY

WILLIAM P. TRENT

AND

GEORGE S. HELLMAN

1815

TO

1842

ESOPUS

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FRANCE

AUGUST TO OCTOBER, 1824

[*Leaving London on August 13, 1824, Irving arrived at Paris on the 15th. His first arrival at Paris, after leaving Dresden on May 20, 1823, was on August 3, 1823.*]

August 13, 1824. — Friday. Rise early — correct proof sheets till nine. Henry and Irving[1] arrive from France — have travelled all night — breakfast with me. Leslie comes in to dine [with] Payne[2] — pack up my things, etc., etc. Settle with Murray for "Tales of a Traveller" — receive his drafts at six, nine and twelve months for 500 guineas each. Lend Henry eight pounds — pay ten on account — give Mrs. Kelly two pounds — Elizabeth, one pound.

Leave London at two o'clock in coach for Brighton. Safety coach — crammed with passengers — three lawyers among others — one a round-faced, pleasant-looking fellow with a slight cast in his eye — a wag; another a thin, half-starved fellow who is terribly rained on.

Heavy showers which drench us in spite of umbrellas — pass over Dover — fine view from Ryegate Hall — arrive at Brighton half-past eight. By advice of Mr. Sennet, the lawyer, I go to the Ship in Distress — a small but civil inn — with a comely

[1] Irving's brother-in-law and nephew, Henry and Irving Van Wart.

[2] John Howard Payne.

landlady. He seems to be at home there — sups in the bar. He is a pleasant-looking, pleasant-tongued fellow and may be a good friend of the landlady. The house is full and I get a bedroom out — fare to Brighton ten shillings. Luggage eight shillings. I find the steam-boat has met with an accident — I shall have to go in a sailing packet.

Muggy company of citizens in the public room — one a large, white-faced old fellow with little turtle eyes.

Go to my room a little after ten.

August 14th. — Saturday. Got up at six — wrote to Morier, Miller, Van Wart, Murray, and Mrs. Foster — rec[eive]d proof sheets and corrected them — anxious about the sailing packet — cal[le]d several times at the captain's — found to my great joy that the steam-boat was repaired and sails to-day.

Sailing packet swaggering about the road in front of Brighton.

Read papers in Lucombe's library — sailed in steam-boat at three-quarters before three — fresh breeze — motion — plenty of sea-sickness — old, thin gentleman in barnacles — one large black goggle.

Got into Dieppe at two o'clock in the morn'g. Had to go to custom house but not detained above a minute. Got to bed at Taylor's Hotel.

Sunday, 15th. — At early hour got my passport arranged and took place for Rouen. Custom house very polite and lenient — breakfasted at Taylor's — walked about the place.

Old church with a great number of people saying Mass — walk up to the castle — round tower and square towers clustered one upon another — old peasant women with sabots with new worsted buckles and roses to them.

Custom-house officials very civil and very slight in their examination.

Leave Dieppe at eleven in diligence for Rouen, an Imperial officer with moustaches next me — behind there [were] Englishmen, a Mr. Barton and Johnson. In the course of the morn'g it begins to drizzle and at last comes on a pelting rain — get soaked before arriving at Rouen — sat down at *table d'hôte*, Mr. Johnson with me — take diligence and travel all night — arrive at Paris by Pontoise[1] and bridge of Neuilly at eight o'clock.

Monday, 16th. — Find Peter and Mr. and Mrs. Beasley at my lodgings — after breakfast go out to the Storrows'[2] — pass part of the day with them — take lodgings at Auteuil — 130 francs for three months. Dine at home — Mr. and Mrs. Beasley and Peter — call at Mr. Storrow's in the ev[enin]'g.

Tuesday, 17th. — Take bath — call on Mr. Storrow — Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who are in an elegant hotel there, and others — Mr. Sheldon in a wing of it up narrow stairs, etc. Walk on Boulevard — call on Mr. Storrow — dine at home. Mr. and Mrs. Beasley and Mr. and Mrs. Green are with us to-day with their child.

Passed ev[enin]g at home very sleepy.

August 18th. — Wednesday. Packed trunks early — at twelve went out to lodgings at Auteuil — rooms for three months at 130 francs. Passed day with the Storrows — ret[urne]d home at nine o'clock.

Thursday, 19th. — Woke early — read "Travels in Germany" till seven — breakfasted at Mr. Storrow's at eight — walked in garden — talk'd of

[1] This is a guess. The Ms. is puzzling.

[2] Irving was exceptionally intimate in the household of these American friends.

mode of manœuvring armies — ret[urne]d home and read French translation of German play — called on Mr. Wedgewood[1] who is engrav'g my picture. He corrected it from me. Went to town — called on Ogden[2] and his pretty little wife — bo[ugh]t shav'g cup — brush — found Mr. and Mrs. Beasley at my lodgings — called on Mrs. Welles — sat some time with her — ret[urne]d home — dined with Mr. and Mrs. Beasley and Peter — ret[urne]d to Auteuil with "Tancredi,"[3] which I had bo[ugh]t to give to the Storrows. Walked with the family in the Bois de Boulogne and then ret[urne]d home at nine o'clock.

Friday, 20th. — Auteuil. A fine morning — sun shines warmly into my room, but clouds up and rains heavily between eight and nine. My apartment is in a large house, newly altered and fitted up. All the rest of the house unfinished and workmen busy about it (excepting a little apartment where the landlord's father lives, whom the little portress called Monsieur). The hotel looks onto a garden — flower beds disposed so as to form a circle.

A plaister Cupid in the middle — a house on opposite side of the garden plaistered white — fronted and half covered by clipped poplars. A flight of stone steps form a portal among the trees — on a pedestal each side of the steps, a vase with a delicate but bright red flower in each — lattices shaded by trees.

[*Here there is an interesting sketch of the above-described house.*]

After heavy showers the sun broke out brightly

[1] J. T. Wedgwood, — whose engraving of Irving is the frontispiece of this volume.

[2] Charles Ogden, an old New York friend.

[3] "Tancredi" was written by Rossini at the age of twenty-one; and the opera was produced in Venice, in 1813.

and warmly — as if just washed — like schoolboy's face.

My situation remote in the house — with serv-[an]ts' room above — unglazed — songs of workmen.

My portress, a little, spare woman with open, anxious eyes that cannot be closed — the porter, a little man with old cowtail wig — and a leather cap.

The day turned out fine. Wrote a little on French and English characteristics[1] — walked in the Bois de Boulogne with the Storrows — took Italian lesson — dined and passed ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's ret[urne]d home at nine. Told story of Peter Schlemihl.[2]

Saturday, 21st. — Woke early — learnt Italian verbs, etc. — read German travels — wrote to Mills — called at Mr. Storrow's — went to town — found the Beasleys at home — called on Livius, but he was not home — found at home a letter from Verplanck[3] — called at Galignani's[4] — ret[urnin]g home found Mr. Green and Mr. Sheldon there. Ogden called — Mr. Storrow called — returned with him to Auteuil — dined with him — Italian lesson in the ev[enin]g — ret[urne]d home half-past nine.

August 22d. — Sunday. Read — studied Italian

[1] These notes were used by Irving some ten years later, in the "Geoffrey Crayon" papers published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine.*

[2] "The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl" (1814) is the best known prose work of the German poet, Adalbert von Chamisso (1781–1838). It is based on the old folk-lore legend of "the man who sold his shadow to the devil."

[3] Gulian C. Verplanck, in his day a noted American author and Shakespearian scholar, had long ago forgiven his old friend Irving for the fun poked at the Dutch families in "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

[4] John (1796–1873) and William (1798–1882) Galignani — sons of the founder of "Galignani's Messenger," the English newspaper published in Paris — were the influential publishers and booksellers to whose offices Irving so frequently resorted.

till breakfast — rainy morn'g — at ten, went to the Storrows' — took Italian lesson. Master Edward came there from school — about twelve, Mr. and Mrs. Beasley and Peter arrived on their way to Versailles — accompanied them there. The weather had broken away and sun came out. Went through the Park of St. Cloud — fine woods — pass the stair in the woods, command'g fine vistas — after coming out of the park, beautiful views — valleys among hills — and wooded side hills with seats, cottages, etc., among the trees.

At Versailles go to Mr. King's — fine family of four children — two girls and two very fine boys. Thunder and lightning while there — King has a first floor of large house — a suite of large tho' old-fashioned apart[ment]s — lofty and furnished at 200 [francs] per month. Called at Col. Aspinwall's[1] — Mrs. A. lying on sofa indisposed.

Dined at the Hôtel de la Reservoir — great number of John Bulls dining there — walked in park and saw water play from fountain — ret[urne]d home in twilight — fell asleep and woke up in Bois de Boulogne — arrived at Auteuil about eight. Took tea at Mr. Storrow's — ret[urne]d home before ten.

August 23d. — Monday. Rose early — wrote letter to E. I.[2] — beautiful morn'g — went to town — called at Livius, 31 Rue de la Ville l'Êvêque — pretty lodgings. Livius employed about "Abon Hassan" for French stage — off[ere]d me admissions to Fardeau — called at lodgings. Beasley enclosed letter to Havre. Ret[urne]d to Auteuil —

[1] Col. Thomas Aspinwall, the American Consul, who undertook for Irving the sale of "Tales of the Alhambra," "The Life of Columbus," etc.

[2] Ebenezer Irving, the third of Washington's four brothers.

passed rest of day at Storrows' — beautiful walk in the ev[enin]g along the Seine. Ev[enin]g Mr. Canzano came in — sat till ten — ret[urne]d home.

August 24th. — Tuesday. Walked to Barrier of Passy with the Storrows — went thro' Passy — beautiful morning — delightful walk — took *fiacre* and drove to town — called with the Storrows on the Lows and Sheldons. Dined at Welles' — present, Mr. and Mrs. Beasley, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, Mr. Manigault, Mr. Steele, Dr. Stevenson, Mr. Grey(French sec'y), etc. Glad to meet Steele again — talked with Mr. Grey — rather a bore — ret[urne]d home — slept at my lodgings in town.

August 25th.[1] — Wednesday. Fête of St. Louis — went to see about *voiture* to Fontain[e]bleau — found one, Rue Dauphin.

Went out to Auteuil — walked in the Bois de Boulogne with the Storrows — dined with them — in ev[enin]g walked along the river — saw fireworks from windows — village illumination — monument, half doz. pots tallow. Barber — *épicier* —etc.

Ret[urne]d home half-past nine.

A beautiful day — sunny — and breezy — the breeze tempering the heat.

August 26th. — Thursday. Beautiful morning. Get up at seven after sound night's sleep. Study Italian all the morn'g till two. Dress and call at Mr. Wedgewood's — not at home — walk to town through Passy and along Rue Chaillot — call at Livius'—not at home—Ogden's ditto—dined at my lodgings on cold beef, etc. — went to Galignani's and read papers — ret[urne]d to my lodgings — walked

[1] The date of the publication in London of "The Tales of a Traveller," in two volumes, by Murray.

back to Auteuil. Peter accomp[anie]d me part of the way. Walk along the Seine — man casting nets but without success — pass even[in]g at Mr. Storrow's.

Friday, 27th. — Study Italian — go to Mr. S.'s and say lesson — walk to the Barrier — beautiful, sunny day — take cabriolet and drive to Livius' — find Viscomte —— there. Livius tells me the "Freischutz" is to be brought out at Covent Garden with great splendour — get the Ms. from him — meet Charles Ogden and bid him farewell — call on Dr. Brown — not at home. Dine at Mr. Brown's — present, Mr. and Mrs. Welles, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Beasley, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, Mr. and Miss de Kanson, Dr. Brown, Mr. Sheldon, Peter, Mr. Managault.

Dr. Brown told me of tumuli eighty feet high in America and 200 feet in circumference.

He was once travelling and came to where about twenty squaws were mourning about a grave and had been mourning for two or three days and nights — poles are stuck about the grave, of hickory peeled, with garlands of leaves hung on them. On inquiring he learnt particulars of the deceased. He had been a kind of conjuror or prophet of the tribe. Once several years before he had been engaged in healing a sick person — found all his remedies in vain — the man was dying. He told the friend that it was in vain to try remedies, that he was baffled by a certain squaw who was a witch or sorceress and practising charms which counteracted all his remedies. One of the friends of the sick man set off in quest of the woman, found her with two of the children at the door of her hut. She was pregnant. She was pounding hominy. He charged her with her

witchcraft and sticking the knife into her womb, killed her on the spot. One of her children was a boy of eight years old. He said nothing, but treasured it up in his heart. About ten years afterward, on some pretext, he had inflamed himself with brandy and was dancing in a wigwam. When the dance was finished he approached an old man who was seated against the wall. It was the murderer. He drew a knife which he held in both hands. "You killed my mother," said he, "take this," and so saying he rushed upon him and thrust the knife with such violence into his belly that it grazed the back bone. It was the grave of the man round which they were lamenting. The young man went at large unmolested. It was thought a justifiable and pious act of vengeance.[1]

August 28th. — Saturday. Slept last night at my lodgings in Paris — breakfasted with the Beasleys, who at nine take leave of us, having to attend the christening of Mr. and Mrs. Green's child. Peter and myself take *fiacre* and drive to No. 26 Rue Dauphine, where the Storrows shortly after arrive — set off from there at half-past eleven in a *berline*[2] for Fontain[e]bleau. Hire the *berline* containing nine places for sixty fr[ancs]. Fine, sunny day, tho' warm — country pleasant. There are several beautiful prospects on the road, particularly at the halfway village of Essone in the neighbourhood of which is Corbeil, standing in a pleasant valley — the Seine winding through rich, cultivated valley, with *châteaux*, etc.

[1] Irving's interest in Indian legends began with the letters that he received from Brevoort, in 1811, from Mackinac. The papers that Irving contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, a quarter of a century later, as well as his "Tour of the Prairies," show his long continued interest in the American Indian.

[2] Irving uses the French way of spelling the name of a four-wheeled carriage invented at Berlin in the seventeenth century.

Old French country seat — rows of shrubs in blue and white earthenware pots — sun dial against side of house — bells on top — leaden urns and iron weather cocks — little flags on gable end — steep avenue leading from the road to an iron gateway.

Towards sunset we reach the skirts of the forest — wild masses of rocks piled upon each other and firs, etc., grow'g between them — red squirrels — postilions with return horses — couriers, with leather breeches and gold-lac'd coat — English equipage of the Crarys follow[s] shortly after.

Get to Fontain[e]bleau at dusk — taken by the conductor to a miserable inn — go in quest of another — after much time and wandering with our luggage we get into the Hôtel de Bruie — family hôtel de France — kept by Fessard *fils*. Enter through large kitchen, surrounded by well-scoured copper saucepans and stew-pans, etc., etc.

Shewn to a large bedroom with landscape paper, full of figures — gent[lemen] with gaiters, etc., etc. Sup and retire — pass a restless night, being much out of order — continual noises, arriving and departing of diligences, etc., etc.

Sunday, 29th. — Hot, sunny morning — go to the Palace — cannot get admittance as everybody is at Mass. Stroll about courts and avenues of gardens till Mass is over. Go thro' galleries and saloons of Palace. See the table where Napoleon signed his abdication — of mahogany — simple — round. See gallery of Francis I — low ceiling, gilded and ornamented, etc.

After leaving the Palace we walk in the English garden and then return home, where we remain the rest of the day, much incommoded by the heat. Noises in French hotel — great voice from inner

court — a gaunt, swarthy, leather-faced fellow with tremendous voice that fills every corner of the court with noise — leading out great shaggy-maned, shaggy-coated horses with nec[k]lace of bells jingling — horses neighing wildly.

In the ev[enin]g we walk in gardens behind the Palace, but return wearied by heat and wandering and go early to bed.

N.B. Sociable Englishman who dines in same room with us and talks with us — asks for basin of soup, etc.

August 30th. — Monday. After hearty and merry breakfast we set off in a car for the forest. Beautiful day — a slight cloudiness tempered the heat of the sun.

Drive thro' fine beech forests to the Bo[u]quet de Mons[eigneu]r — a superb oak — then to the Hermitage near the *rocher qui pleure*. Hermitage a ruin — turned to residence of peasants. Well 200 feet deep — picturesque rocks and trees at the weeping rock.

Drive to Mount Girard — a fountain springing from the side of a hill among rocks from whence is a beautiful view over the forest.

Drive to the Beau Tilleul, where we eat a lunch at the foot of the tree — several alleys radiate from it — walk along one to the brow of a hill command'g fine prospect. Drive to rocks of St. Germain — a quarry.

Scenery of the forest is varied — oaks, birch, elms, weeping birch, wood cutters, squirrels, partridges, lizards, wildflowers, thyme, heather — quantities of hives of bees at the Hermitage which make a humming like a large town. Return home at four and dine.

Ev[enin]g, walk in gardens of the Palace — sociable Englishman hovering about us — our street a very noisy one — jovial blacksmiths always hammering and singing duets — accomp[anie]d by anvil — clanking of sabres — a body of lancers quartered here — lounging about streets — horses dall[y]ing by — arrival and depart of diligences — groups of young lancers about cafés. In other parts of the place a contrast is offered by silent, deserted palaces. Fine effect of moonlight in garden and after leaving the Palace — the moon crescent seen over pinnacles of the Palace mingled with trees of the Queen's garden.

In the garden is fountain of white stone or marble with bronze stag — beautiful sunset in garden — rosy clouds.

August 31st. — Tuesday. Troop of lancers ride by the house. We set off for Paris at nine. A very hot day — buy squirrel for Sam on the road.

Arrive at Paris five o'clock — take *fiacre* and drive home — find letter from Mr. Lipton, dine — call at Livius' — not home — take cabriolet to Barrier de Passy — walk thro' Passy and by old *château* which looks well in moonlight — yellow stone — light in casement of roofs — pass lovers strolling by moonlight — got to my lodgings at Auteuil half-past nine and find to my chagrin that I have left the key of my drawers, etc., at Paris.

September 1st. — Wednesday. Wrote note to Peter and Mr. Sicurac — pass the morn'g in my room — copy out biography of Campbell.[1] Study

[1] Among the early writings of Irving was "A Biographical Sketch of Thomas Campbell, by a Gentleman of New York," prefixed to the American (1810) edition of Campbell's poems. The two authors became friends in 1817, and it was Irving who wrote the introduction to the American edition of Beattie's "Life of Campbell." The writ-

Italian — walk to Bois de Boulogne — a warm, still, sunny day — return home and dine on cutlets — soup and [h]aricots blancs, and peaches bro[ugh]t from the *restaurateur*. Bustle of little porter and his little wife on the occasion — read "Travels in Germany" and nap — pass ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's in garden.

Thursday, 2d. — Read "Travels in Germany" — studied Italian till half-past eleven when Mr. Sicurac, the miniature painter, called to give me a sitting — went with him to the Storrows' where he finished my miniature. Mr. Wedgwood called there to see it. After they had gone, read Italian till four — return'd to my lodgings and dined — passed the ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's. This day has been very warm.

Friday, 3d. — Warm, sunny morn'g — there had been a shower in the night, made the morning close and heavy — woke early with pain in the pit of my stomach, was apprehensive of spasms or cramp, but it went off in half an hour — read, etc.

At nine went into town with Mr. Storrow in the Auteuil cuckow — a French Gen'l Courvell in the carriage — talked about Egypt, etc. Called at Livius' — Mr. Planche[1] came in there — talked about his researches after costumes.

Shewed beautiful specimens of ancient costumes — hunting, etc.

The French gent[leman] came in — author of "Voyage Pittoresque à Etna." Went to my lodgings — found letter from Payne — wrote to Aspinwall on the subject of his house.

ing here alluded to, however, was for a biography of Campbell that Galignani had intended to publish; but Irving never got far along with this project.

[1] Joseph Planche (1762–1853), a noted French scholar and author.

Found copy of "Tales of Trav[eller]" at Galignani's — read article in *Quarterly* on P——.[1] Called on Wiggins and Halkett, but neither was at home. Dined with Peter and ret[urne]d to the country. On my way met with Miss Fitzgerald, who wished me to dine with her to meet D'Angelis.

At Storrow's found Miss Bertand — music in ev[enin]g — but Miss B. could only play canticles — fudge.

Beautiful moonlight night — felt rather below par — ret[urne]d to my apartments half-past nine.

September, 4th. — Saturday. Livius breakfasts with me — go to Bois de Bo[u]logne and read "Azendai" to him — he read story of Cardillac.[2] Showery day — warm — intervals of sunshine — return home — take second breakfast — walk with L. down the avenue — receive letter from Peter inclosing one from Mills in London — gives unfavourable ac[coun]t of the reception of my work[3] — Peter comes out from Paris — pass ev[enin]g at Storrow's — Mrs. S. unwell with headache — feel *abattu.*

Sunday, 5th. — Peter passed last night at Auteuil — woke early in morn'g — restless and uneasy — full of doubts of success of my work. After breakfast call with Peter on Mr. Storrow, and we then walk to St. Cloud — stroll about the grounds — beautiful

[1] The *Quarterly Review* (Boston, August, 1824) has a lengthy article on J. K. Paulding (pp. 519–542), based on his two-volume publication of letters entitled, "A Sketch of Old England by a New Englandman." This article praises Paulding highly. In the March, 1825, issue of this *Quarterly* there is a fourteen-page article on Washington Irving.

[2] Apparently Irving and Livius were reading material which they thought might furnish operatic subjects. See below, entry for October 6th.

[3] "The Tales of a Traveller" which, although the edition sold rapidly, was not so highly praised as Irving's earlier works.

day — return to Auteuil — Marianne[1] comes out and brings letter from Col. Aspinwall and Gen'l Devreux. Aspinwall agrees to take Payne's cottage at the rate of 600 francs per year for one or two years.

Dine at Mr. Storrow's — Mr. Steel and Dr. Stevenson there — remain there for the evening — a beautiful moonlight.

Monday, 6th. — After tolerable night in course of which I light my candle and read — rise early — breakfasted with Peter — we return to town. Walk with Mr. Storrow and young Edward through Passy, etc., to Barrier — take *fiacre* — call with Peter on Livius and return "Ab[o]n Hassan" and decline doing anything with "Azandai" — call on Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Stewart — small, pale man with full growth of hair — Mrs. Stewart formerly Miss Smith — a bright, black-eyed woman — dine at home with Peter — go in ev[enin]g to Théâtre de Gymnase. See "Tableau de Teniers" — good — "Maîtress[e] au *Logis*" — and a tedious, absurd piece called "Le Sourd" — (called on the Welles' to-day and saw Miss W.) — called on Mr. Brown and Dr. Brown — sat some time with latter, send letter to Mills and Mr. Lupton Rolph.

September 7th. — Tuesday. Last night Col. and Mrs. Aspinwall came to pass a few days at our lodgings — (I took bath this morning). This morning we breakfasted together. In course of morn'g Mr. Buchanan of London called on me. Had bro't my work and lent it to the Welles. Settled with Marianne for months of July and Aug[ust]. Dined at the Welles' — present, the two Mr. Lathams, one of

[1] Irving's French servant-woman, who was his "cook, butler, *valet de chambre* and footman."

Havre, the other of Liverpool, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins — passed ev[enin]g there — bro[ugh]t home 2d vol. of my work.

Slept but indifferently.

Wednesday, 8th. — Rather restless night. This morn'g gave Marianne three nap[oleon]s for her expense while I was absent — and two nap[oleon]s on ac[count] of present to the Van Warts. This day Latham called on me.

Called on Buchanan — not at home — called at Mr. Storrow's.

Ret[urne]d home — the Aspinwalls still with us. Sat down to dinner at half-past four. Shortly after Mr. Storrow called for me — ret[urne]d to Auteuil with him and Mrs. S. — passed the ev[enin]g with them — restlessness and uneasiness of mind.

Thursday, 9th. — Woke several times in the night — restless and uneasy — after breakfast this morning I wrote at Kisscher[1] till near one — lay down on bed — read a little Italian and dozed. Sam Storrow came in and invited me to walk with ladies in Bois de Bologne — walked there till near four — returned home — went to Mr. Storrow's and read Italian — dined and past evening there — a beautiful moonlight night.

September 10th. — Friday. Slept rather better last night; but still feel depression — when nine o'clock strikes I suddenly resolve to go to Paris. Set off in Ballon's cuckow with Mr. Storrow — find at my lodgings a letter from Mrs. Foster. Find Mr. Marchand bargaining with Col. Aspinwall about Payne's cottage — Aspinwall agrees to pay the back rent on

[1] Irving has written a name that seems like Kisscher or Kircher. The German antiquary, Athanasius Kircher (1602–1680), may be meant, but he is an unlikely author for Irving to be dealing with either as the subject of an essay or as a source for notes.

Marchand's agreeing to leave things as they are, and the house in the possession of Mr. Payne.

Receive a most kind and gratifying letter from Moore[1] about my work. Has a good effect in reassuring me — receive a very forward letter from an impudent bookseller in America, named Coleman, who has assumed the agency of Galignani's edition of British Authors — call on Mr. Smith — not at home — on Mr. Buchanan — not at home. Meet De —— in street and have some talk with him — return to Auteuil and dine at Storrow's. Mr. Storrow brings in a letter from Mr. Van Wart. All write pleasant ac[coun]t of my work — pass ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's and return home at nine — rather languid.

Saturday, 11th. — Slept well last night after receipt of Moore's letter. This morning I wrote letters to Moore and E. I., but did not finish them. Went to town — fine day — called at Galignani's — called on Welles and borrowed 2d vol. of my work — called on Livius, but he was not at home. Mr. Campbell Stewart called on me and sat for some time. Dined at my lodgings with Peter,[2] who accompanied me back to the country. Met Mrs. and the Miss Storrows in the street of Auteuil — accomp[anie]d them home — passed the ev[enin]g there — Peter and Mr. S. played chess.

September 12th. — Sunday. Slept very well. After breakfast this morn'g Mr. Wedgwood called with proof of my likeness — wrote letter to E. I. and Van Wart. Went with Peter to Mr. Storrow's — a dull, rainy day — Mr. Smith and Master Edward — dined at Mr. S.'s — passed ev[enin]g there.

[1] Thomas Moore, the poet.

[2] Irving's affectionate loyalty to this most unfortunate of his brothers never ceased.

September 13th. — Monday. Good night's rest — rose early — went to town this morning. Wrote letter to E. Irving about his not writing — requesting ac[count] of my property — wrote to H. Van Wart requesting him to lodge £200 in W[illia]m's hands for me — wrote to Miller about send'g a book to E. I. in case he had not done so already.

Report of the King's death — said to have died last night. Called at Dr. Gibbings' — nobody at home — called on the Stackpoles — sat for some time with Mrs. Stackpole, her sister and sister-in-law. Met Hawkes, lately from England — called on Livius — not at home — walked out to Auteuil — beautiful day — called at the Storrows' — took them up to the belvedere on top of my house — dined and passed ev[enin]g at Storrow's. Requiems performed for the King in the little church of Auteuil[1] — attended with Mr. Storrow — picturesque church — large columns — white marble tomb.

Ret[urne]d home half-past nine.

September 14th. — Tuesday. Slept well last night — this morning felt heavy and restless — could not apply myself to anything — so at ten o'clock determined to go to Paris — walked in, along the river — a beautiful day — clear, sunny and temperate — called on Livius but he was not at home — on Mr. Campbell Stewart — saw him and Mrs. Stewart — talked about Virginia — land worn out by tobacco — negroes a mere charge on many planters, who have to grow corn to feed blacks.

Called on Miss Fitzgerald and sat some time there — promised to dine with her on Thursday — called at Mr. Brown's — found him lying on couch with rheumatism. The Swiss *chargé d'affaires* called in

[1] A curious fact, as Louis XVIII did not die till three days later.

— the King is still alive but very feeble. Found the *corps diplomatique* have been worried these four days past with the question whether they should drape their carriages. The ambassadors intended to do so; but did not think it necessary for the ministers to do so. The Prussian minister, who is the last here, determined not to be behindhand, and so the thing will be universal. Walked with Peter to the Tuileries — a crowd of men and women under the windows of the King with anxious faces — waiting and watching every rumour — many of them very probably pensionaires on the bounty of the King. Dined at home — walked out to Auteuil — passed ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's — beautiful, clear sunset and lovely night — ret[urne]d home at ten.

September 15th. — Wednesday. Slept extremely well last night. After breakfast this morn'g took Ital[ian] lesson and then set out on tour at half-past ten. Delicious weather — crossed ferry at Pont du Jour, walked along the opposite side of Seine to Meudon — then by Bellevue over to St. Cloud — walked in grounds of Park and between four and five dined at La Tête Noir[e] — returned to Auteuil — passed ev[enin]g with the Storrows.

Thursday, 16th. — Mr. Galignani called at eight o'clock while I was at breakfast, and brought accounts of the King's death who died at four this morn'g. He wished me to translate from French into English an article on the King's death to insert in his paper. Accomp[anie]d him to town in his cabriolet — beautiful day — though warm — wrote the article and sent it to him by two — called on Mrs. Welles — on Mrs. Patterson, Miss Caton, and Lady Harvey — found Mr. Baring there. Went past the Tuileries — great crowd pressing for admission to

see the King—*gens d'armes* representing the Queen—*gens d'armes* dismounted, stand'g by their horses in the public square.

Dined with Miss Fitzgerald — present, Mr. Lattin, Madame ——, Mr. Verraire, and M. —— of the *garde de corps* and two lads.

They mentioned that the King's last complaint originated in an erysipelas in back. In the course of his few last days a gangrene had taken place. They applied . His finger came off.

Lattin spoke of Dupertel — physician — he has been dead these thirty years. He pretends to be alive, but he has a ticket *de sortie* from the Sexton.

September 17th. — Friday. Read papers at Galignani's — set off for Auteuil — stopped at Livius' and talked about the "Freyschutz," etc., etc.

Walked up the main avenue thro' Barrier de Neuilly — round the outer Boulevard to Passy — thro' Passy into Bois de Boulogne and so to Auteuil, where I arrived past two. Dined at four. Passed ev[enin]g at Storrow's.

Saturday, 18th. — A serene, delicious day — studied Italian — read *N. American Review*[1] — read "Metastasio" and studied Italian again all day in Mr. S.'s garden and in the Bois de Boulogne, lying on the grass — Peter came out in the ev[enin]g — dined at Mr. Storrow's — passed ev[enin]g there.

Sunday, 19th. — Overcast morning, wind N. W. After breakfast walked with Mr. Storrow and Peter round by Meudon, Sèvres and St. Cloud. Sun broke out beautifully in middle of the day. Considerable company in Park of St. Cloud — Court being there

[1] The *North American Review* began in 1815, with William Tudor, a Boston man of letters, as its editor.

— walked back to Auteuil — dined at the Storrows' — Mr. Steel there — passed ev[enin]g there.

September 20th. — Monday. A rainy day. Studied Italian all day. Dined at home. Hubbub in village — fighting between two manufacturers who were drunk — great bustle among the white caps[1] — pass the ev[enin]g at the Storrows' — return home at ten.

Tuesday, 21st. — Go to town in morn'g with Mr. and Mrs. Storrow — call on Mr. Morier — see Mrs. M. — dine at Mr. Wiggins' — present, Mr. and Mrs. Welles, Mrs. Brown, Dr. Brown, Mr. Gray, Mr. Sheldon, etc. — call on Livius — pass an indifferent night.

Wednesday, 22d. — Call at Mr. Storrow's — very nervous all day — dine at home. Col. and Mrs. Aspinwall with us — in ev[enin]g walk in Palais Royal, etc., and return home — slept well.

Thursday, 23d. — After breakfast went to Mr. Wiggins' in Rue de la Paix — got place in balcony and saw the convoy of the body of Louis XVIII —a carriage with his heart preceded the funeral car. At Mr. Wiggins' were Mrs. Brown and Dr. B., Mr. and Mrs. Welles, Mr. James King — afterwards went and met the Storrows. Took them to my lodgings — lunched — ret[urne]d with them to Auteuil, where I dined with them and passed ev[enin]g — a fine day with a shower or two.

September 24th. — Friday. Slept well last night — a cool morning and showery day. Studied Italian till twelve — wrote letter to Moore and began one to Mrs. Paris — went to Mrs. Storrow's and read Italian lesson. Dined there — Mr. and Mrs. ——, manufacturer of shawls, and Mr. ——, manufacturer

[1] Presumably the labourers who wore white caps.

of ribbands. Sang some and talked of theatre —a fresh, good-looking woman.

Saturday, 25th. — Wrote Italian exercise — rec[eive]d letter from Miller — good news of work — went to town — walked — rained when I reached Champs Elysées — found copy of "Tales of a Traveller" at my lodgings sent from Eng[lan]d by Miller — called at Galignani's — called on Mr. Matthews. Met there M.

Dined at club — with Mr. Matthews — introduced to Mr. Wilkenson and met there with Mr. Rovie of Morland Place. At nine o'clock set off in cuckow for Auteuil. Quarrels between drivers and passengers — get to Auteuil half-past ten — dark — walk up the avenue — fuss between little porter and his wife.

Sunday, 26th. — Much rain in the night — clear, sunshiny morning but cool and windy. Study Italian till twelve. Peter arrives — at one go to Storrow's — walk in Bois de Boulogne — sheltered, sunny, and pleasant — dine at Storrows' — Mr. Steele and Mr. May — the latter deaf — Master Edward also — pass ev[enin]g there.

Livius came out to look for lodgings.

Monday, 27th. —Slept well — a cold, grey, overcast morning. After breakfast walked to Paris with Peter — went thro' Passy — begins to rain — turn off along the outer boulevard to the Barrier de l'Étoile — preparation for the King's[1] entry — troops lining the avenue — squadrons of horses, etc. — rains steadily and is cold — get quite soaked — take a hackney coach near Rue de la Paix — drive home — change dress — go to Rue Drouot, find the Storrows — take them to Mr. ——, Rue St. Denis. King passes in state — superb looks of Duke d'Or-

[1] Charles X.

léans[1] — a cold, wintry day — return to Rue Drouot and take chocolate, and then return to Auteuil — dine and pass ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's. In the afternoon it clears up beautifully.

September 28th. — Tuesday. Slept well — a beautiful, sunshiny morn'g — cool but pleasant. Delicious look from the windows of the house over the country — smoke rising in some parts — glimmering, hazy effect of serene, sunny weather — sun shines warmly into my room — study all the morn'g at Italian until half-past twelve — go to Mr. Storrow's to have exercise corrected — take chocolate. Mr. Canzano comes in, who has been ill for fifteen days from fall from his horse. Walk to Barrier and then get into *voiture* and go to town — call on Livius and Coles, neither at home — go home and dine with Peter. Letters have come from E. I. and Paulding, but have been sent to Auteuil. Get a set of "Tales of a Traveller" sent by Miller to the Galignani's — had not come to hand before — walk out to Auteuil — pass the ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's — Mr. S. in town — give set of "Tales of a Traveller" to Mrs. Storrow — return home at ten.

Wednesday, 29th. — Studied Italian till ten — rec[eive]d letters from E. Irving and J. K. Paulding — E. I. writes about "Tales of a Traveller" — J. K. P. about Mss. for "Salmagundi"[2] — call at Mrs. Storrow's and take Italian lesson, then go to Paris — call at Livius' — not at home — call at Galignani's

[1] Ferdinand Philippe Louis Charles Henri, Duc d'Orleans, prince-royal of France (1810–1842).

[2] "Salmagundi," as issued in 1807, was the joint work of Irving and James K. Paulding, with a few contributions by William Irving. The second series of "Salmagundi," in 1819, was entirely the work of Paulding. The reference here is probably to the edition of the first "Salmagundi" published at London in 1824.

— they receive letters from E. I. and Carey and Lea [1] agreeing to their terms of agency — write letter to E. I. by Estafetti pr the Bayard — call at Mr. Storrow's — see Mr. Steele and Dr. McEwen — dine at Mr. Galignani's — present, Mrs. ——, a blue [stocking] in Polish bonnet, Mr. Underwood, young Frenchman at ease with himself, who enters wagging his head about and talks loud like a young American politician, one or two other guests.

At nine set off for Auteuil and arrive there before ten — *au voiture* from Rue Drouot. Ev[enin]g answered invitation from Mr. Morier.

September 30th. — Thursday. A beautiful sunny morning, mild and bracing — after breakfast called at Wedgewood's — not in, but found Livius there — returned home and wrote Italian till twelve —went to the Storrows' and accomp[anie]d them in a drive to Meudon — sun — walked through park of St. Cloud and ret[urne]d home by four — dined and passed ev[enin]g there.

October 1st. — Friday. A rainy, windy day, with short intervals when it holds up — the weather mild — studied Italian till near two — walked out toward the Bois de Boulogne, but the weather threatening. I went to the Storrows' and took lesson — ret[urne]d home and dined alone — a beautiful sunset — rainbow and bright clouds — pass the ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's — Mr. S. not at home.

October 2d. — Saturday. Slept well — beautiful sunny morn'g — studied Italian till eleven — left grammar at Storrow's and walked out to Barrier de Passy — took cabriolet to Prefecture — had my passport arr[an]g[e]d for Tours.

[1] The well-known Philadelphia firm, Irving's American publishers at this time.

Called at Mr. Storrow's — drew on Mr. Williams at twenty days' sight in favour of Mr. Storrow for 300 £ — get 1000 francs from Mr. S. — dined at home with Peter — returned to Auteuil.

Ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's — Mr. Piranesi there who told the story of ——[1] who wrote an ode in prison prior to his execution. Story of Cesar Borgia.

October 3d. — Sunday. Disturbed in night by barking of watch-dogs. Fine morn'g — studied Italian till half-past ten — walked to St. Cloud with Peter and Mr. Storrow — day of fête, but no company there. Woods beginning to assume autumnal tinge.

Dined at Mr. S.'s — nobody but the family and Peter and myself — passed ev[enin]g there — day out of joint — ev[enin]g better.

October 4th. — Monday. Wrote Italian lesson — accomp[anie]d the Storrows to Bois de Boulogne where they ride on donkeys — went to town in carriage with half-tipsy workmen — called on Mr. Morier and left card — dined with Peter — Col. and Mrs. Aspinwall there — wrote to Payne and Moore to-day.

Returned to Auteuil on foot — beautiful moonlight ev[enin]g — passed ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's — Davenant talked of astrology.

Tuesday, 5th. — Slept well last night — disturbed in night by knocking at my door — found in morning that it was the landlord's father who had been unwell in the night.

Write Italian lesson — walk to Paris — a beautiful, temperate day — the morn'g early overcast and

[1] Many men — of whom Sir Walter Raleigh is perhaps the most famous — are said to have written poems in prison, prior to execution.

heavy — day cleared up beautifully — found letter at my lodgings from Mills, dated Sept. 29. Visited the Duchess of Duras — not at home — wrote her a note requesting letter to the keeper of her castle. Called at Galignani's, who wishes me to write sketch of Lord Byron's life. Dined with Peter at Café de Paris — thirteen francs all included — walked to Auteuil — beautiful moonlight ev[enin]g — superb walk along the quay — pass ev[ening] with the Storrows.

October 6th. — Wednesday. Studied and read Italian this morn'g — wrote part of letter to Mrs. Paris [1] — wrote hints for Livius' introduction to "Freischütz" — called on Livius. Day uncertain — showers — passed part of day at Mr. Stor[row's] — read "Rasselas" [2] — dined there — ev[enin]g Mr. Canzano came in — came home at ten.

Thursday, 7th. — Wrote Italian exercise — rainy morn'g — went to Paris with Sam Storrow and Victoria in *fiacre* — called at Mrs. Welles' — found her sister with her. Mrs. Brown and Mr. Gray came in. Called on Mr. Matthews — not at home — dined with Peter at our Lodgings — came out to Auteuil — passed ev[enin]g at Mrs. S.'s — went at half-past ten to Livius' and found first act of "Freischütz."

October 8th. — Friday. Pleasant though showery day — wrote Italian exercise — went to Livius' — worked over one act and preface of "Freischütz" — went to Storrow's — took Italian lesson — played billiards — dined with Livius and lady — passed ev[enin]g at Mrs. Storrow's, who had rec[eive]d news of Charles' arrival — rec[eive]d letter from Van W[art] — read and wrote to-day.

[1] Irving's sister Catharine.
[2] Samuel Johnson's famous story was then more often read.

October 9th.—Saturday. Pleasant day — a shower or two — but quite warm. Wrote Italian lesson — wrote letter to Mills — took lesson at Mr. S. — walked to town — found letter from the Duchess of Duras enclosing one to her *concierge* of castle of Usse — called at Galignani's — dined at my lodgings in town with Peter — walked out to Auteuil alone — on the way met Reid — fine evening — harvest moon — passed evening at Mr. Storrow's.

October 10th. — Sunday. A rainy, dismal day — wrote Italian lesson — wrote letters to Mills, Newton, Sullivan, and added something to letter to Mrs. Paris. Peter came out — passed greater part of the day at Storrows' — dined there and passed ev[enin]g — packed up preparatory to leaving Auteuil — home before ten.

Monday, 11th. — Break up quarters at Auteuil — pay porter — send luggage to Mr. St[orrow] — call on Livius — correct "Freischütz" — go to town in *fiacre* with Mdm. Fanny. All day busied in preparations for journey to Touraine — receive letter from Newton — get thirty napoleons from Mr. Storrow. Ev[enin]g, write to Newton.

Tuesday, 12th. — At six o'clock leave Paris in diligence for Orléans — accomp[anie]d by Peter. Have seats in cabriolet in which are woman and child — schoolboy — lady and petted boy, and a peasant.

Cloudy, windy day — damp, but intervals of sunshine — most of the way the country naked and uninteresting — great plains where grain is cultivated. Past Mont Chery — picturesque town — where Boileau's owl made his abode for thirty years.[1] At

[1] Boileau's owl — *dirum mortalibus omen* — made famous by the opening lines of Chant III of "Le Lutrin" — dwelt in the celebrated

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twelve o'clock dine at Étampes — small place — rather neater looking than I had expected.

Arrive at Orléans at eight o'clock — twenty-nine and one half leagues — walk about the place by lamplight and rising moon — picturesque old church with high gable and great portal and broad flight of steps — near by a religious building with portal — light thro' a dim dormer paned window — little nookeries for servants, etc. — a proper residence for a fat *chanoine*.

Picturesque house with small towers as if for street defence.

Tower with light on it where man is situated to look out for fires.

Cathedral by light of rising moon.

October 13th. — Wednesday. A rainy day. Walked about Orléans — fine walk along the ramparts with rich country to the left — spires of villages rising from among trees — Cathedral — spacious and noble in its architecture — undergoing repairs, having been injured in Revolution.

Fine walk along the river — beautiful bridge — visit[e]d the house with towers which we saw last night — curious in architecture — remains of delicately wrought pillars — walked over our last night's rambles.

At dinner a fat old lady of Tours who ate amazingly — fine, sunny afternoon — went to theatre — chiefly attended by military.

"Valérie"—"L'Héritier"—"Nouveau Seigneur"[1] — very tolerably played — premier place, two francs,

tower of Montchéry — "La depuis trente hivers un Hibou retiré Trouuait contre le jour un refuge assuré, Des désastres fameux le messager fidèle Sçait toujours des malheurs la première nouvelle."

[1] Scribe's play, "Valérie," was first produced in 1822; Boieldieu's "Nouveau Seigneur du Village," in 1813.

four lires. Returned home by ten. At theatre disconsolate gentleman.

Chasseur — his equipage, a green basket-work cabriolet, black horse and shabby harness — himself a well-made fellow of twenty-six or twenty-eight, in blue linsey blouse belted round waist — leather gaiters and casket — guns in leather cases — deer-skin knapsacks — dogs, etc. — has made a devil of a noise all yesterday — calling to serv[an]t maid from top of the house to the bottom — *la fille* — *la mère* — *la tante* — *mais toujours la fille* — at one time it was "*montez moi un bouillon*" — at another, "*mes bottes*," etc. Servant-maids will fly to serve him cheerfully — a gay *gaillard* — two other *chasseurs* with him in grey blouses — one on horseback — *mon gaillard* hands in a yard of bread and a flask of liqueur.

October 14th. — Thursday. Foggy, overcast morning. At nine o'clock set off in cabriolet of small diligence for Blois — drive through a rich, fertile country — road passes thro' vineyards — peasants occupied in the vintage.

Pass by Meung-sur-Loire, with a *château* just outside of it which the coachman says belongs to Countess of Talleyrand — gateway to grounds of iron grating — pass by Meung with its *château* belonging in time of Louis XV to Mad[ame] Pompadour.

Stop at Beaugency — town of *château* — bridge over Loire — see Chambord on Spanish side of Loire.

Arrive at Blois between four and five — stop at Hôtel de Post — where I have a wretched room given me — dine at *table d'hôte* — discussion on theatres and guard royal — Englishman at table.

After dinner walk with Peter into the town — Castle a great imposing mass of buildings — soldiers talking from ramparts to women on opposite mound.

Pass a grocer shop — in back room was a group of six women work'g there, young and pretty and evidently sisters — all chattering and laughing excessively.

Inn — post — long galleries and stairs outside of the house round the court-yard — landlady, little, yellow, fattish woman with snubbed and snippy nose. Melancholy bells of Blois — sounding funeral knells in the morning — peculiarly deep and doleful tones.

N. B. This day cleared up fine, and the evening was beautiful — wind changed and after dinner it was quite cold. From Orléans to Blois, fourteen leagues.

October 15th. — Friday. A splendid autumnal day — walked about Blois — breakfasted at table — a Mrs. Jenkins left behind by her ladies who had gone to the *château* of Chambord.

Visited the Château of Blois[1] — for notes see mem. book.

Left Blois at two o'clock in *cabriolet de poste* — arrived at half-past five at the Cygne — a little, shabby inn at the village, a suburb opposite Amboise — distance from Blois, nine leagues. Walk over to old *château* — splendid evening. Our inn — desolate rooms papered with a variety of papers — old —— fastened to ceiling over bed — great arm-chairs — crazy, blue stuff curtains.

Our housemaid malo[do]rous.[2]

[1] At this castle Francis II, together with his bride, Mary, Queen of Scots, had witnessed the killing of twelve hundred Huguenots, after the failure of their conspiracy to seize the King, who was dominated by the Guises.

[2] Irving's text seems plain, but he may have intended to write "malheureuse."

Good supper — soup — *cho[ux]fleur* — cheese, etc.

Over our inn door was a rude old sculpture in stone of St. Martin sharing his garment with a beggar.

Saturday, 16th. — Clear but cold day — after breakfast we visited the *château* — went back to the chapel — a kind of tower on the platform — beautiful Gothic architecture — tracery within like lace work — *alto-relievo* over the door of some king converted by angels during a chase.

Inside a gigantic stag's horn imitated in wood — superb view from terrace — see Tours in distance — visited rooms where the soldiers were conveniently lodged — where there had been a bar of iron and collar for strangling and a hole or pit that reached to the water where corpses were let fall and forgotten. Visited apartments of castle — where M[ada]me La Vallette[1] slept prior to her last and fatal visit to Paris. Walked about little terrace behind castle — shaded by lime trees — this castle scene of conspirators of Blois[2] — circular staircase winding up a tower which a carriage could mount — tower of yellowish stone.

In a field behind our hotel is a house where Francis I died.

Take a villainous *cabriolet de poste* and set off for Tours — six leagues — road through fertile country — along Loire — pass near Freliers, a *château* of

[1] This seems to be a reference, not altogether clear, to the famous escape from prison of the Count de La Vallette, postmaster-general under Napoleon, condemned to death for his part in the Hundred Days, but saved by the devotion of his wife, who brought him clothes in which to escape, and took his place.

[2] Irving almost surely means to refer to the conspiracy of *Amboise* (1560), formed by the Huguenots for the overthrow of the Guises. He can scarcely be referring, in a note dealing with Amboise, to the assassination of the Duke of Guise at Blois by order of Henry III, in 1588.

small size on height, standing naked like pepper box — Côtes, with houses in the rocks — arrive at Tours between one and two — put up at La Boule d'Or. Walk about town — visit Cathedral — very fine — good preservation — fine painted windows — beautiful tomb of delicate sculpture — white marble — two children of king.

See fountain in square, evidently by the same hand.

Dine at *table d'hôte* — several travellers — discuss merits of diff[eren]t *tables d'hôte* — of letters and of the King.

Go to bed at half-past eight.

October 17th. — Sunday. After long night's sleep get up about seven — before breakfast walk on quay — fine bridge — old tower of what formerly may have been castle near the Cathedral — hire a carriage to go to Chinon — forty fr[ancs] for two bays, fifty for three.

Leave Tours half-past eleven — sunny day but cold — rich plain outside of Tours — after riding some distance we ascend a hill — pleasant country seats — vineyards — drive thro' open, cultivated country — not remarkable — some parts looking like English scenery — at half past two descend into a pretty valley with little stream running through it — the town of Azay-le-Rideau.

Stop at Inn of the Grand Turk — landlord speaks English — a young man — has been in England — South America — Spain — Portugal — had hunting buttons on his coat — visit the old *château* (*vide* memorandum book).

Had excellent dinner — soup — stewed veal with brown sauce and onions — dish of sausage and onions and white sauce — roast pigeon — dessert of cheese — baked pears — nuts, grapes, etc. — bottle of wine

— coffee, three glasses of brandy — all for two francs and half each — very civil people.

After leaving Azay we drive through varied scenery — past forest, then extensive heaths — at half past one arrive at Chinon — wind under the old castle and thro' gloomy streets — our hotel neat — received by pretty looking woman — waiting maid offers to get tea for us — comes to let us know there is no milk — but will we take tea *à l'eau* — makes out to get milk.

Take a ramble thro' the gloomy, picturesque old town — houses projecting over the street, some of wood, some of stone — with little *tourelles* at the corners — no lamps — now and then a clatter of a pair of wooden shoes and a lantern approaches — person in shade with strong light before puts one in mind of the line in fairy tale:

> "Behind me night, before me day
> That none may see my secret way."

Get into path winding up to old castle — lofty, broken tower, with pinnacles rising lonely on hill — find ourselves on the brink of deep dark chasm or *fosse* — only aware of it by seeing at distance a dark, shadowy bridge stretching across it to the town and wide arches of the bridge — catch glimpses of water far, far, below with lights gleaming in it. We are now aware of the deep chasm which we were incautiously approaching — walk to the bridge — dimly seen — no parapet — whitish path worn along the centre — deep chasms each side — town away below — river seen dimly winding — lights here and there in houses — distant bark of dogs. Cross the bridge to old tower of earth — fearful lest dog should rush out of ruined archway and startle me when on the

dizzy pass of the bridge. Peter hesitates to cross as he hears steps approaching along the side of the moat — a man passes him — he then crosses — clock strikes nine from old tower — vibration of the clock.

All is indistinct and shadowy. Have never felt so impressed with awe and a kind of horror on visiting any ruin — the darkness of the night — a partial starlight — the depth of the *fosse* — the solitary ruin and the vast and uncertain prospect below of town of Chinon — gloomy landscape.

Returning to inn, found the town quiet. See a party of white caps playing at cards.

Return to our hotel — pretty peasant waiting-maid.

Evening is quite mild and pleasant.

Rabelais was born at Chinon.

Our hotel is Le Chêne Vert.

October 18th. — Monday. Get breakfast with some delay — visited the *château* of Chinon (*vide* mem. book) — saw the place where we had felt such awe last night — looked quite diff[eren]t by day. In this *château* Sforza[1] was confined — saw towers of prisons — one where there had been an iron cage — delicious prospect from Castle, along the valley of the Indre, with stream winding thro' it — day serene and delicious.

Town of Chinon full of picturesque houses — some formerly appertained to the Castle, with little towers — a study for painter — doorway with Gothic tracery and vine twisting about it — tortoise-shell cat lying at foot of stairs in sunshine — all seen thro' outer gate like a cave.

[1] Ludovico Sforza, "Il Moro," after being expelled from Milan by Louis XII, was taken to France and died at Loches (near Chinon) in 1510.

Left hotel at half past twelve — rough ride thro' dirty roads to park of Château d'Usse — ride thro' park — young forest — ragged — arrive at *château* situated on terrace looking towards the Loire, which is about a mile distant — find the *concierge's* wife — give letter of Duchess[1] — who is absent some time — boy comes to wait on us — want to know how many days we shall stay that they may supply provisions, provide dinner, etc. — order dinner — they have no butcher's meat, but will get things from *basse-cour*. Stroll thro' chambers of the *château* — chamber of the King — furnished in crimson damask with Chinese figures — row of gilt pillars — windows with balcony command'g view of country — valley of the Loire.

Portrait of beautiful woman over the fireplace — part of the *château* devoted to granaries.

Fine fig trees in moat, throwing their branches over the balconies laden with fruit.

Walk down avenue with bridges — beautiful effect of *château* from a distance — three towers — chapel bell rings for dinner — dine in large paved room — peasant helps wait — whisperings of servants.

The *concierge's* name is Briven.

In evening sit in library — good fire — at nine retire — comfortable room fitted up in modern style — good fire — wind moaning from the tightness of the doors, etc.

Old Venetian mirrors — *château* built time of first crusade — monuments of Cath[erine] of Medici — her library with her cypher.

[1] In his letter of October 24th to his sister, Mrs. Paris, Irving writes of the Duchess of Duras as "one of the finest women in France, idolized in the world of taste and literature, and extolled for her exemplary and amiable character."

October 19th. — Tuesday. Beautiful morning — lovely view from my window, over the valley of the Loire — servant makes a rousing fire. Walk before breakfast about the grounds; up alleys and thro' grove into vineyard above the castle commanding an extensive view over the rich valley to Tours in one direction and Somme in another. Return by the chapel which is beautifully ornamented about the door and the window above the door with relieves, arabesques, etc. Names cut and scratched in it — dates — some in 1564, etc. Breakfast — coffee, eggs, fruit, etc. Embarrassment of servant how to serve and arrange an English breakfast.

After breakfast revisit the library — ascend the staircase of castle to a long gallery which had been fitted up as a theatre for the duke's children but is all in decay — paintings of heroes — philos[ophers] hunters — heroines, etc. — suite of bedrooms all tattered and in decay — furniture broken — old tapestry rotting from the walls.

The inhabitants of the Castle come — clatter about its courts in wooden shoes in place of dainty steps of high-born ladies.

Leave the *château* at half-past ten or eleven.— The servants all in the court to see us off — a servant from a neighbouring *château* on horseback as guide to shew us the way. Drive thro' park (low trees, brushwood, etc.) to gate where the *garde de chasse* lets us out — drive thro' brushwood and open country thro' the court-yard of *château* about a league from Ussy — lovely look about the Loire — pigeons on roof of tower — peacocks — poultry in abundance — dogs of various kinds — setter and pointer — great, old-fashioned stable — clumsy carriage — gigs, etc. Dine at Azay-le-Rideau — dinner — soup,

salt fish, stewed pigeons and cabbage, roast fowl, cheese and plenty of fruit, coffee, liqueur, bottle of wine for three francs each. Bottle champagne five fr. Get to Tours half-past six — went to theatre — several musical pieces wretchedly performed — one actor looked like Tom Tag.[1]

Ret[urne]d home by ten.

[*This ends the daily entries in this particular volume. On the next page Irving has written:*]

Have to see so many things that are not worth seeing — to go to so many tedious places — to encounter so many bores and be bored in so many manners — to waste so much time on nothings and nobodys.

[*Irving then turned the note-book around and wrote the following:*]

Bachelor ap[artmen]ts in Paris — up several pairs of stairs — French serv[an]t maid who is cook, butler, *valet-de-chambre*, and footman, who keeps everything in the neatest order, and chatters even faster than she works.

Little library within five minutes' walk. I had privilege of having any books from it I wished.

Christianity which blazed up suddenly like a fire just kindled by brush or straw.

I like that steady purity which burns clear and

[1] Irving may have intended to write Tom Tram, the central figure in the seventeenth-century novel, "The Mad Pranks of Tom Tram." — Prior's verses are still remembered: —

> "All you wits that flee and sham
> Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram."

But Irving's acquaintance with the personal appearance of this Tom being at least very slight, and his handwriting being very bad, some other Tom (possibly an old friend) may be meant.

quietly without being puffed into blazings and sparkings by bellows and the poker.

The facility with which Scott and Byron produce their works has induced many to undervalue their talents. What is so easily done by one, may be easily done by another, etc. It is easy apparently, to produce volumes — certainly it is easy for men like Scott and Byron or for any one having similar genius. It is an easy thing to fly — provided you have wings.

Nothing is easier than the flight of an eagle — he soars up to heaven without an effort and sails about in the clouds without labour.

So do Scott and Byron in the heaven of narration.

Any one may do as much as either the poet or the eagle — provided he has the genius of the one and the wings of the other.

Fable of the eagle sporting in summer sky — it was so easy and simple — he sailed far and wide without effort — every owl and buzzard and crow and chough got on the wing — they very soon forsook the mission and flapped heavily in mid-air.

FRANCE

OCTOBER, 1824 — JANUARY, 1825

October 20th, 1824. — Wednesday. After breakfast take places in diligence for Paris *via* Orléans. — walk out to the remains of *château* of Plessis de Tours. Beautiful walk along the Loire — opposite bank rich with vineyards and groves and studded with country seats — picturesque little *château* above a mass of reddish rock, with village near it. The remains of Plessis are a few walls and a building that has been modernized and brickified with a brick tower. A horse was rolling and rejoicing in dust and sunshine in the narrow inclosure before it, which I presume is called a garden.

At one end of Tours is a tower, ascribed by some to Caesar and by others to Richard Coeur de Lion.

Left Tours at three o'clock in diligence — seated in coupée, between a young gentleman of King's household and an officer of dragoons. Travel[le]d all night.

October 21st. — Thursday. Nothing remarkable — beautiful view of Amboise Castle, etc., at sunrise — travel all day — dine at Étampes. Have much chat with young French officer — arrive in ev[enin]g at half-past seven at Paris — find letter from Payne dated 15 — news of "Freischütz." Go to Galignani's — read papers and pass an hour chatting with the S[torrow]s.

Friday, 22d. — After good night's rest took a warm bath — read Italian. After breakfast wrote

notes to Col. Aspinwall and Lady Susan Douglas. Called on Livius — read me a very conceited, ungentlemanlike letter from Planche about "Freischütz" — wrote letter to Miller in his behalf. Called on the Storrows — saw Mrs. and the girls — sat some time with them — dined at home with Peter (had invitation from Mr. Morier). Went to the Variety Theatre — "Imprimeur sans Caractère" — "Homme de Soixante Ans" — "Soldat Laboreur" — "Causeries" — an excellent evening's entertainment — Potin admirable in the "Homme de Soixante Ans." Called at Galignani's on our way home.

Saturday, 23d. — A fine, mild, sunny day — settled household acc[oun]ts for last and this month — wrote part of letter to Mrs. Paris — called at Galignani's — called at the Storrows' — got fifty nap[oleon]s of the chief clerk — met the family of the Buteaus there — called on Mr. Matthews — not at home — called on Mr. Emerson at Meurice's and sat some time with him. His travelling companion was with him — two fine young men — on their way to Greece — spoke of Southey, whom he had lately visited — said in speaking of Lord Byron, Southey extolled his merits in the highest degree — tho' he censured his faults.[1] Said Hogg[2] was excessively vain and acknowledged himself so. He thought vanity the great stimulus to great exertion. It was vanity had made him what he was. He had written for ten years and nobody but Laidlaw[3]

[1] Any testimony to *praise* of Byron from the mouth of Southey is worth having.

[2] James Hogg (1770–1835), the Scottish poet, known as the Ettrick Shepherd, having been born at Ettrick, in Selkirkshire, and having served as a shepherd in early life.

[3] The friend and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott.

praised his writings; but he and Laidlaw knew that he had stuff [in] him that would some day tell. "If it had not been for vanity," said he, "I would have been an Ettrick Shepherd to this day, but I would never have been *the* Ettrick Shepherd."

Dined at home with Peter — went to the Fardeau Theatre — sat in Livius' box — saw the "Concert à la Cour" — very pretty. Ponchard and Madame Rigaut sang well — saw Boulanger — "Jadis et Aujourdhui" — tolerable — "Auberge de Bagnières" — flat. There is a Mad. de Brosser who plays old ladies very well. Lemonnier handsome and a pleasant actor and singer.

October 24th. — Sunday. A beautiful, warm day — wrote additional pages of letter to Mrs. Paris — read Italian and German — Mr. ——, agent, for the *Universal Review*,[1] called on the part of Mr. Walker, requesting me to contribute, and offering the same terms they gave Mr. Jouy for his sketches, *viz.*, ten pounds sterling cash; declined for various reasons. Mr. Emerson and Mr. Tennant called and sat some time with me. The former left an album for me to write in.

Called on Capt. Galloway and left card — walked through Garden of Tuileries — crowded with people in consequence of warmth and fineness of the weather — called at Mr. Brown's — found him just out of his room for the first time in six weeks — Mrs. B[rown] comes in while there — met there a Mr. ——. Dined at Mrs. Storrow's. Peter also passed the evening there — ret[urne]d home at ten.

October 25th. — Monday. Cloudy morning but

[1] *The Universal Review or Chronicle of the Literature of all Nations* was a magazine published in London.

cleared up fine — extremely mild weather — wrote letter to Miller — studied and read Italian — sent Moore's and Miller's letters per post. Mr. Emerson and Mr. Tennant called on me — went to Galignani's and read papers, etc. — called on Lord and Lady Granard — introduced to Lady Fitzgerald, who was there — walked through Champs Elysées and Tuileries home. Mr. Kenney dined with us — passed ev[enin]g at the Storrows'.

October 26th. — Tuesday. Morning overcast — showery — hard rain at one o'clock — clears up finely about two. Make excursions with Peter and the Storrows to visit the Aspinwalls at Versailles — hired carriage — at two o'clock we visit the Palace — see the chamb[e]r where Louis XIV and that where Louis XV died — saw the Oeil-de-Bœuf [1] — dined at Col. Aspinwall's — return'd home in ev[enin]g — new moon — took tea at Mrs. S——'s — read papers at Galignani's and ret[urne]d home at eleven.

Wednesday, 27th. — Write Ital. exercise — call on Mr. Matthews — call on Mr. Verplanck — not at home — call on Mr. Morier — sat for some time with him and Mrs. M. — leave cards at Duchess of Duras, who is out of town — a mild but uncertain day with showers. Dined at Lord Granard's — present, Lady Fitzgerald, the Ladies Forbes, Gen[era]l de Cranford.

Went off early and went to Fardeau — saw part of "Roi René" — so so — and a pretty piece called "Officier et Paysan."

Have been troubled by a cold and slight soreness of the throat these two days past.

[1] The small oval window in the King's apartment; its name is derived from its resemblance in shape to the eye of an ox.

Rec[eive]d copies of Goldsmith and "Tales of a Traveller" to-day from Galignani.

Thursday, 28th. — A very rainy day tho' mild. Felt indisposed with a cold — read in Boileau and lay on sofa. Mr. Carter of Virginia called — asked me about school for his daughter — mentioned Mad. Clement's — took him to Mrs. Storrow's to enquire about the school. From thence we went to the school. Saw pretty blonde taking lesson at piano in one room — a beautiful brunette taking singing lessons in another.

Returned with Carter to his lodgings — introduced me to his daughters. Eldest about eighteen — fine girl — languishing, half-open eyes — youngest, very pretty and lovely with long, auburn ringlets. Promised to go with them to the play — bought linen for three pr. shirts to-day — thirty ells at four liv[res] five sous an ell.

Dined at Mrs. Welles' — present, Lady Harvey, Miss Caton, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Wiggins, Mrs. Smith, Miss de Bentzow, Mr. Temple Bowdoin, Mr. Manigault — Mr. Frank Root, his brother and mother, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Reid.

Ret[urne]d home about eleven.

Friday, 29th. — A close, wet day — out of sorts and out of spirits — read Italian and slept alternately through the morn'g. Mr. Tennant and Mr. Emerson called on me. Wrote in the former's album.

Dined at home with Peter — in ev[enin]g went to the Storrows' — read Italian — stopped at Galignani's on my way home and got Boccaccio — ret[urne]d home about eleven.

Saturday, 30th. — Showery — read in Boccaccio — at twelve o'clock went with Peter and Mr. An-

thony Galignani in the carriage of the latter to St. Denis to see the funeral decorations of the late King — superb yet simple — in excellent taste.

Dined at home with Peter at four o'clock — after dinner Capt. Fielding called and sat for some time.

In ev[enin]g went to Gymnase with Mr. Carter and his daughters. "Château de la Poularde," "Rodolphe," "Bal Champêtre," "Baiser du Porteur"[1] — very pleasant entertainment. M. Lomonozoff came into our box and Mr. Manigault.

Sunday, 31st. — Overcast — the latter part rainy. Read Italian (Boccaccio) and German — re[ceive]d note of gen[era]l invitation to *soirées* from the Duchess of Duras. Capt. Galloway called and invited Peter and myself for dinner on Wednesday next. Called and left cards for the Fieldings — called on the Roots and sat a long time with them — Mr. Wiggin and Mrs. Welles came in.

Dined at Mrs. Storrow's — Peter, Master Edward and Master Massy there — passed ev[enin]g there.

Rec[eive]d letter from Mrs. Van Wart.

November 1st. — Monday. Rainy day — finished letter to Mrs. Paris — read Italian — called on the Carters — found the young ladies at home — Ann Matilda and Mildred read'g "T[ales] of a T[raveller]." Mr. Carter came in.

Dined at home with Peter — ev[enin]g at Storrow's — read Italian, etc.

November 2d. — Tuesday. Weather holds up today, but is warm, damp, and uncertain — read Italian — have felt depressed and out of order for a few days past — somewhat bilious — called to see the Gibbings, but found they had left Paris above a

[1] Scribe is the author of all four of these plays.

month since — called and left cards for the Wiggins — called and sat some time with Welles — told me Jones intends coming here for the winter. Dined at home with Peter.

Ev[enin]g at the Storrows', who had rec[eive]d letters from America.

Weather holds up to-day (a beautiful moonlight ev[enin]g) but too mild and soft to last.

Wed[nesday], 3d. — Wrote letter to Mrs. V[an] Wart — re[ceive]d letter from E. I. dated Oct. 5 — wrote part of reply. Called at Mrs. Foster's — saw Miss F. and an English lady, etc. — conversation about L[or]d Byron — called and sat some time with Lady Granard — called on Livius — old Mrs. Bartolozzi there — complained of dullness of Paris — no society — nobility keep by themselves, the rest mere tradesmen and then the women were so licentious (this from an old bawd who had been pander to her own daughters). She told me some thumping lies about her daughter Mad. Vestris[1] — how she had rec[eive]d at her benefit 10,000 £ from one nobleman and diamonds to the am[oun]t of 1100 £ and two shawls worth 1000 g[uinea]s, and that, too, from a man whose lips she had never kissed merely because he admired her character and acting — and how she was always receiv[in]g presents, etc. "She is a very lucky little woman," said the old pimp.

[1] This notorious person, Lucia Elizabeth Bartolozzi (1797–1856), wife of Auguste Vestris, ballet-master, won fame in Italian opera. She had good parts and introduced stage improvements, but was not a finished singer. Her loose life caused her husband to desert her, but she was later married to Mathews, an actor, with whom she managed Covent Garden and also appeared in this country. She is probably best remembered through an anecdote. — One of her friends, on hearing that on her marriage she had told Mathews all her past, exclaimed: "What a confidence!" "Yes," replied another woman, "and what a memory!"

The old wretch had just been turned out-of-doors by her second daughter whom she had been instrumental in depraving and who now lives with Lord ——.

Dined at Capt. Galloway's — with Gen[era]l Shaw, Mr. ——, Mrs. Galloway and Peter. Capt. Galloway commanded in the station in the Sound during last war — took a packet load with half a doz. young ladies ret[urnin]g from boarding school — gave up staterooms to them and their maids — gave them a ball on board — sent them home in a flag boat — rec[eive]d presents of fruit and many acknowledgments from their friends.

Gen[era]l Shaw told me that he was once returning from the place where Thurtell[1] was tried when his opposite neighbour in court was Jack Martin the boxer. Martin complained of the account given in the papers of his visit to Thurtell, wherein they had made him talk in the slang manner and represented him as a companion of Thurtell "whereas," said Jack, "you see, Gen[era]l, I talk like other people." Said he was a public boxer, it was true, which was not a very creditable profession, but as to Thurtell he tho[ugh]t of him as other people did — said he was under obligation to Thurtell. When he first undertook to box, he could get nobody to back him, when Thurtell did. Thurt[ell] was a fellow who would at any time give all the money in his pocket to serve a friend — tho' he would cut a man's throat the next hour to gain as much. Said

[1] This was John Thurtell (1794–1824), son of well-to-do people. He went to the bad in London and brutally killed, over a gambling quarrel, a certain William Weare, with whom he had apparently made up. The trial was rendered notable by the murderer's remarkable plea for himself, but the jury was obdurate. Stories and songs were naturally based on the case, which was one of the most famous of the period.

he always called T. "you brute." Once when T. had committed some fraud or robbery he deposited the money with Martin, who told him where to conceal it. A reward of 500 £ was off[ere]d — Martin could have informed and had him hang[e]d and gained the money, but he was too much a man of honour. Thurtell took it into his head that Martin would betray him and determined to make way with him. Martin was at that time living in a lonely house on border of a marsh in Hertfordshire, training for boxing match — (he did not train at home, as his wife was opposed to his boxing). He saw Thurtell lurking about, and meeting him before a public house invited him in to drink. Thurtell entered but had a dour look and muttered to himself and was moody. "Why, what have you got in your head now, you brute," said Martin, etc., etc.; but Thurtell said nothing. Martin then told him to be on his guard — that search was making — advised him to remove things and where to conceal them. Thurtell saw by his open, frank manner that his suspicions were unfounded and the wine had had some effect on his head. He drew out a great knife from his pocket and threw it in the fire — Martin looked at it and then at him. "Why, what have you got in your head now, you brute — and what is the meaning of this?" etc., etc. Thurtell told him that with that knife he had intended to murder him. He knew that there was no one in the house with him but a maid serv[an]t — that he had intended to send her out of the way under some pretext and with the knife to have at his heart. Martin broke out into a passion — told him by G[o]d he had a mind to break every bone in his body — "and even now," said he to Gen[era]l Shaw, "I cannot imagine

how I kept from almost beating the life out of him."

November 4th. — Thursday. Heavy rain early this morning — the day throughout variable — sunshine and rain — weather mild. Wrote part of letter to Mrs. Foster, but felt totally good for nothing — cannot summon up my power of mind. Mr. Carter called and sat some time. Went to Mrs. Storrow's — took Italian lesson — dined at home with Peter — went to Opéra Comique — "Les deux Jaloux" — pretty music — a delicious trio. "Leocadri" [1] — the first representation — a charming opera — success brilliant.

Friday, 5th. — Wrote Mrs. Foster — dispatched letter with one to Newton, to Miller and to Mrs. V[an] Wart — called on Mr. Verplanck — not at home — called on Mr. Dennison, who went with me to Mr. Hosack's — found there Mr. Paul.

Called at Duchess Duras' — dined at home. Rec[eive]d letter from Newton — ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's.

Saturday 6th. — A beautiful, clear day. Wrote letter to Newton, giving directions concerning portrait — visited the Douglas[es], Rue St. Mandé near Vincennes — found Lady ——, Murray and Miss ——, there. Walked back thro' woods of Vincennes. Miss Georgina Drew and Miss —— with me — dined at home, tho' invited to Miss Fitzgerald's. Ev[enin]g at Storrow's.

Sunday, 7th. — An indifferent night — awoke very early — depressed — dubious of myself and public — after breakfast went to Meurice's, to call on Richard Kemble and Mr. Ramsey — find Richard, whom

[1] Leocadie. Irving has repeatedly written this name — "Leocadri."

I had left a boy when I left America, grown into a fine, handsome man — sat with him till one o'clock — called at Mr. Brown's where I sat for an hour and half talking with him and Mrs. B. — Mr. Bowdoin and Minist[e]r of Denmark there. Dined at Mr. Storrow's — Peter, the children, and the two Master Perines.

A cloudy, damp, warm day — no rain.

Monday, 8th. — Beautiful, warm, sunny day — read Italian — at twelve call at Livius' and return music of "Flauto Magico" — get "Marriage of Fig[aro]" — Livius gives me "Il Bondicani" to look over.

Call at Mrs. Storrow's — Susan unwell and abed — fever.

Met Livius at a Mr. Raymond's, 41 Rue Montmartre and go to a preparatory school for opera dancers of Mr. Coulon's — Rue Montm[art]r[e] — see Mlle. Rosignelle dance.

Return home — find letters from Miller — two from Mills — the latter acc[ompanie]d by a book — Peter Schlemih — dine at Minister of Russia's — splendid dinner — thirty persons — silver service — silver gilt dessert service — exquisite cooking — wine, etc. Count Lomonozoff, the Secretary, very polite — introduced to the young Marquis Cazo de Guizo, Spanish *chargé d'affaires.*

Went to Opéra Comique — saw "Consada" in French — piece in character — music by Michel — Lady Buckinghamshire and her mother in the box.

Tuesday, 9th. — Beautiful, sunny day — busy in the morn'g arranging papers, etc. Called and left card at Miss Fitzgerald's — called on Richard Kemble — walked out with him — called at Mr.

Storrow's — Susan better — met Mrs. Low and Mrs. Sheldon there.

Dine at Lord Granard's — present, Lady Rencliff, just return'd from south of France, Monsieur —— from Castelnaudary,[1] Col. ——, who was in America during Revolutionary War, Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald. Lady Rencliff told me of the ruins of the *château* of ——, in the Forest of Compiègne, about twenty leagues from Paris — the most beautiful she had seen — except Carnarvon Castle.

Lady Charlotte and Lady Adelaide told me of what happened to Lord Grey[2] about a year or two since. While writing at his seat of —— saw at the end of the table a head as if it had been separated from the body and still bleeding — saw it several times and in several places. His daughter saw it once in going downstairs — at another time in open'g her bed curtains it lay on the pillow. On arriving in town His Lordship on going thro' an antechamb[e]r, as he opened one folding door he saw it on the opposite — very much annoyed when any one mentions it to him.

Lady Charlotte told of Adm[ira]l Vincent[3] — his lady was living at a seat in the country when servants complained of noises and said they would not stay with her — she recollected then having heard noises herself. The noises become very troublesome particularly after dark. She used to hear a whispering as

[1] This town, southeast of Toulouse, has an important place in the history, as well as the commerce, of France.

[2] Charles Grey, second Earl Grey, and Viscount Howick. It was this Whig statesman — probably met by Irving in Dresden — who, in 1833, had the bill passed which abolished slavery throughout the British Empire.

[3] John Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, the noted English Admiral and Commander of the Mediterranean fleet that defeated the combined French and Spanish fleets in 1797. Later he was raised to the Peerage and made Commander of the Channel fleet.

if someone were talking in her ear and felt the breath on her cheeks but could not see any one. She at length wrote to the Admiral. He replied and told her not to say anything but to take the children for a few days to a water'g place and he would come down and examine into the matter. He came with another Admiral. They sat in the room most haunted — had pistols — wainscotted room — noise comes — Admiral hears whispering and feels breath on his cheek. Whenever they hear the noise they fire in that direction, but the noise continues. In the morn'g the wainscot was pierced in every direction. It was all taken down — nothing found. Next ev[enin]g the same sounds were heard. He then went to Lady ——, and advised her to get rid of the house — that no doubt it was a trick, but he could not find it out and it was not worth while to be subject to such annoyance.

They told me anecdotes of Littlecot[e] Hall (*vide* notes to Rokeby).[1] It is still in full preservation in Wiltshire in sight of Sir Francis Burdett's [2] — but the proprietors will not show it, having been much importuned by visitors and even about the tradition. The bed was of blue damask. The patch was shewn

[1] The story as told in the notes to "Rokeby," is a gruesome one. It seems that one night an old midwife was summoned by a stranger to come to the immediate aid of a lady of high degree. A rich reward was promised, but the woman had to consent to be blindfolded. The cunning dame counted, however, the number of the steps leading up to the castle, and cut out a piece of the cover of the bed on which the lady lay. A male child was born, and this so infuriated the stranger that he seized the infant and flung it into the fire. The next morning the midwife was able to identify Littlecote House (an old feudal hall in Berkshire) as the scene of the murder, and Darrell as the criminal.

"Next morning all in Littlecote Hall were weeping for their dame" — writes Sir Walter Scott; while the rest of the legend Irving himself recounts.

[2] A statesman (1770–1844), still remembered for his imprisonment in the Tower, which was serviceable to the cause of free speech.

where the piece had been cut away. Darrell was tried before Judge ——, who was well known to be venal. As Darrell had no children, he promised to make the Judge his heir if he acquitted him. The Hall has contin[ue]d in family of the Judge and is still owned by one of the house. From the time of his acquittal Darrell continually saw ghost of his sister and her child. If he opened a door, she stood before him. If he opened a window, they were there — saw them night and day. He was riding in hunt and was going to leap a stile when she and child stood the other side and forbade him. He told her to stand out of the way or he would ride over them — tried to leap, but the horse who saw the ghost reared, recoiled, threw him and broke his neck. The place is called Darrell's stile to the present day.

November 10th. — Wednesday. Overcast, soft day — read Italian all the morning — sketched hint of mock caliph — called at Galignani's — found Richard Kemble there — ret[urne]d home with him — found cards from Lynch, Prince and Bremner — called and left cards for them. Took lodgings for Rich[ar]d at Hotel Montmorenci — called at Storrow's — Susan much better — Mrs. S. unwell. Dined at home. Rich[ar]d K[emble] dined with us. In ev[enin]g went to Variété — "Lesson de Dance," so so — "Catharine, ou la fille du Marin," very good — Bosquet, Jenny Vestpré and Odry, excellent — "Pinson, Père de Famil[l]e," amusing — Poitier[1] very droll — won't bear seeing twice.

Thursday 11th. — Read Italian — called on Lynch — Bremner — Prince — walked with Lynch to Livius' — left cards at Russian Embassy — called at Mr. Storrow's. Dined at Mr. Welles' — present, the

[1] Charles Gabriel Potier (1774–1838), a French comedian.

Wiggins', Capt. Rammage, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Rees of Phila., Maj. Fowle, Mr. Bremner, — Mr. Prince — Mr. Rees a young, chattering American — talks loud and shallow.

Friday, 12th. — Wrote letter to E. I. — enclosed that to Mrs. Paris and sent them off — visited Lynch — left card for the Fieldings and Mr. Carter — met Carter on Boulevard and Rich[ar]d Kemble — called at Storrow's — dined at home. Col. Aspinwall dined with us and set off for London. Rec[eive]d letter from Henry and Irving — went to Opéra Comique — —— pretty good — "Les Délices" — read papers at Galignani's and ret[urne]d home.

November 13th. — Saturday. Read Medwin's[1] "Conversations of Byron." Wrote a letter to Mills and dispatched it. Went with Carter to Mme. ——'s pension, to visit his daughters. The Miss Matilda played very finely on the harp for us. Dined at home with Peter. Passed ev[enin]g at the Storrows'.

P. S. Livius called this morn'g and borrowed 380 francs to be ret[urne]d on Wednesday.

Sunday, 14th. — Read history of Pandolfo Minnucio[2] — wrote letters to Henry and Irving. Kemble and Ramsey called — went to Galignani's — called on Lynch[3] — not at home — met him afterwards on Boulevard — a dirty, windy, miserable day — dined

[1] Thomas Medwin, a first cousin of Shelley's mother, and the author of the "Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron, noted during a residence with his Lordship at Pisa, 1821–1822." This book, published in 1824, and immediately translated into French and German, caused much discussion as to the reliability of its remarkable contents.

[2] The text seems clear, but it is puzzling. Minucci Minuccio (1551–1609) wrote a History of Pirates, "Storia degli Uscocchi." Perhaps Irving intended to write "Pirates," or Pandolfo — a name much given to early princes of Beneventum and Capua — may point to some other book.

[3] Dominick Lynch, wine merchant, who sang charmingly, and who introduced Italian opera into New York.

at the Storrows'. Mr. Smith dined there — passed ev[enin]g there.

Monday, 15th.—Fine but showery day. Mr. Harding and Mr. Bremner called on me with letter from Newton. Went with them in quest of lodgings — dined with Lynch at Café Français. Ev[enin]g to Gymnase — "Comédie[1] d'Estampes" — "Michel et Charles" — "Baiser au Porteur." Rec[eive]d letter from Miller.

Tuesday, 16th. — Mr. Bertram called on me. Mr. Marchand promised him to write about his mirror. Called and left cards for the Welles, Wiggins, Galloways — walked in Tuileries — met Grattan, Ramage, etc. — fair day, but chilly — felt out of order — thick — moody — ret[urne]d home, dressed for dinner and dozed on sofa. Dined at Mr. Brown's — present, Lady Harvey and Miss Caton, Mr. Verplanck, Rumsey, Kemble, Lynch, Bremner, Peter, Sheldon. Ev[enin]g came in Mr. and Mrs. Welles, Mrs. Wiggins, Mr. Smith, Mr. Bernard — *écarté*[2] — got home at twelve.

November 17th. — Wednesday. Fine morn'g, though the day becomes chilly and raw. Read the "Lutrin" of Boileau — Mr. Carter calls — then Mr. Harding — call at the Storrows' — Mr. Carter comes there. Drive out to St. Mandé with Grattan to dine at Lady Susan Douglas' — G. as usual a bore — at dinner Mon[sieur] ——, Mr. Murray and two Miss Simmons — in the ev[enin]g Lady Henry and her daughters. Miss Simmons sings charmingly and accompanies herself on the piano.

[1] Irving wrote "commeddia," apparently having the Italian rather than the French in mind.

[2] This Parisian game of cards, based on an old game called "la triomphe," was first played about this time. We note that it kept Irving up till midnight; though doubtless he played for low stakes, if for any at all.

In the ev[enin]g to Lady Thomond's — see there Lady Adelaide and Lady Caroline, Lord Yarmouth, Sir Sidney Smith,[1] etc. — return home at a little past twelve.

Thursday, 18th. — A restless night of broken sleep and uneasy thoughts — lit my lamp and read Goldsmith's "Life" [2] and Boileau's "Essay on Criticism." Went to Mr. Storrow's — accomp[anie]d them to the Miss Carters and to the Louvre and to try the piano at Pape's. Dined at Mr. Storrow's — read Italian. Mr. Bremner came in. Felt heavy and sleepy in the ev[enin]g. Weather delightful the greater part of the day — sunny — air soft and warm.

Friday, 19th. — Another night of broken sleep — after breakfast call on Lynch and get him to accompany me to choose piano — call at the Storrows' — then call on Mrs. Patterson — Miss Caton and Mrs. Brown there — dine at home with Peter — ev[enin]g to Variety with Peter and the Galignanis — "Chercheur d'Esprit," tolerable but gross — "Croix d'Honneur," tolerable — "Pinson, Père de Famille," farcical — very heavy and sleepy all ev[enin]g.

November 20th. — Saturday. Very soft and rather heavy weather — finished reading Boileau's "Essay on Criticism" — finished and dispatched letter to Boys at Highgate — called on Lynch, Kemble, Miss Harding and Bremner. Dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mrs. Storrow's — subscribed to musical repository — glanced this ev[enin]g in ex.[3]

[1] Sir William Sidney Smith (1764–1840), an English Admiral, noted for his victory at Acre in 1799.

[2] Irving's own "Life of Goldsmith" was published in 1849, but the first volume of the Paris, 1824, edition of Goldsmith's works containing a memoir of Goldsmith by Irving, was printed in America in 1830.

[3] A puzzling entry. Irving first wrote "read" then substituted

Sunday, 21st. — A restless night — broken sleep and uneasy thoughts — read much in the night — read in the "Life of Racine" — after breakfast read French and Italian — called on Lynch and Kemble — ret[urne]d home and lolled on sofa read[in]g and trying to doze, being much out of sorts from last night's want of rest — dined at Mrs. Storrow's — present, Mr. and the Miss Carters and Peter — passed ev[enin]g there — a very soft, mild day — sunshine.

Monday, 22d. — Rather a better night — more sleep and less painful thoughts — finished reading "Life of Racine" — read part of "Athalie" — a beautiful, sunny, mild day — called on Mrs. Welles, Mrs. Wiggins — left cards for the Fieldings, Galloways — walked in Tuileries with Matthews. Livius called on me — ret[urned] ten nap[oleon]s — left first set of "Leocadri" [1] — Dined at Mr. Ellis' — present, Mr. and Mrs. Way, Gen[era]l Ramsay, Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald. In the evening the Ladies Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Morier, Mr. Chenoux.

Mr. Way formerly a lawyer — stopped one day at home of person who had same name — went in, got acquainted with him — going on circuit, person told him he should not live till he came back — should send express after him — had made him his heir — told him where he should find the will. He rec[eive]d the express — hasten'd back. The gent[leman] was dead. Found himself heir to 500,000£ ready money — he was almost unwitted for some

"glanced." Perhaps "ex" stands for "exercises," either musical, or those assigned to him by his teachers of the languages.

[1] "Leocadie," a lyrical drama, the music by Auber, the words by Scribe and Mélesville, had its first production on Nov. 4, 1824. A later entry (Nov. 28) shows that Irving and Livius were collaborating on an English version.

time. He took to read'g the Bible and is now a preacher of great zeal — joined society for convert'g Jews. Society in debt 15,000 £ — next day he discharged the debt — a man of great humour.

November 23d. — Tuesday. Awoke at an early hour — read an Italian work "La Pittura e il Forestiere." [1] After breakfast wrote a little at Livius' translation of "Leocadri" — called on Lynch — went to Galignani's — met my evil genius there who told me the critics were attack'g me like the d[evi]l in Eng[land]. Ret[urne]d home for a short time but could not work — remain downhearted. Went to the Storrows' — read Italian — Peter came in — dined at home — went in ev[enin]g to the Italian Opera — saw "Otello" — Desdemona, Pasta — Otel[lo], Carioni — Lynch, Bremner, and Prince there — home at half past eleven. A rainy day tho' mild — a black day to me.

Wednesday, 24th. — Awake at four and read for a couple of hours — dozed for a while and got up at eight — this morning corrected Livius' Ms. of "Leocadri." Mr. Shaw called on me — paid a visit to Miss Fitzgerald — met Mr. Popkins there and Mons. Lafore — dined at Home. Rec[eive]d invitation from Mr. Brown to Opéra Comique —but spent ev[enin]g at the Storrows' — a very fine day — felt in better spirits this day.

Thursday, 25th. — A showery day — read Italian — touched up the first act of the play — called on Mr. Shaw — was introduced to his bride, late Miss Erskine. Her sister was with her. Lynch and Mr. Bowdoin came in — accomp[anie]d Lynch to Mr. Brown's — called on Carter, where I met Peter —

[1] I. e., "The Picture and the Foreigner" (or stranger). The work has not been identified.

called on Lady Harvey — sat and chattered a long time with her — wishes me to write a novel. Says Duke of Wellington reads the papers which attack him and laughs to himself. Miss Caton came home — Mr. Wilmot came in. Lady Harvey gave me ticket to her box at Opera. Dined at home with Peter. — ev[enin]g to the Opera in box with Miss Caton and Mrs. Wiggins — "Donna del Lago" [1] — Mombelli was charm'g — Schiavotti sang some parts very well — imitates Pasta — her voice wants flexibility. Bordogni sang some parts very well.

Friday, 26th. — Slept comfortably last night — mind tranquil — spirits equable — weather mild, but humid — sky partially overcast — read and finished the Italian tale of "La Pittura." Mr. Harding [2] called — wanted me to sit for likeness, but I declined for the present. Capt. Fielding and his son called — visited the Storrows. Mr. Buteau called there and Peter — found there a letter from Bradish dated Dresden — dined at Mr. Morier's — Mr. McDonald there and a naval officer, etc. Passed ev[enin]g at Lady Harvey's — Mr. Lynch, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Bowdoin, and Mr. Jones there.

Saturday, 27th. — Slept tolerably well — mind tranquil — read before daylight — the first act of "Phèdre" of Racine — after breakfast wrote letter to Pierre Irving. The French translator of my work came in and left Ms. with me. Afterwards Mr. Carter came — accomp[anie]d him to Mr. Storrow's. Mr. Storrow ret[urne]d this morn'g. Called on Lynch and sat some time with him. Mr. Jumel

[1] This opera by Rossini must have had a special interest for Irving, as it was based on his friend Walter Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake."

[2] George Perfect Harding, an English artist who painted charming miniatures. He died in 1853.

called to see Bremner — told a long story of Stephen Jumel's[1] being deranged. Livius came in — ret[urne]d home with him and gave him Ms. of "Leocadri" — he left more Ms. — a dirty, rather chilly day — dined home with Peter — went to Mrs. Brown's — accomp[anie]d her and Miss Caton to the Opera — "Cenerentola" [2] — Mombelli, Bordogni, Pelligrini, Zuchelli — admirably performed.

November 28th. — Sunday. Slept very tolerably last night — an overcast, heavy day — looked over much of translation of "Tales of a Traveller" — corrected scene of "Leocadri" — wrote letter to Pierre — called on Kemble and left card — dined at Storrows' — Peter, Master Massey and Edward there — the Carters there in the ev[enin]g — bilious symptoms.

Monday, 29th. — Awake in the night, read, dozed and read — got up with a bilious feeling — read criticism of "Phèdre," "Satires" of Boileau, and "Life of La Fontaine" — called on Lynch — Mr. Shaw — sat with him and the ladies — called on Mr. Storrow — got 1,000 francs — took Italian lesson — dined at Mr. Shaw's — Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and Miss Erskine — Mrs. S. put me in good humour with "T[ales of a] T[raveller]" — tried to get places at Gymnase and Variété, but in vain — ret[urne]d home — Lynch called at quarter to ten — took him to Miss Fitzgerald's — music. Mademoiselle Novaro — Prince Galitzin played — Lynch sang Irish melodies — ret[urne]d home at one.

Tuesday, 30th. — Arose after night of broken sleep,

[1] Stephen Jumel, a wealthy French wine merchant, was the second husband of that Eliza Jumel who later married Aaron Burr. Her mansion overlooking the Harlem River was used by Washington as his headquarters, and still exists as New York's most picturesque historical mansion.

[2] "La Cenerentola," Rossini's opera, the libretto by Feretti, originally produced at Rome in 1817.

rather depressed — wrote a little this morn'g at "Leocadri" — the French translator called and left Mss. of my work. Mr. Clark, son of Dr. Clark of N. York, called with letter of introduction. Mr. Harding called — went with him to Mr. Brown's — Mr. B. much relieved from rheumatic pain by the process of punctures — called at Lady Harvey's. Lady Berry came in and Lord Chesterfield [1] — latter actually has not read his namesake's book — dined at home with Peter — ev[enin]g at Mrs. Storrow's — Mr. Lane, Mr. Pomeroy and Mr. Barnstead there.

December 1st. — Wednesday. A tolerable night — early in morn'g read "Heart of Berenice" — after breakfast corrected French translation of "T[ales of a] T[raveller]" — touched up Livius' play — the French translator called. Mr. Buteau called — went with him to Hotel Montmorenci — Mr. Pomeroy not in. Mr. Lynch called on me — went with him to Miss Fitzgerald's — engaged to go this day fortnight to Madame Novaro's — dined at Mr. Brown's —present Mrs. Patterson, Lady Harvey, Miss Caton, the Miss Sumpters, Lynch, Bowdoin, Prince, Harding, Sheldon. Ev[enin]g came in Hessian Minister and sec[retar]y, Lady Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Miss Erskine, Mrs. Steers — music by Lynch and Miss Sumpter — came home at twelve. My spirits have been returning these three days past — feel self-confidence reviving — have been a little bilious — took few pills.

December 2d. — Thursday. Woke early — read in Racine — after breakfast Mr. Buteau called —

[1] The famous letters, in which Lord Chesterfield sought to teach his son the secret of social charm, were published in 1774, the year after the death of their author. The nobleman met by Irving was George Augustus Frederich, 6th Earl of Chesterfield (1805–1866), son of the great Lord Chesterfield's godson and successor, who died in 1815.

went to Hotel Montmorenci — Mr. Pomeroy not at home. Called on R[ichar]d Kemble — on Lynch — went to Mr. Storrow's — walk with them in garden of the Luxembourg — fine, sunny day — dined at home with Peter. Ev[enin]g — to Théâtre Français — "Misanthropy et Repentance" — "Talma et Mars" — "Assassin de ——" in three acts — very pretty. King of Poland in disguise.[1]

Friday, 3d. — Good night's rest — fine day — after breakfast called with Mr. Buteau on Pomeroy, who engaged him to give lessons — called on Lynch, who had guitar players — singing master, etc. — called on Bremner and left card — met Rich[ar]d Kemble — called and left cards for the Shaws — called with Kemble on Madam Bonfils about board and lodging for him 400 fr[ancs] per month — everything included. Called on Mr. Brown — met Mr. Appleton there just from Spain — Mrs. Bernard — called on Mrs. Patterson — Lady Harvey, etc. — left card for the Count Lomonozoff.

Dined at Mr. Reed's — party, Mrs. Brown, Lady Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Steers, Lady Harvey, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Caton, Mrs. Sheldon, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, Mr. and Mrs. Welles, Mrs. Smith — ev[enin]g came in Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Lynch.

December 4th. — Saturday. Awake from four o'clock — read in Racine and in Casti[2] — rewrote letter to Pierre. Mr. Carter called — went to Galignani's — to Lynch's — to Storrow's — read Italian. Dined at home with Peter — ev[enin]g to the opera — Lady Harvey's box — Lord Chester-

[1] Presumably the King of Poland is a character in the piece last mentioned.

[2] Giovanni Battista Casti (1721–1803), a distinguished Italian poet.

field. — Mr. Cavendish. "Othello" — Pasta[1] was glorious in Desdemona.

Sunday, 5th. — Good night — read in morn'g "Andromache" of Racine — wrote letter to Julia Irving. Mr. Brockedon and Mr. Henry Hunt came in and sat for couple of hours. Brockedon spoke of writing work on the Alps. Comparison of various passes, etc. — spoke of Italian valleys — in upper part of Italy — of the Holy City — of Bayard's castle as beautifully situated.[2]

Called on Mrs. Bernard — met there Mr. and the Miss Fieldings — 34 Rue Rivoli. Mrs. Bernard is of the riant[3] country of Hampshire — not far from Southampton — fond of theatricals — and to have plays at her house in Hampshire. The Fieldings are from near Chester — comparison between English and French country life — French *château* — Eng-[lish] country seat.

Called on Mr. Brown — left cards for the Welles and the Shaws — dined at Mr. Storrow's — Dr. McEvan there — ev[enin]g the Carters came there.

Monday, 6th. — Awake much of the night —read "Andromache" — fine day — at half past twelve went with Livius to the Odéon — rehearsal of "Robin aux Bois" — from there went to Mr. Storrow's — dined — then took the family to Livius' box at the Opéra Comique — "Un Nuit au Château" — "Joseph" — "Le Tresor Supposé" — ret[urne]d home near twelve.

December 7th.[4] — Tuesday. A restless night — after

[1] This famous Jewish-Italian singer (1798–1865) was then at the height of her fame.

[2] Situated on the banks of the Isère near Grenoble. It was the birthplace of the famous Chevalier Bayard (1476–1524).

[3] Smiling, pleasant to look upon.

[4] It was on this day that Irving wrote his remarkable letter to

breakfast this morn'g Brockedon called — sat to him for a sketch. Mr. Clark called — visited Mrs. Welles — Mr. Carter — Mr. Reed — left card at Mrs Patterson's and Mr. Hawkins' — visited Mr. Fielding — dined at home — rec[eive]d letter from Capt. Medwin. Ev[enin]g at the Storrows' — met Capt. Hildridge — a wine merchant and his son — howling woman singing in neighbourhood — look out of window.

Wednesday, 8th. — Sit to Brockedon, but he could not succeed in likeness — call on Sir Rob[er]t Wilmot — Lord and Lady Thomond, Lady Granard — Mr. and Mrs. Steers — dined at home. Ev[enin]g went to Mrs. Bernard's — saw there Miss Constable, Mrs. Ashton, Pozzo di Borgo,[1] Count Lomonozoff, Sir Henry Mildmay, the Pattersons, etc.

December 9th. — Thursday. Rainy day — a better night — finished Molière's "Satires" — after breakfast letter to Leslie — wrote to Sullivan — sent for Medwin's poem to Colburn[2] — dispatched all by Brockedon — Spanish master called and made arrang[emen]ts for lessons — twelve tickets for forty fr[ancs] — bo[ugh]t Spanish grammar and dictionary of Galignani — Livius called and copied his play. Dined at Mr. Storrow's — Mr. and the Miss Carters — in ev[enin]g went to Opéra Comique — "Adolph and Clara" and "Leocadri."

Friday, 10th. — An indifferent night — much depression — take my first Spanish lesson this morning — finish letters to Pierre and Julia Irving and send

his nephew, P. P. Irving, in which he gives his views on literature as a profession.

[1] The Corsican diplomat (1764–1842), who later served as Russian ambassador to France, and who, still later, was one of the signatories to the Treaty between the Great Powers to establish the neutrality and maintain the inviolability of the Kingdom of Belgium.

[2] Colburn, the London publisher.

them off — call on Lynch — the Storrows — sit there till four. Dine at Mr. Brown's — party, Portuguese Minister, Count and Countess Penthievre, Mrs. Sumpter and her mother and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Lynch, Mr. Reed — talked with Countess Penthievre — a very intelligent woman — a blonde — young — with spectacles.

December 11th. — Saturday. An indiff[eren]t night — took Spanish lesson this morn'g — wrote to Bradish enclosing letters of introduction — sent vol[ume]s of "Tales of [a] Trav[eller]" *per* Galignani — Capt. Galloway called with relation of his wife's. Mr. Harding and Mr. Bowdoin called. Measured for shirts — called on Lady Harvey and Mrs. Patterson — met there Mr. Brown, Mr. Bowdoin, Sir R[obert] Wilmot, Sir Henry Mildmay, Lynch — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Storrow's — Mr. Hoeninghaus.

Sunday, 12th. — Studied Spanish in the night and after breakfast. Wrote letter to Medwin and to Brevoort [1] — sent off letters to Medwin and Bradish. — went to Storrow's — dined there — Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. Brookes, and Mr. Smith at dinner — Mr. Lane and Mr. Curtis in the ev[enin]g.

Monday, 13th. — Studied Spanish — wrote letter to Brevoort — called on Mr. Brown — Pozzo di Borgo there. Spoke of advantages of Constantinople being in hands of a Christian power — a[d]va[n]t[a]ge shores of the Mediterranean. Saw Mr. West's picture

[1] This is one of the most important of Irving's letters; in it he describes the characteristics of that form of authorship — the essay-story — which he had made peculiarly his own. He writes also: "As I do not read criticisms, good or bad, I am out of the reach of attack. If my writings are worth anything they will outlive temporary criticism. If not, they are not worth caring about."

of L[or]d Byron — called and left card for Mr. West[1] — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Storrow's — Mr. Jamieson there.

December 14th. — Tuesday. Tolerable night — studied Spanish all the morn'g — took lesson at one. Gen[era]l Shaw called — Mrs. Shaw has had a siege — called on Lady Harvey — not at home — called on Mrs. Welles — Mr. Bowdoin there — story of Miss Cobb — dined at home with Peter — ev[e-nin]g at Opéra Comique — dull piece of the "Deserter" — Sir John Bagshaw in Livius' box — rec[eive]d letter from N[ew] York signed "a friend" containing a scurrilous newspaper tirade against me.[2]

Wednesday, 15th. — A restless night — headache — studied and wrote Spanish exercises in the night — rose with headache — studied Spanish — after break-fast called on Matthews and ret[urne]d his books — return'd home and studied Spanish — Mr. Harding called. My Spanish master was not punctual so I went out to give him a lesson. Called on Lynch — not at home — met Bremner — called at Brown's — left card — left card for Mr. Clark — called at Mrs. Patterson's — met Lynch, Bowdoin, and Mr. West there — the latter a small man, dark, expressive face — called at Shaw's and left card — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Storrow's.

Thursday, 16th. — Read and studied much in the night — studied Spanish all the morn'g. At two went with Matthews to see West's pictures of the Guicciola[3] and Byron — he does not recognize

[1] William E. West (1788–1857), born in Kentucky, pupil of Thomas Sully, remembered chiefly for his portraits of Byron, Shelley and Washington Irving.

[2] Such ill will as now and then found expression in America against Irving was largely based on his lengthy absence from his own country.

[3] Countess Teresa Guiccioli, "La Guicciola" (1802–1873), Byron's

Byron's likeness in it. Mrs. Welles, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Root, Mr. Bowdoin at Mr. Brown's — left cards for Mr. and Mrs. Bernard. Dined at Mr. Fielding's — Col. and Mrs. Proctor there — the two Miss ——, pleasant old spinsters — knew the Townsends, etc. — sat with the Fieldings till eleven.

Bowdoin's story of European nobleman who bro[ugh]t home cook from Eng[lan]d and used to have plum puddings — one day the cook was busily employed mixing one — another French cook demanded with look of doubt — "*Mais, mon ami, qu'est ce que c'est?*" "*Ma foi — c'est une espèce de ragoût anglais qu'on appelle plum-pouding qui j'ai fait —il y a dix annes mais je n'ai jamais eu la courage de en goûter.*" [1]

December 17th. — Friday. Spanish exercises — lesson at one o'clock — visit at Lord Granard's — Countess of Penthievre there — Lady Granard talking of the desire of the poorer classes of the Irish to be "buried with their people." They often appealed to her, when poor and ill, to send their corpses to their native homes when some miles distant.

Scenes that take place sometimes at churchy'd when two or three funerals arrive at a time each striving to enter first from a belief that the last arrived corpse has to keep watch over the ch[urch]-y[ar]d till the arrival of another funeral.

Countess spoke of the superstitions of the Portuguese — of witches who play tricks and do mischief — enter homes — suck the children's breath — drink

famous mistress. Five years before her death she published in French, "My Recollections of Lord Byron."

[1] Irving's inaccurate French, slightly amended, means "But what's that, my friend?" "Oh! that's a kind of English *ragoût*, called plum-pudding, that I've been making these ten years, but I've never had the courage to taste it."

up oil from lamps, etc. — of Warwolfs.[1] Eve of St. John observ'd in Portugal — fires lit — picturesque appearance of Lisbon on that night — the lights about the hill reflected in the water. In Ireland bonfires are made on every hill — people dance about them.

Irish believe in fairies — called them "the good people."

Portuguese believe that witches mislead — sometimes imitate the sound of ducks at night, in the water — like the appearance of wandering lights.

Banshee — derived from *Ban*, a lady or wife, and *Shee*, Death — Lady Death — the old Castle of ——, is said to be haunted by a banshee — one room is called the banshee's room — servants are afraid of it. One day Lord ——, a man six feet high and afraid of nothing, was walking the gallery and entered the banshee's room — saw a naked woman combing her hair before the glass — so strong was the force of early impressions that he started back and sprang downstairs before he could hold himself — felt ashamed of his weakness — went back and found the banshee to be a poor mad woman, escaped from a neighbouring madhouse or hospital.

Dined at home — ev[enin]g read papers at Galignani's — retired to bed between nine and ten.

December 18th. — Saturday. Awoke early — wrote Spanish exercises — after breakfast took Spanish lesson — walked with Mr. Clark in the Opera *passage*. Called at Mr. Storrow's — Mr. S., unwell with swelled face — called at Lady Harvey's and left card. Dined at home — rec[eive]d

[1] Irving's mis-spelling of "werewolf" perhaps indicates that this was his introduction to the mediæval superstition concerning the great murderous animal of dual — human and beastly — personality.

letter from Payne to-day transferring furniture, etc. Ev[enin]g went to the Opera — sat in Lady Harvey's box — opera "La Donna del Lago." Paid hatter's bill.

Sunday, 19th. — Spanish exercises — called with Matthews on Lady Francis Webster — talked about Lord B.'s memoirs. She seemed apprehensive that more disclosures would appear concerning his private writings, letters, etc. Mr. Cavendish came in — called and left card for Mr. Jones, Pozzo di Borgo and the Count Lomonozoff, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw. Dined at Mr. Storrow's — in ev[enin]g accomp[anie]d the ladies with Peter to the pension where the Miss Carters board — a *soirée* — little girls played passages from "Esther" — music by the Miss Carters and others — ret[urne]d home at twelve.

Monday, 20th. — Spanish lesson after breakfast — studied Spanish till near one — left cards at Mr. Chenoux's — called at Mr. Ellis' — Hôtel de Castres, Rue de Navarin. The Hutchinsons there — Mr. E. fine, florid old gent with flaxen wig — little granddaughter going in the carriage to leave letters and to buy things — fine old hotel — panels of the salon large mirrors — hotel looks into garden — muddy walk home — on the way met Mr. Lawrence of N. York, in the Tuileries — dine at home — ev[enin]g at the Storrows'.

Tuesday, 21st. — Symptoms of der[an]g[emen]t of system — slight pain in back — have taken alteration pills for some days past. Weather continues dismal and dirty — study Spanish all the morn'g till near twelve — call on Lynch — return and take lesson at one. Mr. Jones of British Embassy calls on me — dine and pass ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's — give Spanish grammar to the girls.

Wednesday, 22d. — Spanish lesson — sent letter to Payne *via* Havre — called at Mr. West's, the painter. Mrs. Patterson sitting for her picture — Miss Caton there — staid there till four — dined at home with Peter. Ev[enin]g went to Opéra Comique — "Épicure Villageois" — music by Grétry — piece old fashioned and *fade* — "Les Deux Mousquetaires" — a pleasant piece — "La Tableau Parlante" — a pleasant farce.

Thursday, 23d. — Studied Spanish. Translator called with proofs of French edition of "Tales of [a] Trav[eller]." Kenney calls — engaged upon opera of Bengowsky[1] — Livius calls — leaves Mss. of play — walk out with him to his new lodgings — call and leave cards for Kemble and Lawrence and the Harveys — fine day, clear and cool.

Dine at Mr. Low's — present Mr. Welles and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Low's two sisters, Mr. Lane, Mr. Curtis, Peter and myself — Thanksgiving dinner — great show of pies.

Friday, 24th. — Spanish lesson — called at Mr. Storrow's — read Italian — dismal weather — dine at home — ev[enin]g with Peter to Gymnase — Tardif,[2] "Memoirs d'un Colonel Poularde" — Michel, "Christine" — audience noisy because pieces were changed.

December 25th. — Christmas Day. Saturday. A dismal, dirty day — took Spanish lesson — at half-past twelve went to Galignani's — then to West's — found Lynch sitting for his picture — remain'd there,

[1] This seems to be Maurice Augusta de Beniowsky (1741–1786), a Hungarian adventurer who was made the subject of a play by Kotzebue and of a comic opera by Duval and Boïeldieu. It is doubtless the latter to which Irving refers.

[2] Probably Alexandre Tardif, a French man of letters and dramatic collaborator, born in 1805.

talking about N[ew] York — Dutchmen, etc. — laughing heartily till past three. Went to the Storrows' — ate my Xmas dinner there — present Francis and Smith, Mr. Storrow's clerk — ev[enin]g Peter came there — Minny unwell with cold — ret[urne]d home at ten.

December 26th. — Sunday. Spanish greater part of morn'g. Translator called with proofs of "Tales [of a Traveller]" — Mr. Carter called — visited the Pattersons, etc. — Mr. Bowdoin and Mr. West there — dined at Mr. Storrow's — in the ev[enin]g the Carters came in.

Monday, 27th. — Spanish lesson at nine. Studied Spanish till one — called at Rue Poisonnier — left cards for the Browns — called at West's — Mrs. Patterson sitting for picture — staid there till four — dined at home — studied Spanish — in ev[enin]g went to musical party at Miss Fitzgerald's — came away with Mr. Morier in his carriage about twelve.

Tuesday, 28th. — Studied Spanish — called on Mr. Smith — on Mr. Jones at the B[ritish] Embassy — on the Pattersons and Harveys. Met Mr. H. Baring[1] there — dined at home — ev[enin]g to the Opera — in Lady Harvey's box — saw "Othello" — Pasta great in Desdemona. Rothchild[2] came in the box — said to Lady H., that Pasta was "with a child" — ret[urne]d home — find letter to Peter from Beasley enclosing Am[erican] paper.

December 29th. — Wednesday. A restless, sleepless night — full of uncomfortable thoughts — woke before four — studied Spanish to drive away un-

[1] Henry Baring, uncle of Lord Ashburton, whose name is attached to the Canadian Boundary Treaty of 1842.

[2] James Rothschild, youngest of the five brothers, and founder of the Parisian banking firm.

pleasant thoughts — could not get asleep again — studied Spanish after breakfast — took lesson from eleven to twelve. Went to Galignani's — read a very fa[voura]ble *critique* on French translation of "Tales of [a] Trav[eller]." Two French translations have appeared. Called at Mr. West's — Mrs. Patterson sitting for her picture — Lynch there — staid there till half-past three — walked in Palais Royal — ret[urne]d home — dined with Peter. Studied Spanish in the ev[enin]g — a *triste* day — tho' laughed a good deal both at West's and at dinner — a merry head may sometimes go with a heavy heart.

Thursday, 30th. — Awake early in morn'g — read Racine's "Iphigenie" — after breakfast wrote Spanish exercise — finished the themes of Gosse's grammar. French translator called on me — brought copies of the two translations of my work — called at the Storrows' — found Minny at home unwell — read Spanish with the girls — dined at home with Peter — ev[enin]g at Storrow's — Mr. Buteau there — music on the harp — rather low in spirits, but frequent gleams of resolution and self promises of better things.

Friday, 31st. — Awake early — read Piron's[1] biography and part of the "Metromania" — after breakfast read German (Schiller) — take Spanish lesson at half-past eleven. Go to Galignani's — read papers call at the Storrows' — read Spanish and dine at home with Peter — walk in ev[enin]g in Palais Royal — return home and write Spanish exercise — retire to bed at eleven. This has been a dismal day of depression and closes a year, part of which has been full of sanguine hope, of social enjoyment, peace of mind, and health of body — and the latter part saddened by

[1] Alexis Piron (1689–1773), French dramatic author and poet.

disappointments and distrust of the world and of myself; by sleepless nights and joyless days — may the coming year prove more thoroughly propitious.

January 1st, 1825. — Awake at four o'clock — read — try to sleep again but in vain — rise at eight — mild, pleasant day — tho' not bright — write Spanish exercise — called at Mr. Storrow's and at various places — sit some time with Lady Harvey and sisters — Mr. Lynch, Reed, and Oliver there — dine at Miss Fitzgerald's — Mrs. Reynolds and daughter, Mr. Lattan, Lynch.

Remained there till past ten and then ret[urne]d home — tolerably good spirits to-day.

January 2d. — Sunday. Tolerable night's rest — read in "Metromania" — studied Spanish — translator called — called on Kemble — Mr. Buteau, who was not at home — caught in rain — took cabriolet and drove to Mr. Sheldon's and Mr. Low's and left cards — went to Mr. Storrow's — the Miss Smiths there — found Edward and Mary — Mr. Jameson — dined there — Mr. Carter and daughters in the evening — came home at eleven — rather lanquid and out of sorts to-day.

Monday, 3d. — Good night's rest — Spanish lesson after breakfast — went to Storrow's — read Italian and Spanish — went with Storrows to exposition at Louvre — dine at home — ev[enin]g with the Storrows and Peter to Opera — "Tancredi" — Pasta, Conti, Bordogni, Lavasseur.

January 4th. — Good night's rest — mind more quiet — after breakfast studied Spanish — translator called — suggested my securing copyrights in France — called at Mr. West's — Mrs. Patterson sitting for picture — called at Lynch's — Storrow's — very

dirty, drizzling day — dined at home — ev[enin]g at the Opera — "Cenerentola" — very inert and sleepy — in the box with Lady Harvey, Mr. H. Baring, Mrs. Labouchere.

Wednesday, 5th. — Good night's rest — read in Piron — after breakfast studied Spanish — took Spanish lesson. Mr. Carter called — called on Livius — found him in little sky room in Hotel Chatham and near St. Augustin — called on Mr. Brown — dined at home. Evening at Storrow's. This day Mills called and left his card.

Thursday, 6th. — Wrote Spanish exercises — called on Mills, Hôtel de Paris — called with him on Mrs. Steers and the Jenkinsons — went to Barier's — bo[ugh]t "Fables" of Iriarte.[1] Dined at Mr. Storrow's — present, Mr. and Mrs. Welles, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, Mr. Low and sister-in-law, Mr. Jamison, Peter.

Ev[enin]g. Mr. and Miss Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Buteau and M[a]d[a]me H., Mrs. Low's sister, Mr. Lane, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. Sheldon, etc. — music.

Friday, 7th. — Tranquil night — wrote Spanish exercises and took Spanish lesson — Mills called — (letter from Leslie) — accomp[anie]d Mills to West's, where Miss Caton was sitting for picture. Dined at Mr. Morier's — present, Mr. Jones, Mr. Way, Gen[era]l ——, Baron de Stael, etc., etc., Mr. Nugent — rec[eive]d this day a letter from Leslie.

January 8th. — Saturday. Peter unwell this morning — studied Spanish — called at Storrow's — Minny only at home — read Spanish till four — called at M. de ——, French family from America —

[1] "Fabulas Literarius" (1782) was one of the chief works of the Spanish poet Tomas de Iriarte, or Yriarte (1750–1791).

fine family of children — Mr. Imlay of Carolina with them — ret[urne]d home — Peter still unwell. Dined at Mr. Welles' — present, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, Mr. Low and two sisters-in-law, Mr. Lane, young Sheldon, Mrs. Smith.

Went to Opera — "Don Giovanni" — Zuchelli, Pellegrini, Conti, Mombelli, etc. Sat in Rothschild's box with Lady Harvey and Miss Caton.

Sunday, 9th. — Good night's rest. This morn'g found Peter still unwell — retching, etc. — sent for physician — prescribed leeches, etc. Mr. Storrow called — wrote Spanish exercise — Livius called about five — left third act of "Leocadri." Dined at Mr. Steers' — present, Lord and Lady Berry, G. Doyle, Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Mills, Miss Sidney — ev[enin]g came in Lady Harvey, Miss Caton, Mr. Baring, Mr. Wilmot — came home half-past ten.

Monday, 10th. — Good night's rest — Peter continues unwell — Translator calls — Mr. Sennat also — Spanish lesson — touch up scenes in last act of "Leocadri" — call at Mr. Storrow's. Dine at home — Mr. Storrow calls in — pass ev[enin]g at home.

Tuesday, 11th. — Quiet night — but woke at seven with painful dream about relation long since dead.

Peter better to-day, but still confined to bed, — remained at home all day — read Payne's play — exercised in Spanish — translator called — Mr. Buteau — Mills and Henry — Baring — Livius sent offer of box at Fadau — dined at Mr. Brown's — present, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Storrow, Mr. and the Miss Sumpter — Mr. and Miss Mildred Carter, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Brugeres, Mr. Donald, Mr. Lynch, Mr. Dwight, Mr. Root.

Came in in ev[enin]g Mrs. Patterson — Miss Caton, Mr. Hosack, Kemble, McEven, Bowdoin, and Cloque.

Wednesday, 12th. — Indiff[eren]t night's rest — the wine and tea, etc., which I had drunk at Mr. Brown's kept me awake — uneasy tho[ugh]ts — read Spanish and Italian in the night — morn'g, Peter better tho' still confined to bed — read Payne's play to him. Mr. Carter called — letter from Medwin — went to Storrow's — read Spanish — long and satisfactory lesson of Spanish — dined at home — napped all the ev[enin]g on the sofa.

Thursday, 13th. — Slept much last night — this morn'g exercised in Italian — rec[eive]d letter from Payne — called and left cards for Mills, Lady Harvey, etc. — called and sat some time with Mr. Steers — ret[urne]d home — dined with Peter. Ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's — read Spanish with the girls — Mr. Pomeroy called in.

January 14th. — Friday. Awake part of night — correcting Payne's play of "Span[ish] Hero" — mind quiet and spirits good for several days past — Spanish lesson this morning — Mr. Sennat called, and Rich[ar]d Kemble — called and sat some time at Lady Harvey's — Mrs. Brown came in, Mr. Welles and Smith, Mrs. Wiggins, Gen[era]l Devreux. Dined at Lady Harvey's — present Mr. H. Baring, Gen[era]l Roussel — went with Lady Harvey, Miss Caton and Mr. Baring to Variété saw part of "Famille Palin d'Ense" and "Valet de Bonnes Fortunes" — extremely sleepy — thence went to Mr. Morier's — ball — children dancing — engaged to dine Monday with Mills — Tuesday with Greville — Thursday McLaughlin — Tuesday ev[enin]g party at Mr. Ashton's.

Saturday, 15th. — Awake early — study Spanish

this morn'g — receive letter from Frenchman requesting information concern'g America — Peter getting better daily — call at West's, where I find Lynch — call at Mills' — read his story of "The Leper." Greville there — annoys me by his blunt opinion of "T. T."[1] Call at Mr. Brown's. Talk about French Gov[ernmen]t — difficult to deal with delay in replying to letters — Spanish Minister comes in — dine at home — ev[enin]g at Storrow's — read Spanish satisfactorily.

This day paid next quarter's rent.

Sunday, 16th. — Tolerable night's rest — Spanish lesson this morn'g. Wrote note to Baron de Stael — another to Mr. Brown — letter to Payne — Spanish exercise — cold day — dined at Mr. Storrow's — present Mr. Lane, Mr. Stone — ev[enin]g Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon — ret[urne]d home at half-past ten.

Rec[eive]d letter to-day from Payne with draft on Lafitte for thirty-five pounds to be paid to Marianne.

January 17th. — Monday. Awoke at three this morn'g and could not get asleep again till near seven, when I dozed for half an hour. Mr. Sennat called this morn'g — send letter to Payne — wrote Spanish exercise — cashed draft at Lafitte's and paid Payne's note to Marianne and Boucruton — amount thirty-five pounds. Went to West's — found Lady Harvey and Miss Caton and Lynch there — Mr. H. Baring and Mrs. Labouchere came in — went to Mr. Storrow's — drew 500 francs — read Spanish. Mr. Buteau and daughter there. Dined with Mills, and Mr. Steers, Major Light, Mr. Greville, Capt. —— — went to Galignani's and read papers — ret[urne]d home at half-past ten.

Tuesday, 18th. — Slept well — Spanish lesson —

[1] "*Tales of a Traveller.*"

got Calderon from library — a sad, rainy day — lay on sofa part of the day — rather torpid — dined at Greville's — present, Mr. ——, Mr. ——, wife and daughter, Mr. Mills. Dr. McLaughlin came in after dinner. Went to Opera in ev[enin]g — in Mr. Steers' box. Lady Berry there — saw opera of "Nina" — Pasta played divinely.

Wednesday, 19th. — Slept very well — a variable day — corrected Payne's play — called on Lynch, Mills and Lady Harvey, but found nobody at home — dined at home with Peter — ev[enin]g at a ball at Lady Berry's.

Thursday, 20th. — Good night — Spanish lesson — wrote letter to Payne — called at West's found Lynch and Carter there — Lynch proposed arrang-[ing] Italian operas into English — went with Carter to see his daughters — dined at Dr. McLaughlin's — present, M. de Lafanci, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Robertson — went to Galignani's ret[urne]d home at eleven.

January 21st. — Friday. Tolerable night — studied Spanish and translated this morn'g — rec[eive]d letter from Mrs. Van W. — called at the Storrows' — read Spanish and Italian. Dined at Mr. Steers' — present Mills, Nugent, Greville and Mr. —— — ret[urne]d home at ten.

Saturday, 22d. — Spanish lesson — read in Schiller, etc. — called on Mills — went with him to West's — saw Mr. Griswold and son there — Lord Thomond came in — Mr. Baring, Miss Caton and Lady H. — dined at home with Peter — ev[enin]g at the Opera in Mrs. Steers' box — Lady Berry there — Opera "Agnese" — Pasta, Peligrini and Bordogni.

Sunday, 23d. — Good night — wrote Spanish this morn'g — letter from Sullivan — visit from Mr. Buteau — went to Galignani's — letter from Murray

about Count Gamba's[1] work—Galignani's demurs to giving anything for it as it would only be paying for a start of four days.

Dined at Mr. Storrow's — Mr. Lynch called in accidentally and dined there — Mr. Jameson dined there — music and singing by Lynch in the ev[enin]g.

Monday, 24th. — Spanish lesson — called at Galignani's, who agrees to give one guinea a sheet for the copy of Gamba's work — call at West's where met with Mills — went to Mills' where Hawkes, others came — read —— memoirs — called at Mrs. Steers' — Lady Beauchamp there — tall, fresh, superb old lady — conversation about Lord Thanet's death — called and left card at Lady Harvey's — dined at Lord Granard's — present Count —— of the Austrian Embassy, Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth, Mr. Mills, Mr. Greville, Mr. —— ev[enin]g came in Mrs. ——, Lady Upton and beautiful daughter — Mr. and Miss ——.

January 25th. — Tuesday. Cold, wet day — slight fall of snow; the first time for the winter, excepting a few feathers of snow some days since — clear up into sunshine between three and four. Studied Spanish all the morn'g — idea of two or three scenes in a comedy came across my mind. Mr. Carter called.

Went to West's, where I found Lynch — called at Mr. Storrow's with Lynch — dined at home.

Ev[enin]g at Opera — "Lazza Ladra"[2] — Mills introduced me to Cha[rle]s Greville.

Wednesday, 26th. — Sunny day. — Spanish lesson

[1] Count Pietro Gamba (1801–1826), the Italian patriot and author, brother of the Countess Guiccioli, and author of "A Narrative of Lord Byron's Journey to Greece," London, 1825.

[2] "La Gazza Ladra," Rossini's comic opera, first produced at Milan in 1817.

— left card for Mr. Otis — called at Storrow's and read Spanish — dined at Mr. Reed's — present, Lord Beresford, Mr. Baring, Mills, Lady Harvey, Miss Caton, Madame DeCastro, Mr. and Mrs. Brown and several Portuguese — ev[enin]g a ball at Lady Thomond's — went to bed at two o'clock.

Thursday, 27th. — Wrote to Murray, Mrs. Van Wart, and Leslie — wrote Spanish — Mr. Sennat called — went to Galignani's, who wants me to write memoirs of L[or]d Byron — dined at Welles' — present, Gen[era]l Devreux — Mr. Livingston, Mr. Otis, Mr. Lane, Mr. Bumstead. Ev[enin]g Lady Harvey, Miss Caton, Mr. Mills — ret[urne]d home about one.

Friday, 28th. — Broken sleep — Spanish lesson — wrote exercise — called on Gen[eral] Devereux, Mills, West, where saw Sir H. Mildmay — Storrow — got books for Lady Granard. Dined with Mills — present Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes and West — conversation about Dr. Parr[1] — about French theatres — napped in evening while Mills was counselling West. Went to ball at Lady Wilmot's — met Count Blankinser — the man with sixty-seven accomplish-[men]ts — ret[urne]d home at two.

January 29th. — Saturday. Studied Spanish — went to West's — met Mr. Carter there — fine day, tho' cool — went to Storrow's — Susan unwell — read Spanish — dined at home. Ev[enin]g at Galignani's — Mr. Comte played off some neat feats of ledgerdermain — came home at eleven.

Sunday, 30th. — Good night's rest — Spanish lesson at nine o'clock — rec[eive]d letter from Payne and one from Mrs. Foster — Mr. Vallez called —

[1] The famous Dr. Samuel Parr, the very learned English scholar, who died in 1825.

dined at Mr. Storrow's — Mr. and the Miss Carters in the ev[enin]g, Bremner and Mr. Honinghauser. Ret[urne]d home half-past ten o'clock — Susan better tho' still somewhat indisposed.

January 31st. — Monday. Slept well — studied Spanish all the morn'g — Mr. Lucit called — talked about America. Mr. Edgeworth called — talked about Minny — lent him Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein[1] — went to Galignani's — met Mills — called with him at Mr. West's — dined at home. Ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's — read Spanish.

[1] Published in 1800, this excellent English version of Schiller's play found so poor a market that most of the edition was sold as waste paper.

FRANCE

FEBRUARY — JUNE, 1825

February 1st, 1825. — Tuesday. Spanish lesson — read Spanish — called on West — Mills — Mrs. Steers, not at home — Lady Harvey, where I found Lord Beresford.[1] Mentioned his having taken the Sense of the University of Salamanca on the subject of King of Eng[lan]d appoint'g Catholic bishops in Ireland — they approved of it — the chief of University, an Irishman, was strongly in favour of it — but now that he is Catholic Primate of Ireland he is as strongly the other way.[2] Sir H. Mildmay and Miss Wilmot came there — Lady H. much chagrined with conversation of Mrs. Steers about Mr. B.

Dined at home — ev[enin]g read papers at Galignani's and ret[urne]d home early.

February 2d. — Wednesday. Studied Spanish — called on Mills — Hawkes there — walked with Mills in Tuileries — fine day — read papers at Galignani's — dined at Mills' — Mr. and Mrs. Steers — Sir H. Mildmay. Ev[enin]g at French

[1] Lord John George de la Poer Beresford (1773–1862), who held many high offices in the Established church, became primate of all Ireland in 1822, and Chancellor of the Dublin University in 1851.

[2] It was not until 1869 that the Bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church removed most of the grievances resulting from the Act of Union of 1800 which had constituted the "United Church of England and Ireland."

opera in Mrs. Steers' box — "Cendrillon" — Mlle. Lacroix a beautiful girl — asks 40,000 francs.

February 3d. — Thursday. Good night — Spanish lesson — read'g "Condé Lucanor" by Calderon — called on Mills — not at home — left cards at Lord Thomond's — Sir R. Wilmot's — Lord Berry's — called and sat with Kemble — called at Major Light's — sat there some time — Hawkes there — cluster of desolate houses opposite, owned by man who lives in one and keeps the others vacant that he may not be overlooked — formerly an advocate — worth a million francs. His relatives often call and knock, but are not admitted. The scandal of the neighbourhood is that he indulges in the luxury of wax lights at night. Left card for Col. McCrea.

Mr. Hillhouse called on me — looked like a person escaped from hospital or madhouse — says he wrote a doz[en] vol[ume]s, but hopes to make two out of them.[1]

Dined at Chenoux's — present — Mr. and Miss Ellis, Lord and Lady ——, Mr. and Mrs. Roth, Miss ——.

Went to the opera — Lady Harvey's box, where found Lady H. and Miss Caton and Mills — saw last act of "Mose en Egetto."[2]

February 4th. — Friday. Good night — studied Spanish and wrote Latin this morning — called at the Storrows' — Mr. Carter came in there and read Spanish. The S.'s, had letter from the boys. Dined at Mr. Brown's — present, Portuguese noble-

[1] James A. Hillhouse (1789–1841), an American poet, now little read. He published his poetical writings in two volumes (1839).

[2] Rossini's opera, "Mosè en Egitto," first produced at Naples in 1818.

man and lady; Lady Harvey; Miss Caton; Mrs. Welles; Mrs. Wiggins; Mrs. Smith; Mr. Welles and Mr. Wiggins; Mr. Reed; Gen[era]l Devreux; Col. ——, a Spaniard; Mr. Livingston; Mr. Chas. Oliver; Dr. Stephenson; Mr. Warden. Ev[enin]g the Storrows' — Sheldon — Kemble.

February 5th. — Saturday. Good night — mind excited — thinking over project of an Am[erican] work — Spanish lesson — snow in the night — clear, bright day — called at West's — Mr. Lynch, Miss Caton sitting — Mr. Carter — Mr. Bowdoin — called on Mills — not at home.

Dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's — read "Hamlet."

Sunday, 6th. — Good night's rest — read Spanish all the morning — Calderon play of "Las Manos Blancas" — talked with Peter about Cervantes' life — Mr. Buteau and Mr. Carter called — called and left card for Ld. Northfield — called on Mr. Bowdoin — found West there — called on the Fieldings — dined at Mr. Steers' — present, Lord Beresford, Lady Harvey, Miss Caton, Mr. Hope, Nugent, Henry Greville, Mills.

Evening came in Lady Berry and Miss Sidney, Lady Lake, Miss Greville. Introduced to Col. ——. Ret[urne]d home half-past eleven.

Monday, 7th. — Spanish lesson — read Spanish — letter from Mrs. V. W. to Peter — called at the Storrows' — read Italian — dined at home — ev[enin]g went to a ball at Mrs. Thayer's.

Tuesday, 8th. — Slept much last ev[enin]g and long and heavy sleep through the night — wrote a little at Spanish this morning — called on Mills — met Hawkes there — Mills going to England on Thursday — went with him to Mr. Brown's. Re-

rec[eive]d letter to-day from Capt. Nicholson[1] dated on board the "Ontario" at Messina — went to West's — met there Miss Caton, Lady Mildmay and Sir Henry, Mr. Lynch and Mills.

Dined at Welles' — present, Mr. and Miss de Jouey,[2] Mr. Otis, Mills, Lynch, etc., etc. Mr. de Jouey said he had put the moral in action in his essays. Spoke of difficulty of understand'g English from our clipping our words saying "I'd" for "I would," "I'll" for "I will."

Went to opera. Saw last act of "Barbier de Seville."

Wednesday, 5th. — Spanish lesson — went with Peter to Storrow's — walked with family in garden of Luxembourg — sunny, pleasant day.

Dined at Livius' — present, Mr. Auber, composer of "Leocadie," etc.; Mr. Lewis Goldsmith and Mr. ——, editor of the *Courier de Spectacles*; Mr. ——; Sir Wm. Bagshaw.[3]

Thursday, 11th. — Slept well — after breakfast wrote Spanish — Mr. Buteau called — introduced him to Mr. Otis — sat with Lynch — called at West's — found the daughter-in-law and granddaughters of Lafayette there.

Accomp[anie]d the Storrows to see West's pictures — called on Mills — went with him to Mrs. Steers' where we met Lady Berry — called at Lady Harvey's — met Lord Beresford there — Mr. Bowdoin and Mrs. Patterson. Miss Caton — saw Mills

[1] John B. Nicholson (1793–1846) was one of Irving's most intimate friends from boyhood days, and even when he rose to the rank of Commander in the U. S. Navy, Irving spoke of him as "Jovial Jack Nicholson."

[2] Victor Joseph Etienne Jouy (called de Jouy), French dramatist and man of letters (1764–1846).

[3] Probably Sir William Chambers Bagshaw (1771-1832).

off — passed ev[enin]g at Mrs. Storrows — sleepy and creepy.

Friday, 11th. — Good night's sleep but depressed in the morn'g — Spanish lesson. Mr. Sennat called and proposed going to Ambigue-Comique. Walked out with Peter — called and left card for Mr. Lucit — walked to Rue Chaillot and called on Mr. Edgworth — Mrs. E. ill with rheumatism — conversed for some time — Mr. E. a phrenologist — tho[ugh]t I had the bp. of calculation — spoke well of Campbell and his wife in domestic life — ret[urne]d home thro' Champs Elysées — fine, sunny, mild day — rec[eive]d letter to-day from the boys from Highgate. Dined at home — ev[enin]g went to the Ambigue-Comique — saw "Figures de Cire" — stupid — the "Rire et la-veil" — pretty idea badly executed — Mr. Sennat with me at ye[1] theatre — rec[eive]d 500 francs from Mr. Sennat on acc[oun]t of Mr. Payne.

Saturday, 12th. — Tolerable night — wrote Spanish all the morn'g — Mr. Sennat called — paid him 150 fr[ancs] back of the 500 — Mr. Carter called — went to Mr. West's — Miss Caton, Mr. Lynch, Mr. Carter, Gen[era]l Devreux and Mr. Sharpe there — staid there till near five. Mrs. Patterson came in — dined at Mr. Light's — Mr. Bowdoin, Mrs. Greville, Miss Hartley, etc.

Very much out of sorts and sleepy — ret[urne]d home about eleven.

Sunday, 13th. — Studied Spanish — finished read'g "No siempre le peor es cierto"[2] walk'd out — fine day — left cards for Mr. and Countess

[1] Irving occasionally uses this obsolete form of *the* — an interesting survival from the century in which he was born.

[2] I. e., "The worst is not always certain."

Chenoux — boulevards crowded — Boeuf[1] Gras parading.

Dined at Mrs. Storrow's. Mr. Orme and Mr. Smith dined there. In the ev[enin]g Mr. and the Miss Carters, Mr. Bremner, Mr. Curtis — ret[urne]d home at eleven.

Monday, 14th. — Studied Spanish all morn'g — Latin — wrote letters of introduction for Mr. Guillet — called at Mr. West's — found Miss Caton, Mr. Bowdoin, Lynch, Gen[era]l Devreux — went with Lynch to Pasta's — found her by her fireside, simply dressed — simple in her manners — called at Mrs. Patterson's. Dined at home — ev[enin]g at Storrows' — Capt. Mangson and Edward there.

February 15th. — Tuesday. *Mardi Gras.* Good night's sleep — Spanish lesson — read Spanish — called at Mr. Storrow's — Mr. Buteau and daughters there — took Sam out to see the sights — fine, sunny day — all the world on the boulevards. Many groups of maskers — dined at Mr. Storrow's — Mr. Buteau's daughter there — read Spanish and danced in the ev[enin]g.

Wednesday, 16th. — Awake with low spirits — as is too frequently the case of late — read in Calderon — finish "Las tres Justicias en una"[2] — study Spanish during the morn'g — a misty, chilly day — feel great depression all the day — Rich[ar]d Kemble called on me — tells me J. K. P. [James K. Paulding] has written another work.[3] Called on

[1] The fat ox that was carried in the carnival parade; hence the name "Mardi Gras." This French festival is still observed in an American city — New Orleans.

[2] I. e., "The three kinds of justice in one," or "The satisfaction in one of three demands for justice."

[3] Probably "John Bull in America, or the New Munchausen" (1824).

West — had much conversation about L[or]d Byron, whom he describes as simple, kind, and affectionate — walked in Tuileries — dined at home with Peter — in ev[enin]g took Sam Storrow to Gaieté — saw "Rameau d'Or."

Thursday, 17th. — Slept well, tho' awake several times — did not read — still I awoke very much depressed — that continual want of confidence either in myself or the public — cheerless prospects — Spanish lesson — studied Spanish — Latin — walked in Tuileries — fine, mild day. Left card at Mr. Steers' — called on Lady Harvey — not at home — on Reid — not at home — visited and sat for some time with Miss Fitzgerald.

Dined at Welles' — Mr. Root, wife and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, Mr. Livingston and cousin, Mr. Otis, three or four Englishmen.

Ev[enin]g, opera — "Otello" — Lady Harvey's box — Mr. Labouchere[1] there. Met Brookes in the lobby — the same with whom I made the tour from Vienna to Rich[ard] Coeur de Lion's castle on the Danube.

February 18th. — Friday. Studied Spanish — read in Calderon. Mr. Wedgwood called to talk about his engraving of West's picture of Byron. Rec[eive]d books, Gamba's letters, etc., from Galignani's and fourteen sovereigns for Murray — rec[eive]d letter from Mills from London — went to the Storrows' — read Spanish — accomp[anie]d them to the Carters' — dined with them and went with them and Peter to the Gymnase.

Plays: "Mes Derniers Vingt Sous" (pleasant) —

[1] Henry Labouchere, Baron Taunton (1798–1869), who held many important public offices in England, and who was the father of the famous journalist, the editor of "Truth."

"Corsles" [tolerable] — "Faime d'Une Femme" [tolerable] — "La Quarantaine" [good].

Saturday, 19th. — Beautiful day — mild and genial — exercised in Spanish all the morn'g — Mr. Edgeworth called — went to Steers' — Spanish read'g — called and left cards for Brookes — called on Lady Harvey — found Mr. Oliver there — sat some time with her. Dined at Galignani's — Sir Egerton Brydges[1] and Mr Underwood and Peter.

Sir Eg. said Medwin shewed him the Ms. of his recollections, but withdrew them before he had time to revise them. Rec[eive]d letter from proprietor of European mag[azine] requesting me to sit for portrait to be engraved and for biographical particulars.

Sunday, 20th. — Studied Spanish — Latin — a beautiful, mild day — called at West's — walked in Tuileries — crowded — called at Mrs. Greville's — Miss Wilmot there — dined at Mr. Storrow's — Dr. M'Ewen, Mr. Otis, and Peter — passed ev[enin]g there — read papers at Galignani's and ret[urne]d home.

Monday, 21st. — Spanish lesson — finished "Amor pues de la morte"[2] — wrote to Payne and sent off that and letter to Mills by embassy bag — called on Mr Storrow and got 500 francs — bespoke a waistcoat.

Dined at Miss Fitzgerald's — present Mr. Lattin and Cheval d'Angeles.

Ev[enin]g soiree at Mr. Brown's — Prince Leopold[3] there — met Mrs. Butler, formerly Miss ——.

[1] Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges (1762-1837), the English scholar who spent the greater part of his life on the continent. He wrote poems, novels, bibliographical works, etc.

[2] "Amar despues de la Muerte," i. e., "Loving after death."

[3] Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (1790-1865), who became the

Tuesday, 22d. — Slept little last night — studied Spanish this morn'g. Gen[era]l Devreux called — Mr. Wedgwood also about L[or]d Byron's portrait.

Called at Storrows' — read Spanish — Peter came in. Dined at home — ev[enin]g at opera — Lady Harvey's box — Mrs. Brown there — opera Ital[ian] in Algiers[1] — new singer — Signor Cornage — bad — ill received.

Wednesday, 23d. — Spanish studies and Spanish lesson. Gen[era]l Devreux called — accomp[anie]d him to visit Mrs. Butler, who was not at home — called and sat some time with Mrs. Steers. Beautiful, sunny day — looked up lodgings.

Dined at Mr. Root's with Peter — met there Dr. Crawford, Dr. ——, the Rootses, wives and mother and Mr. Brookes — passed ev[enin]g there. Read Bossuet's serm[on] on the elect Corneille.[2]

Thursday, 24th. — After breakfast went in search of lodgings, but without success — called at Mr. Welles' — met Mr. Storrow and the girls on the Boulevard — walked with them — bright, sunny day — pure and cool. Dined at Lord Northland's — pres[en]t Lady Wortley, Mad. de Harcourt, Mr. Colham, Lord Darnley's son, Mr. Bligh, Col. Thornton, *attaché* to the embassy.

After dinner Count Chablannar came in. Lady —— talked about her son who is travell'g in America and who was much pleased with his tour.

Went to opera — Mr. Steers' box — Miss Sidney

first King of the Belgians in 1831. In 1816 he married Charlotte, daughter of George IV.

[1] Rossini's opera "L'Italiana in Algieri," first produced in Venice in 1813.

[2] We have had to leave undetermined what sermon of the great French bishop Irving was reading.

and Capt. Ellis there — opera "Ninon" — Pasta divine — ball at Mrs. Bernard's — staid but a short time. Col. Thornton commanded the troops which crossed the river at New Orleans.[1]

Speaks highly of conduct of Jackson in his correspondence with British; letters courteous — sent back watches, *épaulettes*, etc., of officers killed — *épaulettes* of one officer had been cut off — apologized for not sending them — said diligent search should be made, and if found they should be sent and the offender punished.

February 25th. — Friday. Spanish lesson — exercises Lat[in] and Span[ish]. Send books to Lady Granard — call at West's and find Miss Caton and Lynch there — dine at home — ev[enin]g at Storrow's — read Spanish — Mrs. S. unwell — confined to her room.

Saturday, 26th. — Studied Spanish — Lynch called — went with him and left card for Pasta — called on the Browns — Mrs. Patterson there — called on Mr. Lenox — left cards for Lord and Lady Northland.

Rec[eiv]d letter from Mills. Rich[ar]d Kemble called to take leave — going to Eng[lan]d. Dined at home — ev[enin]g to opera — "Barbier de Seville" — Bordogni — Pelegrini — Conti — Lady Harvey's box — Mrs. Labourchere and Miss Baring there.

Sunday, 27th. — Excellent night's sleep — after breakfast this morn'g Kenney came in and breakfasted — sat some time with us. Studied Spanish

[1] This was at the end of the war of 1812, at the time of Andrew Jackson's brilliant defence of New Orleans. The battle of New Orleans took place on Jan. 8, 1815. The gentleman met by Irving was Sir William Thornton (1779–1840), Colonel and Lieutenant-General.

and Lat[in] — rec[eive]d letter from Mrs. Van W. — snowy day — dined at Mr. Storrow's — the Carters there — passed the ev[enin]g there.

Monday, 28th. — Good night — studied Spanish — Spanish lesson — wrote letter to Mrs. V. W. and Newton — called on Mr. Lenox[1] — Mr. Lynch — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Storrow's.

March 1st. — Tuesday. Good night. Studied Spanish this mòrn'g — Mr. Wedgwood called to talk about West's picture of L[or]d Byron.

Called at West's, but he was occupied. Bo[ugh]t Spanish Dictionary at Galignani's — twenty-seven francs. Went to Storrow's — read Spanish — dined at home — rainy ev[enin]g — passed ev[enin]g at studying.

Wednesday, 2d. — Good night's rest — Spanish lesson — studied Spanish — felt slight headache or, rather, feelings of heat of the head yesterday and this morn'g — so walked out. At West's met Mr. Carter — called on Welles, who offers to promote any money transactions — called on Mr. Brown — found Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Peter — Prince Esterhazy[2] takes possession of the house on July 20. Left card for Lady Harvey, etc. — sat some time with Mr. Steers — left card for Jones — called on Lady Neubruge,[3] where I met Sir Rob[er]t Wilmot. After Sir R. had retired, they said he made himself up — rouged — dined at home — ev[enin]g to the French opera — Mr. Steers' box, where met Lady Berry and Hon. Mr. Bligh.

[1] Robert Lenox, the wealthy New York merchant, father of James Lenox, founder of the Lenox Library.

[2] Prince Paul Anton von Esterhazy von Galantha (1786–1866), the Austrian diplomat who, at the age of twenty-four, was Minister at Dresden. Later he became Ambassador at Rome, and at London.

[3] The name is hard to decipher.

New opera — "La Belle au Bois Dormante" — pretty but not striking — humourous character of a *Beau Chevalier*.

Thursday, 3d. — Good night — quiet thoughts — wrote letters this morn'g to Jones, Sullivan, Murray — editor of *Europ[ean] Gaz[ette]*.

Called at Storrow's — drew on Mr. Williams for 200 £ — drew on him in fav[our] of Murray for fourteen pounds — read Spanish at Mr. Storrow's — rec[eive]d letter from Chas. Storrow — dined at Welles' — present, the Lows and Sheldons, Mr. Smith, Mr. Wiggins, Mr. Lenox, Mr. Bremner, Mr. Burnstead. Ev[enin]g went with Welles to Mr. de Joueys — saw young lady enthusiast of the Greeks — another, a pretty, full-faced woman — said to have profile like Napoleon and to be nearly connected. Talked much with intelligent, one-eyed woman and a gent[leman] author of a work, "Adventures of an Author."

March 4th. — Friday. Spanish lesson — wrote let[ter] to Editor of "Friendship's Off[ering]" — rec[eive]d letter from Payne and answered it. Mr. Dufresne called and left copy of his work — lives Rue Bourbon No. 43. Dined with Peter at Mr. Storrow's. Mr. Richard was at Mr. S.'s to take leave — going to Eng[lan]d to-morrow. Saw Peter and Mr. S. off in *malle-poste* for Calais — read papers at Galignani's and ret[urne]d home — wrote Spanish exercise and went to bed.

Saturday, 5th. — Translated into Spanish all the morn'g — Mr. Buteau called — rec[eive]d letter from Mills — went to Storrow's and read Italian — dined at home — letter from Mrs. Story — went to Ital[ian] opera — Mrs. Steers' box — Lord and Lady Berry there — Opera "Tancredi." Conti signalized

herself and got much applause. Went to Galignani's and read papers.

Sunday, 6th. — Rose at quarter past six — read Spanish till breakfast time — Spanish lesson — wrote L[atin] exercise — left cards for Count Blankinser — Mr. Lattin. Called at Lady Harvey's — saw her and Miss Caton, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Bowdoin, Mr. West.

Dined at the Storrows'. The Carters dined there. In ev[enin]g the Lows and Mr. Bremner.

Monday, 7th. — Tolerable night's rest. After breakfast called on Welles — found Wiggins there — talked about treas[ury] loan — called and bespoke boots in Mr. de Holder's — called on Lady Harvey — on Reid — ret[urne]d home — found frock coat sent by Byng, who had just arrived from Eng[lan]d. Mr. Dufresne called and took me to Bossange's[1] establish[men]t — magnificent book establish[men]t — fine read'g rooms on the most liberal plan. Called on Mrs. Byng, but did not see her — ret[urne]d home — did not feel well — lay on sofa for above an hour.

Dined at Mr. Brown's — present Lady Harvey, Miss Caton, Miss de Paul, Mr. Donald, Spanish Col[onel], Mr. West. Ev[enin]g Mr. Bowdoin came in.

March 8th. — Tuesday. Studied Spanish — read French — Lat[in] — Mr. Wedgewood called — shewed him West's letter — Mr. Sennat called and collect'd his books from among Payne's. Rec[eive]d note from Welles, who has bo[ugh]t 2000 ducats in the treas[ury] fund for me — called on Mrs. Welles — met Bowdoin and Bremner there — left cards

[1] This store of Bossange and Masson had wide connections with publishers, and contained an important stock of foreign books.

for Byngs and the Rootses — called on Mrs. Steers and on Lady Harvey. Dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's.

This has been a beautiful day — pure and exhilarating — felt in fine, buoyant spirits all day, tho' heavy in ev[enin]g.

Wednesday, 9th. — Read Spanish, etc. — Mr. Sennat called — on going out met Mr. Fred Byng — walked with him to his lodgings where I saw Mrs. B. — called at West's. Went to Mrs. Storrow's — drove with ladies to Champs Elysées — afterwards went to West's where were Miss Caton, Mr. Carter — Lady Bury and Mrs. Brown came [in].

Dined at Capt. Halloway's — Mr. and Mrs. ——. Others came in in ev[enin]g. Left there at ten — stopped at Bossange's and ret[urne]d home. This has been a mild, pleasant day — have been in very good spirit.

Thursday, 10th. — Woke early and read Calderon — Spanish lesson — wrote Lat[in], but felt nervous and unable to apply myself. Went out and visited Bossange's establish[men]t — went to Mrs. Storrow's — Mr. Brett there — read Spanish — ret[urne]d home very nervous — a fine day tho' cool. Dined alone at home — ev[enin]g went to the Variété "Servante Justifié" — Jenny Vestpré[1] excellent. "Comparaison de la Fortune," pleasant — "Burgomeister de Saardam," excellent — Potier, admirable.

March 11th. — Friday. Read French work — studied Spanish — rec[eive]d letter from Mrs. Van Wart — called at West's and remained there till past four — dined at home *solus*. Ev[enin]g walked

[1] This actress, Jenny Vestpré (1797–1865), was long a favorite with the Parisian public.

to Rue Poissonnier, but found nobody at home — ret[urne]d home and passed ev[enin]g read'g, etc.

Saturday, 12th. — Excellent night's rest — studied all the morn'g — French — Spanish — called on Mr. Byng — went with him to the Brit[ish] Ambassador's. Met young Wortley at the door just going to join his reg[imen]t — very handsome young man. Found Lady Greville at home — a Miss Sheldon with her — conversed some time. On coming out met Mr. Mandeville and was introduced to him — called at the Storrows' and read Spanish — dined at Messrs. Galignani's — met Mr. Guillet and family — wife fine-looking woman — pretty daughter — Mr. —— and Mr. Didot[1] the younger there. Went to opera and saw latter part of the "Barbier de Seville."

Sunday, 13th. — Woke early — indiff[eren]t night's rest — Spanish lesson. Mr. Vallez called — spoke of the number of literary men in France who are men of rank and station, such as Segurmen,[2] who had the manner of the world and society but not entirely the literary character.

Called at Lady Harvey's — found there Lady Waterpark and Miss Cavendish. The former small, delicately formed woman about forty-five or fifty —

[1] Ambroise Firmin Didot (1796–1876), son of Firmin Didot, the noted French printer, publisher and author. The famous firm of Didot was founded at Paris, in 1713, by François Didot.

[2] The reference here is probably to both the Ségurs. Count Louis Philippe de Ségur (1753–1830) had served in the American Revolution; been Ambassador to Russia; a state councilor of Napoleon's, etc. In 1824 his "Memoires" (even better known than his history of France) appeared. In this same year, also, was published the best-known work of his son, Count Philippe Paul de Ségur (1780–1873), the "Histoire de Napoleon et de la grande armée en 1812." Count Philippe had taken part in the Napoleonic campaigns, and Irving (whose sympathy for the fallen conqueror is shown in his letters to Brevoort in 1815) was eager to read Ségur's first-hand account.

black eyes — lively and intelligent. Miss Cavendish delicate face, sprightly and agreeable — talked of the existence or nonexistence of the passion of love. Mrs. Patterson came in about four.

Dined with the Storrows — Mrs. S., the girls, and Sam — passed the ev[enin]g there.

Monday, 14th. — Read Spanish — wrote a little and rec[eive]d letter from Peter — called at Galignani's. Mr. Way called and invited me to dine with him. Went to Storrow's — read Span[ish] and Ital[ian] — ret[urne]d to Galignani's — met Garforth, Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr. Taylor. Medwin has arrived — have not met him. Dined at Greville's — present, Mr. Bligh, Mr. Abercrombie, Miss Wilmot, Dr. MacLaughlin, Mr. Morier, Mr. Cornell, Mr. ——, a French gent[leman] who talked enormously — said Germ[an]s had no *esprit* — knew nothing of their literature.

March 15th. — Tuesday. Read H. Wilson's memoirs[1] in the night — did not sleep well — read Spanish this morn'g — called on Medwin — ret[urne]d home — Spanish lesson — went to see Mr. Welles — found the Storrows there — called with them on the Wigginses — ret[urne]d home with them and sat till half past four. Ret[urne]d home, dressed and went to dine with Sir Egerton Brydges. Met Medwin and Mr. St. Aubyn there, etc., etc. Sir E. pleasant, mild old gent[leman] — three daughters — one pretty. Sir E. says he has been an unsuccessful writer.

Called at Galignani's — read papers — ret[urne]d home at eleven.

[1] This notorious woman published, in 1825, "The Amorous Adventures of Harriette Wilson," in which many prominent men figured to the scandal of contemporaries.

Wednesday, 16th. — Indiff[eren]t night's rest — affected by the champagne I had drunk at dinner. Medwin breakfasts with me — thinks of writing an answer to Hobhouse[1] — talked of Spanish literature — read passages in "Cioma de la Ingleterre" — speaks of a play by Calderon called sometimes "El Embozado" and at other times "El Capotado."[2] Lord B[yron] tho[ugh]t of writing something on it. Medwin promised to procure me a Ms. he had written on the subject.[3]

Went with him to West's. He pronounced the likeness of L[or]d B. and the Guicciolli admirable. Ret[urne]d home and took Spanish lesson — went to West's and talked with Miss Caton, who was sitting for her picture. Dined at home *solus* — in ev[enin]g dozed over Sir Edgerton Brydges' letters on Lord Byron.[4] Went to *soirée* at Lady Northland's — met Garforth, etc., etc. — talked considerably with ——, who is concerned in launching a new review in style of English reviews. Ret[urne]d home a little after twelve.

March 17th. — Thursday. Read Sir E. Brydges' letters on Lord B. — read Calderon. Byng called — walked with him to Théâtre de Madame, where he went to hire a box — visited Mrs. Byng — called at Welles' — not at home — called at Storrow's — read Spanish.

[1] John Cam Hobhouse, Lord Broughton (1786–1869), an English politician and author. He was one of Byron's executors.

[2] The reference seems to be to the play whose title is "El escondido y la tapada," i. e., "The muffled man and the hooded woman."

[3] We have here the first indication of Irving's special interest in the theme of "El Embozado," and we shall see later how he himself jotted down a plot for a play on this subject of the duality in human nature.

[4] "Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron," published in 1824.

Dined at Rev[eren]d Mr. Way's[1] — present Gen-[era]l ——, Mr. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. ——, etc. Way's chapel by lamplight — beautiful effect — re-t[urne]d home at half-past eleven.

Friday, 18th. — After breakfast call'd on Medwin — on West — took Spanish lesson — letter from P. I. — called on Mrs. Steers — letter from Mills — call'd on Lady Harvey — told me about B. — has not written since 4th.

Dined with Mills — present, Capt. Otway, Mr. St. Aubyn.

Went to Galignani's — looked at papers — re-t[urne]d home — rec[eive]d parcel of books from Sir Edgerton Brydges.

This has been a very cold day — these three days past have been colder than any days in winter.

Saturday, 19th. — Read Sir E. Brydges' work on Byron — read Calderon — called on Mrs. Greville — left card for Garforth — went to Storrow's — dined there.

Extranjero bajo de le Ventana — En la tarde leia la comedia del "Tempesto" por Shakespeare.

Hoy S. era acostada en el calle por un hombre.[2]

[1] Lewis Way (1772–1840), a barrister who later became interested in religious work and founded the Marboeuf Chapel at Paris.

[2] Irving's Spanish will not bear minute investigation. He evidently meant to say, "A stranger beneath the window. In the evening I read Shakespeare's comedy, 'The Tempest.'" In the second sentence it is a question what he meant by "S." If, as has been suggested, "S" stands for *sabado*, Saturday, his entry adds to our gaiety, for he seems to have meant to say, "Today (Saturday) I was accosted in the streets by a man," but actually to have written, "Today I was put to bed in the street by a man." He made *calle* (street) masculine, himself feminine (*acostada*), and he used *era* for *fui*. Another suggestion saves his face a little. If "S" stands for Susan Storrow, the gender of *acostada* is right — a gallant American might well have been indignant at a young girl being accosted by a strange man; but we draw a veil over the scene called up by the real meaning of *acostada*. Yet such mistakes are of course natural to all beginners in a language, and in his use of *acostada* to mean

Cold, freezing weather — but very bright and bracing.

Sunday, 20th. — Spanish lesson — read in Sir E. Brydges "Gnomica." Walked out with Mr. West to Mr. Way's chapel — fine, sunny day tho' fresh and cool. Chapel well attended — sermon on Moses covering his face when he saw God in the burning bush — some parts eloquent — diffuse and from being *extempore* many parts loosely constructed. Miss Way performed on the organ. After service I was introduced to Lady Bentinck[1] — walked homeward with Mr. West — went to the Storrows' — walked with the girls to the boulevard outside the barriers and part of the way up Montmartre — beautiful view of Paris — smoky. Dined at the Storrows' — Mr. Smith there. In the evening the Carters, Lows and Sheldons came in, and Dr. McEwen.

Ret[urne]d home in carriage with the Carters.

Monday, 21st. — Good night's sleep — read in Sir E. Brydges' works — Calderon — wrote letters to Mills and P. Irving — dozed — felt sad and heavy. Mr. Sennat called — gave him Germ[an] dictionary and Ital[ia]n Gram[mar]. Boots sent home from Fitzpatrick's and paid for thirty-five fr[ancs] — called and left card for Byng — Lady Harvey — called at Mrs. Steers', who took charge of my letters — called at West's. Dined at restau-

"accosted" it is not clear that Irving was not misled by some unreliable English-Spanish dictionary. He certainly would have been if he used one at all like a pocket dictionary printed at Philadelphia in 1840, which gives *accosted acostado*, but immediately shows by the phrase *lado a lado*, what the Spanish word really means. The whole matter reminds us of the gentleman in an Italian restaurant who thought he was ordering a glass of cold milk when the astonished waiter knew only that an order had been given for a warm bed.

[1] Wife of Lord William Henry Cavendish Bentinck, who in 1833 became Governor-General of India.

rant — went home — dozed — called at Storrow's — read three last acts of "Tempest." Went to Mr. Brown's — found there Mrs. Patterson, Lady Harvey, Miss Caton, Mr. Otis, Mr. Amory of Boston, Mrs. Bernard.

Weather milder than yesterday, but still cold — ret[urne]d home at eleven.

I have felt rather heavy and dull to-day.

Tuesday, 22d. — Read in Sir E. Brydges and Calderon — Count Blankinser called — Mr. Carter, Capt. Medwin, Mr. Amory of Boston — Spanish lesson. Called at Mr. Storrow's — Mrs. Buteau and granddaughter there — called at Lady Harvey's — not at home. Dined at Mr. Welles' — present, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Rev. Mr. Tugwell, Mr. Amory, Bremner, Mr. Donald.

Ev[enin]g Ital[ian] opera "Tancredi" — well performed — Lady Harvey's box — Mrs. Sitwell and son there.

Wednesday, 23d. — Beautiful weather — clear, pure and livening — read in Sir E. Brydges — rewrite two chap[ter]s of Virgin tale[1] — call on Mr. Amory — call at Galignani's and order Calderon — call at Storrow's — Mr. S. returned — walk out with the ladies outside of Barrier. Dine at Mr. Steers' — present Lord and Lady Berry and Miss Sidney — ev[enin]g at French opera — "Belle au Bois" and "Nina" — Noblet played Nina very well — sat in Mrs. Steers' box — Lady Berry and Miss S.

March 24th. — Thursday. Rose between six and seven — breakfasted between seven and eight — Spanish lesson from eight till half-past nine —

[1] Never published; and presumably one of the manuscripts which, according to Pierre M. Irving, Washington Irving himself destroyed.

called on Medwin. He gave me his note concerning "El Embozado" — write in his album — called at West's — Mr. Way there. Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Sitwell came in. Called on the St. Aubyns and left cards. Dined at Sir Egerton Brydges — present, Sir John and Lady St. Aubyn, Mr. and Mrs. John St. Aubyn, Mr. Wm. St. Aubyn, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Maj. Cowell.

Sir John St. A. one of the fine specimens of the old Eng[lish] gent[leman]. Dressed in black hair powdered, with pigtail, silver buckles — fine complexion — ruddy — very courteous — man of large estate — Cornish baronet — old family — owns nearly all of the town of ——.

Lady St. A. — remains of beauty — fair complex[ion] — delicate, regular features — sweet expression.

Sir John talked of a Mr. Smith of Carolina[1] formerly (twenty years since) minister to Portugal, whom he had known intimately. Spoke of Dr. Stevenson, for whom he expressed great regard.

Have thought this day of plan for dramatic work on story of "El Embozado."[2]

Fine, clear day, tho' cool.

Friday, 25th. — Rose half-past six — read "Gnomica" of Sir E. Brydges — read in "Schuld" of Müllner. Sketched "Embozado" — called at West's — sketched there a part of plan of "Embozado" — ret[urne]d home — found letters from E. I., Pierre I., and Chas. Rhind[lander].

Called at Mr. Storrow's — read Spanish — dined there — ev[enin]g read "Taming of Shrew" — re-

[1] William L. Smith of South Carolina (1758–1812), *chargé d' affaires* in Portugal.

[2] Irving's sketch, written on loose sheets, was preserved by him among the pages of his next diary.

turned home at eleven — fine weather — milder than preceding days.

Saturday, 26th. — A delicious morning — Spanish lesson — tried to write but could not — too much excited — sallied out to go to Versailles — too late for ten o'clock coach — walked in Tuileries garden — went to Sparrow's. They were going visiting — paid for Peter forty-three francs. Met Byng — wanted me to dine with him — met Mordaunt — gave him copy of "Tales of a Traveller" — met Governeur of New York, going to Bordeaux — called on Lady Harvey — rested about a[partment] of Byng — walked in Tuileries garden with Miss Caton and Mrs. Brown — called on Mr. John St. Aubyn — Lord Westerpark — on the Gibbings, where I met Mr Peyton. Dined with West and Carter at Café de la Bourse — evening went to opera — "Otello" — Pasta divine — sat in Lady Harvey's box — Lady Berry, Miss Caton, and the Stuarts there.

March 27th. — Sunday. Something of headache this morning — read in Calderon — went with West to Mr Way's chapel — crowded — went afterwards to Lady Granard's — Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald there — talked much about American literature and Mr Channing's[1] sermons — dined at Mr Sparrow's — the Carters there. Evening Mr. West, Mr Lees and Mr. Amory came in — retired home about eleven.

Monday, 28th. — Tried to sketch plot of "Embassador," but could not bring my mind to the task — wrote part of letter to E. I — read in Calderon — went to Sparrow's — got 500 francs of Mr S. Spanish

[1] William Ellery Channing (1780–1842), the great Unitarian preacher whose essays on Milton and Napoleon made him known in literary circles abroad as well as in America.

reading with Minny — dine at Café de la Bourse with West and Carter — went with them to Variété — "Polichinelle" — "Vampire" — "Petit Enfant Prodigue" — amusing — young Werter good — "Burgom[eister] of Sardam" — I was excessively sleepy the greater part of the evening.

Tuesday, 29th. — Spanish lesson — read Sir E. Brydges — wrote letters to E. I. and Pierre[1] — Mr. Buteau called, and Mr. Greville — called at Welles' — met Mr. and Mrs. Root there — drive out with Welles in gig — fine, sunny day but excessively dusty — dined at Lord Granard's — present, Mr. Fitzgerald, Dr. ——. Ev[enin]g Lady —— and daughters.

Walked home by moonlight thro' Champs Elysées with Dr. Crawford — found note from Mills — just arrived.

Wednesday, 30th. — Indiff[eren]t night's sleep — Spanish lesson — called on Mills — Byng came in — went with Miss —— to Lady Harvey's — Reed there — called at West's — Storrow's — stay'd three quarters of an hour — ret[urne]d home — tried to doze. Dined at Greville's — Lord Granard and Lady Adelaide Forbes there. Ev[enin]g went to Dutchess of Dura's — Lady Rencliffe, etc., there.

March 31st. — Thursday. Slept but indifferently — wanted to write this morning but could not summon my thoughts — half dozed away part of the morn'g — called on Mills — walked in Tuileries to see the fête of *Long Champs* — very dusty — poor display of carriages this year — ridiculous turn-out of four-in-hand — four Englishmen in absurd little white

[1] Such persons as may care to have Irving's advice on reading, may find this letter in Vol. II, p. 235 of the original edition of the "Life and Letters."

hats — called on Mrs. Steers and sat on terrace — Lady Berry and Miss Sidney there and Byng.

Dined at Greville's — Mr. Nugent, Mr. Cornell, Mills and myself — very pleasant dinner. Cornell gave some good imitations of Kemble.

April 1st. — Friday. Read Spanish — left card for Mr. Gillet — rec[eive]d letter from Peter — called at Mr. Storrow's — young ladies going out in carriage with Mr. Stackey — called on Carter — bid farewell. Bought edition of Calderon[1] — seventeen vols. in sixteen — 180 francs — dined with Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Byng and Mr. Baring. In the ev[enin]g Greville came in and sat some time. Clear, sunny weather.

Saturday, 2d. — No disposition to write — read in Calderon — "El Magico Prodigioso,"[2] from which apparently Goethe took hints for his "Faust" — went to the Storrows' — dined there and passed ev[enin]g. A clear, cool day.

Sunday, 3d. — Birthday — read part of Calderon's "Principe de Fez" went with[3] Mr. West — to Mr. Way's church — Mr. Simeon preached — called at Lady Harvey's — Mr. Byng's, where I met Sir Geo. Doyle and Mr. Mills — called with Byng at Greville's — walked with Byng in Tuileries — dined at Mr. Storrow's with Mr. West and passed ev[enin]g there.

April 4th. — Monday. Spanish lesson — wrote letters to Peter and Newton. Mr. Wilkinson called

[1] This edition has not been identified. The number of volumes seems large for this author. Strange, too, that Irving should say he bought the "edition," instead of a copy of it.

[2] Shelley had already made translations from "The Wonder-Working Magician," perhaps the most famous of Calderon's plays. Shelley's scenes were published in his "Posthumous Poems" (1824).

[3] Probably the well-known evangelical divine, Charles Simeon (1759–1836).

and sat some time with me — from Rhode Island — friend of Tompkins[1] — been at Ghent, establishing spinning w[or]ks — handsome man.

Drove out with Mr. Lattan and young Fitzgerald to St. Mandé to dine at Lady Susan Douglas'. Fine day — passed thro' Faubourg of St. Antoine — fairs of St. Antoine near the Barrier — Easter — found Miss Drew in much better health. Drove out in woods of Vincennes — passed by place where Papevoise kill'd the two children — cross and inscriptions under which he killed one — cross in road where he killed another — print of his footstep where he endeavoured to escape — pleasant view of the Marne — bridge over it.

Professor lived there who had withdrawn himself from world in disgust — gateway with Judas (or little window to peep out of) — pretty peasant girl came to door — her master had gone to walk in the fields — Mr. Lattan leaves card.

Dinner pleasant — the Miss Henrys there. In ev[enin]g some French came in and marred the ev[enin]g — commander of *château*[2] — a young French lady, a *châtelaine* or owner of *château* — came home about eleven.

Tuesday, 5th. — Read Spanish — dozed — called on Mills — met Mr. Greville and McLaughlin — called at Greville's — Miss Wilmot and Lady Lake there — went to Storrow's — read Spanish — dined at Greville's with Mills and the Grevilles. Ev[enin]g

[1] Daniel D. Tompkins (1774–1825), Governor of the State of New York, 1807–1817, and Vice-President of the United States, 1817–1825. Irving was one of Gov. Tompkins' aides during the War of 1812.

[2] This historic castle was built by Philip of Valois on the site of a fortress erected in the 12th century by Louis VII. It was used as a fort and arsenal in Irving's day, and still retains this military character.

to Italian] opera — Lady Harvey's box — Lady Berry there — opera "Romeo and Juliet."

April 6th. — Wednesday. Indifferently night — Spanish lesson — at twelve drove out with Algernon Greville to Versailles — fine day — clear sky — easterly wind — dry and dusty. Stopped at Mrs. Aspinwall's and remained a couple of hours there, walking in the gardens — went to the hotel by the Reservoir — dressed — laid down, but hotel was so noisy I could not get repose — dined at Mr. Greathead's — present a Scotchman and two Englishmen, Mr. Coles, Lady Warrender. She is a clever, talkative woman. Evening — cards by the gentlemen] — remained till past eleven — slept at the hotel.

Thursday, 7th. — Walked before breakfast in the gardens — Mr. Coles breakfasted with me — went to dishroom — read *Quarterly Review* — favourable critiques — called on Lady Bolingbroke — sister to Mr. Milbanke — handsome woman — wants to learn German — walked in gardens — threadbare turf.

Returned home thro' woods of St. Cloud — called on West — letter from Payne — dined at Byng's — present Mr. Craddock, Mr. Bligh, Sir Geo. Doyle, Mills, Cornell.

Sir Geo. Doyle told some tough stories — returned home early.

Friday, 8th. — Read in "History of the Moors in Spain"[1] — called at Mr. Storrow's — the Aspinwalls there — dined at Mr. Storrow's. Evening Mr West came in — went to Mr. Brown's — Mrs.

[1] Here is the best record of Irving's researches qualifying him to write "The Alhambra" (1832) and other tales of the Moors and Spaniards. The source book has not been identified. Irving seems to refer to it in various ways.

Patterson, Lady Harvey, Miss Caton there — Mr. Lynch — Mr. Bremner, Sheldon.

Saturday, 9th. — Spanish lesson — read in "History of the Moors" — called on Welles, West, Mills, Mr. Byng, Mrs. Steer, Mrs. Greville — dined with Mr. Brown — present — Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Donald, Mr. Woodbridge, a young Am[erican] clergyman.[1] Mr. B. told story of Bill Winonis, an Indian seen riding full speed to the fort where Gen. Jackson was. He was painted and dressed out with every feather —spurred past the sentinels who saw he was unarmed — horse all foam — asked for Gen. Jackson. The officer who told it to Mr. B. said he knew Jackson had said he'd kill Winonis. He told him to stand aside — called out Jackson — Winonis came up — said, "I was the one who led the attack at ——. I did so and so (repeating various exploits and massacres) and here I am — do what you please with me. I have no one left — you have killed all my men. I am not afraid to die; I am a brave man." The officer was afraid of Jackson's fresh burst of passion. He touched his elbow: "What do you mean to do? — you won't hang him?" "Hang him? no," said Jackson — "he's a fine fellow. Not a hair of his head shall be harmed."

Went in ev[enin]g to opera — "Gazza ladra."

April 10th. — Sunday. Spanish lesson — wrote letters to P. I., Van Wart, and Newton and sent them by Ambas[sador's] bag. Symptoms of cold and sore throat to-day — read in "Hist[ory] of Moors" — Count Blankinser called — dined at Mr. Storrow's — Dr. McEwen and Mr. Way there — the latter

[1] Probably William Channing Woodbridge (1794–1845), whose "Universal Geography, Ancient and Modern" appeared in 1824. *Cf.* entry for April 23.

quite deaf — Mr. Bremner came in in the ev[enin]g — conversation about literary profits and prices of books.

Monday, 11th. — Have a severe cold, sore throat and hoarseness — read in "Hist[ory] of Arabs," etc. — Sir E. Brydges' works — wrote letters of introduction to W. Scott and T. Moore for Count Blankinser and leave them at his lodgings — call on Mills — at the Storrows' — Mr. Buteau and Mr. Amory and Mr. Brett there — read Spanish.

Dine at Mrs. Patterson's — present beside the family, Mr. Baring, Mr. Mills, Mr. Lynch and Mr. Reid — return home at half-past nine.

April 12th. — Tuesday. Spanish lesson read Arab[ian] hist[ory] — called at West's — Lynch and Miss Caton there — called at Sinnet's — shewed me letter of Payne's about lodgings — dined at Welles' — Mr. Otis there. — Ev[enin]g went with Welles, Mrs. Smith, and Otis to Port St. Martin — saw Masurier play the part of Jocko the Monkey with wonderful correctness of imitation.

My cold rather increased this evening.

Wednesday, 13th. — Read "Hist[ory] of Arabs" — look over Sir E. Brydges' works — call on Mr. Byng — find Mills there — go with him to Mrs. Steers' — met there Miss ——, an old maid with 30,000 a year — lives without serv[an]t or carriage.

Mills went out to ride with Byng. Went to see Panorama of Constantinople — very fine — dined at Sir John St. Aubyn's — present Gen[era]l Knolls and pretty daughter, Sir E. Brydges, Lady B. and daughters, Mr. Waddington, Mr. Brooks, etc., etc.

Ev[enin]g went to French opera — saw part of "Alladin" — rained a little this ev[enin]g for the first time for several weeks.

Thursday, 14th. — Rose at six — read in "Hist[ory] of Arabs" — called at Mr. S.'s — read Spanish — dined there — ev[enin]g went with family to Théâtre de Madame — "Dernier Jour de Fortune" — "Michel et Christine" — "Parti à Payer" (bad) "Le plus beau Jour de ma Vie" (sprightly).

Friday, 15th. — Read "Hist[ory] of Arabs" — loung'd away the morn'g unprofitably — Mr. Jno. Wilkenson calls; desired by Matthews to ascertain whether I would be here in May. Mr. M. wished to know whether I was at leisure to join in a literary undertaking — find'g I was, said he would communicate further another time — now not at liberty to explain at present.

Paid next q[uarte]r's rent.

Called and left Wilson "Memoirs" for Greville — left cards for Mills — Mr. Amory — bespoke boots and shoes — called at Storrow's got 500 fr[ancs] — dined there. Mr. Storrow set off for Lyons — read "As You Like It" to the family — stopped at Galignani's on my way home and read papers.

This day put on summer clothes first time this year.

April 16th. — Saturday. Spanish lesson — read a little in Arabian hist[ory] — the rev[eren]d Mr. Patton of N. York calls with letter of introduction from Paulding. Sat for some time talking of N. York — called on Lynch — read me a letter he was writing to Astor on subject of engaging an Ital[ian] comp[any] of opera singers to go to N. York.[1] Rossini says 6,000 £ will cover expenses for one year —

[1] In this discussion of the initial project for Italian opera in America, it is interesting to note the moderate estimate by the celebrated composer, Rossini, who at this time was director of the Théâtre Italien at Paris.

Lynch allows $50,000 — Pasta will go for $10,000 — called at West's — found Mr. Way sitting for picture — Mr. Baring, Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere, and Miss Baring came in and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. Sheldon — walk with Sheldon to call on Rev. Mr. Woodbridge — leave card for Mills.

Trees in Tuileries in leaf —

Dined in comp[an]y with West at Café de la Bourse — pass ev[enin]g at Storrow's.

April 17th. — Sunday. Awake early — rise unrefreshed. It has rained in the night, but day fine and pleasant — read in Arab[ian] hist[ory] — go out at eleven — call on Mills — walk with him and Greville in the Tuileries — return home — Mr. Sinnett calls, but not admitted — go to Storrow's — family at church — read till they return — dine there — in ev[enin]g Mrs. Low, Mrs. Sheldon and Mrs. Low's sisters, Mr. Carter, young Mr. Sheldon — Mr. West, Mr. Bremner — West and I remain after the rest of comp[an]y, talk'g of shipwrecks.

Monday, 18th. — Read Arab[ian] hist[ory] rec[eive]d letter from Newton — presented Kenny's D[ra]ft on Pitet for 500 francs — no funds on hand — called at Mills — found him in bed at one — got up — lunched with him — ret[urne]d home — read till near five — called at West's — Miss Caton sitting — remained there till six — called at Storrow's — read Italian — half past ten went to Mrs. Brown's *soirée.* Met Prince Fred[eric]k, Crown Prince of Saxony — who gave me a cordial shake of the hand — talked some time about Dresden. The Countess Basta, formerly Miss Cruger, a beautiful woman.

Ret[urne]d home at half-past twelve.

April 19th. — *Monday.* Spanish lesson — read

Arab[ian] hist[ory]. Mr. Patton called and sat some time. Went out half-past two to West's — Mrs. Patterson, Caton, Lady Harvey — dined with West at Rest[aurant] de la Bourse — napped at home till nine — went to opera — "Barber of Seville" — Mr. and Mrs. Brown in the box — Mrs. Sitwell.

Wednesday, 20th. — Read Arab[ian] hist[ory] — Calderon plays — called at Storrow's — walked with ladies on outer boulevard — pleasant morn'g, day cool, but dusty. Dined with Mr. Way and Mr. West at Café Française — dinner eight fr[ancs]. Ev[enin]g went to opera "Alcesté" (vile French musick and singing) — ballet "Carnival de Venise" — went behind scenes with Mills and Mr. Steers.

Thursday, 21st. — Spanish lesson — showers in the night, cloudy morn'g, but day very pleasant. Pair of boots from Fitzpatrick — call at West's — Mr. Brown's — sat some time with Mrs. Brown — go to Storrow's — dine there — pass ev[enin]g. Mr. Hulme and his son came in with letters of introduction for Mr. Storrow.

Friday, 22d. — Beautiful morn'g — read Arab[ian] hist[ory] — at nine o'clock call on Mrs. Hulme, Hôtel des Étrangers — found his two daughters two sons and Mr. Price and Mr. Hill with them.

Went to West's — Mr. Gale there talk'g about L[or]d Byron's portrait — at half-past one Mrs. Storrow calls with the young ladies. Drive to Neuilly to Mr. Stackey's — not at home — Miss Richardson, his aunt, there — walked in Bois de Boulogne — lovely day — nightingales singing — return home at half-past five — dine at Mills' — Mr. and Mrs. Byng, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Currie — talk about Moore, etc., etc. — ret[urne]d home at eleven.

I give reason why Milton's poem was not relished at first — people startled by having the mythology used as machinery, etc.

April 23d. — Saturday. Spanish lesson — Mr. Woodbridge called on me and talked about his geography — left card for Mr. Wilkenson — called with Cornell on West — Lynch there — called on Mr. Hulme — called with West and Lynch on Mr. Brown — Dined at *restaurateur* with Lynch and West. Ev[enin]g — Ital[ian] opera, "Tancredi."

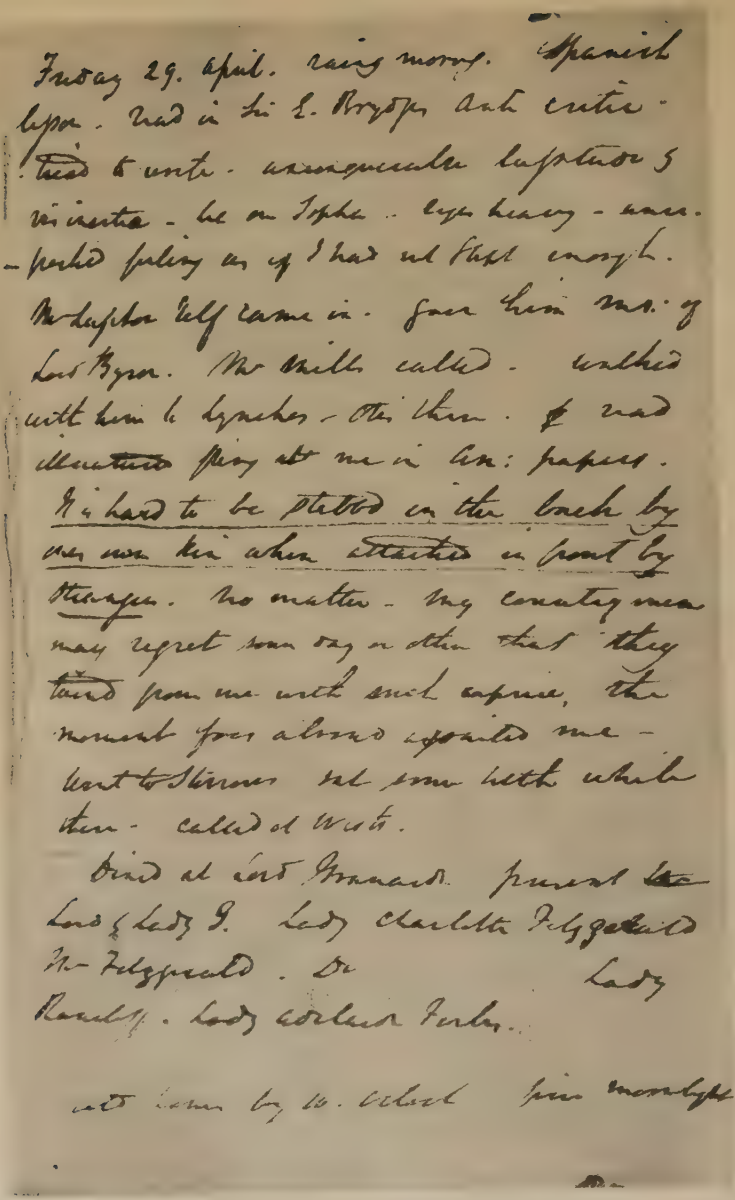
Rain in the course of the day.

Sunday, 24th. — Rainy morning — heavy showers and thunder — read and finished Arab[ian] hist[ory] — read part of 1st vol[ume] of "Lionel Lincoln" — went to Mr. Stor[row]'s at three. Dined and past ev[enin]g there.

Monday, 25th. — Spanish lesson — beautiful day — read "Lionel Lincoln" — call on Mrs. Hill, at Place Vendome — call on Mills — call with him on Mrs. Byng — walk with him in Tuileries, etc. — call at Storrow's and write note to Mrs. S.

Dine at Mr. Brown's — present Lady Harvey, Miss Caton, Mr. Donald, Sheldon, Lynch, Mr. Otis. In the ev[enin]g Mr. Gray of Bordeaux came in.

Tuesday, 26th. — Read Spanish — tried to write — wrote two or three pages of "Shak. at Av." [Shakespeare at Avon] but was not in mood — could not summon force and spirit. Mr. Lucit called — invited me to dine with him on Saturday — sallied forth — called at West's — went to Welles' — to Lattin's — Mills — met Lynch and walked with him in the Tuileries talking of his wine — gardens in fine order — trees in leaf. Called at Dr. Gibbings' — sat some time with him — left card at



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE FROM ONE OF IRVING'S PARIS DIARIES, IN 1825

This page shows how deeply Irving felt the criticisms of a part of the American press — criticisms largely due to the fact that he had so long absented himself from his native country.

Greville's. Dined at Mr. Sharpe's — pres[ent] Sir Egerton and Lady Brydges, Mr. Wilder, Lady Belmont and Miss Caldwell.

From there went to opera — Mr. Steers' box, in which were Mr. Steers, Mrs. Sitwell, Mr. Byng, Mr. Nugent — opera of "Othello" — first appearance of Donzelli,[1] who acted and sang well but was eclipsed by the transcendant performance of Pasta.

April 27th. — Wednesday. Spanish lesson read a little in Calderon — tried to write in "Shak. in Av." but found myself languid and good for nothing — dozed on sofa. Mr. Lupton Rolf called — took him to West's to see picture of Byron — left cards for Mills, Pattersons, Byngs — called on Miss Hulme — walked with Hulme to Rue Richelieu.

Dined at Mrs. Storrow's *en famille* and passed ev[enin]g there.

Thursday, 28th. — After breakfast went in coach to Versailles — fine day tho' cloudy — went to Mrs. Aspinwall's — walked in the garden with the children — gust of thunder and lightn'g, hail, rain — returned by five o'clock — letter from E. I. Dined at Reid's — present Mrs. Brown, Lady Harvey, Miss Caton, Mr. Baring, Mills, Lynch, Sheldon — ev[enin]g to opera — "Otello" — Donzelli ditto.

April 29th. — Friday. Rainy morn'g — Spanish lesson — read in Sir E. Brydges' "Anticritic" — tried to write — unconquerable lassitude and inertia — lie on sofa — eyes heavy — unrefreshed feeling as if I had not slept enough. Mr. Lupton Rolf came in — gave him MS. of Lord Byron. Mr.

[1] Dominique Donzelli (*circa* 1790–1845) was a distinguished Bolognese tenor. The opera in which Irving heard him was now ending its first decade of popularity and was the work of the most famous and prolific composer of the epoch, Rossini.

Mills called — walked with him to Lynch's — Otis there — read ill-natured fling at me in Am[erican] papers. *It is hard to be stabb'd in the back by one's own kin when attacked in front by strangers.* No matter — my countrymen may regret some day or other that they turn'd from me with such caprice, the moment foes abroad assailed me.

Went to Storrow's — sat some little while there — called at West's.

Dined at Lord Granard's — present Lord and Lady G., Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, Mr. Fitzgerald, Dr. ——, Lady Rencliff, Lady Adelaide Forbes.

Ret[urne]d home by ten o'clock — fine moonlight.

April 30th. — Saturday. Read Sir E. Brydges — Calderon — get shave — call at West's, Lynch's, Lady Harvey's to bid adieu — saw her, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Caton — met Cornell — visited Menag[erie] of snakes, etc. Saw boa constrictor — Cornell sat some time with me.

Dined with Mr. Lucit — Mr. Lagavian there and Mr. —— of the Court of Cassation — visited the Storrows' — Susan has cold and sore throat — return home — symptoms of sore throat.

May 1st. — Sunday. Spanish lesson — read Sir E. Brydges — wrote to P. I. and Newton — called at West's — Countess Bertard sitting for a sketch of her face — excellent likeness — Count Bertard there — very pleasing man. Went to the Storrows' — dined there — West there — passed ev[enin]g there.

May 2d. — Monday. Indiff[eren]t weather — feel extremely depressed — incapable of exertion — read fifty pages of Marshall's "Life of Washington" — read Calderon — wrote part of letter to Nichol-

son — call at Lynch's, West's, Mills', Byngs' — sit with Mrs. B. — Steers — Sharpe — Mrs. Hill's where I find Lynch — Call at Brown's — sit there — leave card for Sir John St. Aubyn — call at Storrow's — read Spanish — dine. Ev[enin]g at British Ambassador Lord Granville's — met there Prince Ferdinand of Saxony. Lady Lake introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. ——. Return home in carriage of Mr. Lattin.

May 3d. — Tuesday. Spanish lesson — sit to West for sketch — Mrs. S. and girls come in — Lynch there — dined at Mr. Steers' — Mills, Mrs. Sitwell, Mr. Jones, British Consul of Bordeaux and daughter — went in ev[enin]g to salon with Mills — read in morn'g in Sir E. Brydges.

May 4th. — Wednesday. Walk out after breakfast — left card for Prince Ferdinand of Saxe — called on Lynch — corrected his memo for wine trade — met Capt. Funck and Bremner — sat to West — ret[urne]d home — depressed and inert — slept on sofa — feel opaque — swol'n — walked with West in Tuileries — dined at Mills' — Mr. and Mrs. Steers, Greville. Went with Mrs. Steers to opera — "Page inconstant" — daughter of Duke of St. Albans in the box.

May 5th. — Thursday. Spanish lesson — finished and sent letter to Nic[h]olson — weather clear and warm — feel relaxed and depressed — walked out — called on Lynch, West, etc. — went to Storrow's — accomp[anie]d the ladies to see the diorama[1] of Rouen and Roslyn Abbey — called at Mrs. Sheldon's — dined at Storrow's. In ye ev[enin]g Mr.

[1] This was still a novelty, as the diorama — painting seen through a large aperture — was first exhibited in 1822, at Paris. Daguerre and Bouton were the inventors.

West came in — intolerably heavy and torpid all ev[enin]g and day.

May 6th. — Friday. Warm day — feel excessively listless and depressed — read in Calderon — in "Hist[ory] of Filip II"[1] — call on West — find Lynch there — call at Byng's — find Mills there — call with him at Mrs. Steers' — walk in Tuileries — stroll up Rue de la Paix. Duke of Northumberland arrives with sixteen carriages. Visit the Brown's — Sheldon — dine at Welles' — present Lynch, Mr. Gray, Donald, Otis, Bremner, Peabody.

Long discussion on wine, etc.

Go to Opéra Français — see Clari[2] played by Noblet.

May 7th. — Saturday. Spanish lesson — read in Marshall and Calderon — Mr. Matthews called, just arrived from Eng[lan]d — rewrote English composit[ion] — went with West to diorama. In ev[enin]g took Sam Storrow to Port St. Martin and saw "In Vino Veritas" — "Servante Justifié" — and "Jocko" — dined at home — cold dinner.

Sunday, 8th. — Read in Marshall — called on Mr. Donald — Mills — walked in Tuileries with Mills and —— — beautiful day — came on squall of wind and rain —

Rec[eive]d letter to-day from Sullivan — called and left card for Mr. Matthews — dined and passed ev[enin]g at Storrow's. West dined there — Lynch came in the ev[enin]g.

Monday, 9th. — Spanish lesson — went and took

[1] Presumably Robert Watson's (1730–1781) "History of Philip II of Spain" (1777), once a popular work.

[2] "Clari, the Maid of Milan," the opera by the English composer, Sir Henry Rowley Bishop (1786–1855), was originally produced in 1823. It will never be quite forgotten, as it contained John Howard Payne's "Home, Sweet Home."

leave of Mills, who sets off for England — West sets off this morn'g also. Called on Welles — on Matthews — Sinnet — called at Storrow's — Mr. S. ret[urne]d — walked out with the ladies on outward boulevard — dined at Rocher de Caucale[1] — met Bremner, Welles, Lynch, Gray, and Otis.

May 10th. — Tuesday. Read in Marshall — rewrote Eng[lish] and French character and Eng[lish] in Paris — called on Sir Egerton Brydges, Miss Hume, Mr. Brown — Mr. B. very unwell — dined at home on a slice or two of cold mutton to get myself in order — ev[enin]g went to Storrow's.

May 11th. — Wednesday. Spanish lesson — rewrote "Literary Reputation"[2] — called on Sinnett — at Mr. Storrow's. Mrs. —— called there.

Dined at Welles' — Mr. Gray, Lynch, Bremner, Otis, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Welles — Mr. Prince arrived from Italy.

Thursday, 12th. — Read in Marshall — translated docu[men]t for Mr. Valerino — wrote note to Mrs. Aspinwall — rewrote article about Tuileries. Lynch called and we strolled in Tuileries — crowded — many pretty faces — dined at home — languor. E[venin]g went to Mr. Storrow's — Mr. Buteau's little girl there — Mr. Low came in — played at children's games — Mr. Buteau came in — storm of rain, with some thunder.

Friday, 13th. — Spanish lesson — a very rainy day — passed the day at home — rewriting "Manners in Amer[ica]" — rec[eive]d letter from Peter — dined with Mr. Matthews at Salon — present, Mr. Cornwall and a young Frenchman — read papers

[1] A restaurant in the rue Montorgeuil, noted for its fish and game.
[2] Another of Irving's lost manuscripts. The same note applies to "Manners in America." (See entry for Friday, the 13th.)

at Galignani's and ret[urne]d home at half-past ten.

May 14th. — Saturday. Finish "Manners in America" — read in Marshall — write to Peter — Mr. Matthews calls — Mr. Donald — pay for boots and shoes — called at Storrow's — Mr. Root and Mr. Gray there — drive to Tuileries with ladies. Dine at home very sparingly — ev[enin]g with Mr. Byng to Opéra Comique. "Deserter" and "Leocadri."

Sunday, 15th. — Read Marshall — Lynch calls on me — call on Mr. Brown — ill in bed. Sheldon unwell — walk in Tuileries — cool, windy day — dine at Storrow's — pres(ent) Mr. Bosquet, Mr. Gray, Mr. Brett, Mr. Lynch. In the ev[enin]g the Lows and Mr. Stone came in.

Monday, 16th. — Cool, cloudy day, wind westerly — Spanish lesson — languid — lay on sofa and read Marshall all the morn'g — called on Mrs. Steers — on Galloways, Grevilles, Mrs. Hill, Mr. Brown — found Lynch there — walked with him — dined at home. Ev[enin]g at Faydeau — box with Mrs. Steers and Mrs. Sitwell — "Une Heure de Marriage" and "Le Maçon" — very good, both.

Tuesday, 17th. — Read Marshall — wrote two or three pages on Am: Char. — read Marshall all the morn'g — Lynch called — Rich[ar]d Kemble — Col. Aspinwall arrived — called on Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, Mr. Bigot — walked about with Jones — dined at home — called at Storrow's — Susan's birthday — Mr. Sennat there — went to Théâtre Français — "Faux Confidence" — box with Jones, etc.

May 18th. — Wednesday. Spanish lesson — cold day — depression and incapacity to write — read

Marshall's "Life of Washington" till near two — call and leave card for Kemble — Jones — call on Mr. Brown and Sheldon — both unwell — call at Mr. Storrow's — dine and pass ev[enin]g there.

Thursday, 19th. — Read in Marshall — receive letter from Peter — go out with Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Myers and Ann to Versailles — visit the Aspinwalls — dine at St. Cloud — return home by nine — cool but pleasant day — sunny afternoon — call at Storrow's — Mr. Kenney passed night at my lodgings.

Friday, 20th. — Spanish lesson — Mr. Dwight called on me this morn'g on the business of Mr. West and Mr. Wedgwood. Mr. Matthews called — Kenney breakfasted here — wrote to P. I. — passed great part of ye day unprofitably — called at Brown's — Mr. B. still confined to his bed — Lynch there — wrote to Peter — Kenney dined with me. Ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's — company — Mrs. and Major Bonfils, the Lows, Mrs. Hill, Miss Hulme, Mr. Lynch, Sennat, etc. — Music — came home at eleven.

Called to-day on Mr. Robie.

Saturday, 21st. — Read in Marshall — called on Mr. McVickar, Jones, etc. — Storrows — dine there. Ev[enin]g Ital[ian] opera — Mr. Matthews' box — opera "Barbier de Seville" — Jones and party at theatre — weather soft and warm to-day.

Sunday, 22d. — Woke early with heart burn — stomach very much disordered — Spanish lesson — passed part of morn'g lying on sofa — dozing and reading. Lynch calls — full of delight at the success of the brandy spec. — walk out with him — call on Mr. Robie — not at home — return home for some time — call on Matthews — dine at Stor-

rows — Mr. Smith there — in the ev[enin]g the Berteaus and Mr. Sennat and Mr. Mills — come home by ten.

Monday, 23d. — Read Marshall greater part of the day — rec[eive]d letter from P. I. — called on Mrs. Byng — met Aspinwall — called with him on Mrs. Hill — dined at Mr. Brown's — present, Mr. Dwight (the rev[eren]d), Mr. —— (consul gen[era]l), Capt. and Mrs. Robinson. Lynch came in after dinner. Ev[enin]g at Storrow's.

May 24th. — Tuesday. Spanish lesson — read Marshall — Jones and Meyer call — go with them to Mr. Brown's — call at Mrs. Steers' — receive letter from Medwin — leave cards for Sharpes — call and see Mr. McVickar — call on Lynch — Mr. Rogers of Baltimore there. Lynch just heard of his Château Margaux spec. succeeding — dine at home — ev[enin]g opera — "Cenerentola."

Wednesday, 25th. — Rainy day — read in Marshall — saw Lynch off for Rheims — enquired at post-office after Medwins letter to West — dined at home — read Marshall — wrote letter to West — passed ev[enin]g at Storrow's.

Thursday, 26th. — Showery weather — Spanish lesson — read Marshall all day — rec[eive]d letter from Sullivan — called on Mrs. Byng — sent letter to West — left card for Mr. Marryat — called at Mr. Brown's and sat till half-past four — found letter there from Medwin for West. Dined at Welles' — Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Robie, Mrs. Hill, Mr. Bremner, Mr. Gray, young Mr. Gray, Mr. Peabody, Mr. Way, etc., etc.

Went home with Mr. and Mrs. Meyer — took tea with them and Ann — music.

Friday, 27th. — Read in Marshall — call on Mat-

thews — find Legrandeur there — left card for Lloyd Rogers — call at Storrows — Mr. Grey and Peabody came in and Mrs. Robie — walked home with her — find Mr. Robie at home — Mr. Byng calls on me.

Dine with Mr. and Mrs. Meyers — Mrs. Bigot and Jones at their lodgings. Ev[enin]g, music — Mr. Brett comes in.

Saturday, 28th. — Spanish lesson — read Marshall till two — Edward St. Aubyn calls — going to America — call on Mr. Brown — Dr. Stevenson there.

Dine at Sir Egerton Brydges' — Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Colon (descendant of Columbus) — a young Spaniard — ev[enin]g Mrs. and Miss ——.

Sunday, 29th. — Fine tho' cool day — read Marshall — wrote letters of introduction for St. Aubyn — call on Byng to bid farewell — left cards for Mrs. Marryatt — call and see the Gibbings, Meyers, etc.

Walk on boulevard with the Storrows — dine *en famille* with them — pass ev[enin]g there. Mr. Stone came in in ev[enin]g.

May 30th. — Monday. Finished Marshall's "Life of Washington" before getting up — read Calderon — Spanish lesson — wrote letter to Brevoort — called at Sir John St. Aubyn's — give letters to Edw. St. Aubyn — walked in Tuileries with Cornell — called on Mr. Brown. Mr. McVickar called there.

Dined at Mr. Storrow's — comp[an]y, Mr. and Mrs. Robie, Mrs. Meyers, Mrs. Bigot — Mr. Jones, Mr. Mills of Naples, and the family — music. Went afterwards to opera — Mrs. Sitwell's box — saw latter part of "Barb[ier] de Seville."

Tuesday, 31st. — Read Long's Travels — Cal-

deron — wrote to Medwin — called on Crosbie, Guestier, Storrows — dined at Welles — Mr. and Mrs. Meyer — Jones came in after dinner.

June 1st. — Wednesday. Spanish lesson — read "Hist[ory] of Spain" — called on Jones, etc. — drove with P. and left cards for Mrs. Marryat — Florentin — call on Pixier — dined at Storrow's — ev[enin]g to Théâtre de Madame — saw "Les Inseparables" (good), "La Somnambule," "La Charlatanerie" (good), "Les Grisettes."

Jones promised me fifty shares of copper mines at twenty-three pounds a share.

June 2d. — Thursday. Read "Hist[ory] of Spain" — called on Meyer — Mr. Brown, where I met Mr. Gray, Miss Johnson, Mr. Sheldon, a gent[leman] from Hampshire — called at Storrow's — dined Jones and Meyers — went to Ital[ian] opera — "Italiana in Algiere" — sat in Matthews' box — Lady Frances Webster there — introduced me to Mr. Gowen — Lynch ret[urne]d home from Rheims.

June 3d. — Friday. Spanish lesson — read hist[ory of] Spain. Mr. Greville and Mr. Porter called. Col. Aspinwall calls — accompany him to Storrow's — Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Meyer — Mrs. Bigot, Mrs. Aspinwall and children there.

Dine at Mr. Porter's — Mr. and Mrs. Porter; Greville; Mrs. P——, daughter of Sir ——, a Judge in India. Mr. P. has estates in Devonshire worth 40,000 £ a year. They live near Exeter in Devonshire — great hospitality — invite me to come and pass some time with them.

Saturday, 4th. — Read "Hist[ory] of Spain" — but cannot fix my attention — call at Meyer's at half-past eleven — breakfast there — drive with Meyers to Lynch's and to Storrow's.

Dine at Brown's (mini·ters) — present, Mr. and Mrs. Meyers, Mrs. Bigot, Jones, Mrs. Hill, Bremner, Miss Sumpter, Miss Lyman, Mr. McVickar, Mr. Lloyd Rogers, Mr. Donald, Welles, — looked in at opera.

June 5th. — Sunday. Showery day — latter part cold — Spanish lesson — read little in Long's Travels — Mr. Mordaunt calls.

Dine at Storrow's — little Aspinwalls there — feel rather out of order to-day, with feelings of heat of the head.

Monday, 6th. — Spanish lesson — accomp[anie]d the Aspinwalls to Mr Storrow's to breakfast — went with them all to house in Rue St. Denis to see entry of the king — took place at two — walked afterwards with Jones and Root along the quays, etc. Dine at Duke of Northumberland's — about fifty at table. Introduced to Sir John Malcolm[1] — Lord Pindher,[2] Mr. Percy, etc.

Ev[enin]g at Storrow's — Mr. and Mrs. S—— — letter from Peter.

Tuesday, 7th. — Drive out with Eugene Laglandiere to his mother's at Sceaux to attend the marriage of his sister with Mr. ——. [Irving has forgotten the name of the bridegroom whose wedding he had just attended.] *Château* in a beautiful situation — grounds in English taste — attended wedding at old church at Sceaux — breakfast at three — Ital[ian] poet who repeats verses — lounged about thro' the day — went to see fat ox. Ev[enin]g dance to piano — supper at ten — return home at past twelve in carriage of Lady Francis Webster at Lagland[ie]r[e]s, Miss Chambrun — beautiful.

[1] Sir John Malcolm (1769–1833), a Scottish politician, and author of a "Political History of India," a "History of Persia," etc.

[2] This nobleman must remain unknown. Ms. not clear.

Wednesday, 8th. — After breakfast call on Foy,[1] just ret[urne]d from Italy — leave card to-day for Kemble, McVickar, D[u]k[e] and Duchess of North-[um]b[er]l[an]d, Mr. Singleton — call on Jones — Lynch there — accompany the party to Champs Elysées — walk there with Mr. Bigot.

See cortège of King going to Hôtel de Ville — balloon — ev[enin]g go with Mr. S., Susan and Sam to Montmartre from where we see the fireworks at Barrier de Trion and Champs Elysées — write to Peter.

Thursday, 9th. — Spanish lesson — called on Jones — Lynch comes and sings with Mrs. Bigot — left card for Mr. and Mrs. Porter — Mr. Robie — call with Jones on Mr. Brown and Mrs. Sheldon — call at Storrow's — ill with ——. Dine with Welles — present, Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Bigot, Mr. Lloyd Rogers, Mr. Lynch, Prince, Mills, Tugwell, Donald, Sheldon.

After dinner in ev[enin]g go to Jones' — music by Lynch, etc.

Friday, 10th. — Go to Versailles with Mr. S. and Susan — beautiful weather — drive thro' the Park of St. Cloud — arrive at Col. Aspinwall's at twelve — Ann Louisa there — walk in a wood on a hill on skirts of the town — beautiful prospects. Dine at Col. As[pinwall]'s — return in ev[enin]g — too late for the Park of St. Cloud — gate shut — have to make a detour by Seine — arrive at Rue des Poissonnière at ten.

Saturday, 11th. — Spanish lesson — read Hadad — call on Lynch, Jones, etc. — go with Myers to Storrow's.

[1] The artist to whom Irving had been introduced by Leslie, and who made a portrait of Irving in 1824.

Dine at Lady Francis Webster's — present Lord and Lady Bolingbroke — Mr. Eugene Laglandiere, Mr. ——, Dr. Hyde.

Ev[enin]g to the opera — "Mose in Egytto" — young —— brings letter from Lutzerode — walked afterwards with Lynch to café on boulevard and take iced punch *à la Roman* — letter from West.

Sunday, 12th. — Call on Lady Granard and Mr. Brown — dine at Mr. Storrow's — with Mr. Foy, Brett, Peabody, Young, Smith — very hot weather.

Monday, 13th. — Spanish lesson — get passport — dine at restaurant — letter to P. I. from Mrs. Paris — pass ev[enin]g at Storrow's — very hot weather.

[*Before beginning his entry for June 14, Irving has, on the first few pages of his diary, jotted down various notes and memoranda as follows:*]

Someone speaking of Napoleon's face said it bespoke a mind full of great thought without being oppressed by it.

A chattering, meddling, bustling fellow who makes a little pother around himself and then thinks that the world itself is in a commotion.

Watchman's cry — deposed kings from their thrones, beggars from horseback, lovers from their mistresses arms, and old maids from the altars — in a word, it awoke all the dreamers of the neighbourhood.[1]

The House of Lords is more distinguished by wealth than any public body in existence or that ever existed, perhaps, if we except the Roman Senate during one period of the empire. But it is wealth almost entirely confined to landed property; its

[1] This little note of Irving's is very reminiscent of similar jottings — plots for possible stories — in the note-books of Hawthorne.

immediate possessors have in few instances acquired it by their industry or talents.

There is more inertness of constitution, more stagnation of reason, more sameness of character, more incapacity of transition from one state of feeling to its opposite, more satisfaction with whatever has long endured, because the greatness of every individual autocrat who knows that he is already at the top of society and can be no personal gainer by change, has grown up with the system — these characteristics of the House of Peers are favourable to the general stability of the commonwealth, but they are adverse for a time to the adoption of each separate improvement. This dignified body of proprietors, indeed, are seldom otherwise than behind the bulk of the nation in watching, or at least acting on, signs and seasons. We do not see that they are less enlighten'd by reflection than men of an inferior degree; but perhaps they are less concerned than might be desirable by friction with the general spirit of the country.

Times — May 12, 1825.

June 14th. — Tuesday. Packed clothes — rec[eive]d letter from Mills.

At half-past six o'clock set off in carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Myers for Havre — hot weather, but a fine air stirring which cooled us and carried off the dust. Near ——, a village about a league from St. Germain, one of the iron perches of the carriage broke. We were detained until near midnight at the blacksmith's shop to have it mended. Walked about the wooden bridge, etc., in twilight — at St. Germain, Hôtel d'Angleterre, we were detained more than one hour for horses in hopes we'd stay all

night — a wedding dance celebrating there — drove all night.

Wednesday, 15th. — Breakfasted at Mantes at the Cheval Blanc — house but so so — good breakfast — took it on the terrace under shade of trees — travelled all day — country beautiful — put up at night at Rouen, Hôtel de Normandie, Rue du Bec — clean and comfortable — hirondelles stop there.

Thursday, 16th. — Started after breakfast about nine — travelled by Caudebec and Lillebonne — lovely country — continual beauty of views — dined at Bolbec — indiff[eren]t dinner. Arrived at Havre after dusk — great difficulty in finding apartments — put up at Hôtel à Bien Venue.

Friday, 17th. — After breakfast visit Beasley whom I find at steam-boat — find Rob't Patterson at Hôtel de N[ew] York — get quarters for Mr. and Mrs. Myers there — take up my quarters at Mr. Beasley's — dine with Mr. and Mrs. Beasley, Green and Mr. Taylor.

Ev[enin]g go to Mrs. Gorden's — Miss Gore, Mr. Hay.

Saturday, 18th. — Walked early on the *côte* — walked to town with Miss Gore — called with Beasley on Mr. and Mrs. Myers — Mr. Myers ill abed.

Dined at Mr. Green's — present Mr. and Mrs. Beasley, Mr. Taylor — wrote to-day to Mrs. Van Wart, Mills, and Lynch.

Sunday, 19th. — Dined at home — Capt. Gardner, an old whaler, dined with us — was shy of me, fearing I would take notes of his conversation — Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. Patterson, and Mr. Taylor dined with us.

Monday, 20th. — Went to town as usual with Miss

Gore and Miss Green — visited Myers, etc. — dined at home *en famille* — ev[enin]g Mr. Green and Mrs. Green came in.

Tuesday, 21st. — At ten o'clock went over in steam-boat with Mrs. Gordon, Miss Gore, Miss Anderson, and Mr. Gordon and Patterson to Harfleur — walked up to the chapel of Notre Dame de Grace — purchased rosaries, etc. — left the Gordon party at Harfleur — ret[urne]d with Patterson, dined with him — rec[eive]d letters from Peter and Storrow — Lynch. Went to theatre — very pretty house — saw part of "Marin et Babet" and part of "Petit Alladin."[1] This day we had a shower in the morning — day cool and delightful.

June 22d. — Wednesday. This morn'g Peter arrived in steam-boat from England (or rather arrived at twelve last night, and I find him this morn'g at London Hotel) — went out on a sail of experiment in the new steam-boat[2] "Duchess of Angoulême" — dined at Beasley's — the family, Peter and Mr. Taylor — in ev[enin]g Mr. and Mrs. Greene, etc. — wrote this day to Storrow.

Thursday, 23d. — Dined at Green's — Patterson, Peter, and the Beasleys — Eve of St. John — firing of guns in ev[enin]g.

Friday, 24th. — At half-past one rode out in carriage with Mrs. Green and Mrs. Beasley and Peter — Patterson and Beasley came in gig — dined under a tree at cottage — walked over the grounds of the *château* — peasants dancing at rustic cabarets — ret[urne]d home at eight o'clock.

[1] Irving meant to write *Aladin*, or else *Aladdin*, as in English.

[2] The steam-boat enterprise, in which Irving invested against the advice of his older brothers in America, was persisted in after the high hopes had died away, in order that his sick brother, Peter, might have a business with which to occupy his mind.

Saturday, 25th. — Called on Mr. Latham — dined at Green's — Mr. Beasley, Patterson and Miss Gore came in — walked with Mr. and Mrs. Green and Miss Gore to Mr. Delaroche's — did not go in — found glow-worms.

This day Beasley passed in steam-boat trying to get to Harfleur.

Rec[eive]d letter from Mr. Harvey.

June 26th. — Sunday. Went in carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Greene,[1] Mrs. Beasley, Patterson, and Peter to the village of . . . village fête — dancing under trees — had great difficulty to find a place to dine at — old woman lent us her apartment. Had cold collation which we took with us — walked home with Greene and Patterson — beautiful ramparts.

Monday, 27th. — Nothing of [importance].

Tuesday, 28th. — At eight o'clock set off in carriage and four post with Mrs. Beasley, Mrs. Greene, Miss Harriett Gore, Peter, Mr. Patterson for Castle of Tenierville — have letter to Monsr. Le Prevost — dine at country inn — Matelots d'Anguille.[2]

Wednesday, 29th. — Wrote to Mrs. Storrow — dine at Beasley's *en famille.*

Thursday, 30th. — At six o'clock start in steamboat for La Maillerie with Peter — fine day — beautiful sail up the river — arrive at La Maillerie a little after ten. Stop at the *auberge* of Le Grand-Amiral — old house with grotesque wooden busts along the eaves — large saloon upstairs with painted walls and ceilings — coeval with the *château* —

[1] After spelling *Green* for some days Irving now adopts the spelling *Greene.*

[2] *Matelote d'Anguilles* — a fish stew, particularly with eels.

landlady deaf — walk in grounds of *château* — clipped alleys of park — chapel with painted windows from Jeaumeage.[1] Dine at Grand-Amiral — Matelot d'Anguilles — mutton chops — hire boat to row us to Caudebec — little humpbacked man *padrone* — companion in green painted hat — handsome young fellow pulls our oar — old pilot asks a passage — grey hair, lion face, petticoat trousers, big hands, strong legs — arrive at Caudebec half after four — took *cabriolet de poste* — post back to Havre — six posts — got there by ten. Last post we have a huge woman who begs to be travelling companion — on the way we overtake a cabriolet posting — the horse of the postilion had fallen under the cabriolet — one leg of the postilion under him — hard work to extricate him.

July 1st. — Friday. Pass the morning under the trees at Mrs. Greene's, reading and chatting with the ladies — Miss Gore there — go into town at half-past two — visit the Myers — dine at Greene's in ev[enin]g — Mr. Patterson and Mr. Gordon there — felt very sleepy.

July 2d. — Saturday. Dine at Mr. Beasley's — wrote to Mrs. Storrow.

Sunday, 3d. — Peter and Mr. Beasley sail in steam-boat for Rouen — pass morn'g on the terrace with Mr. Greene — dine at Mr. Greene's — Mr. Patterson there — charm[in]g ev[enin]g walk with Greene and Patterson along the *côte* and through the valley behind the *côte*.

July 4th. — Monday. Beautiful day — finished read'g "Grand Army" — drove to town with the ladies to see Mr. and Mrs. Myers. Dined at home — Mr. and Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Beasley and Patter-

[1] Irving seems to mean *Jumièges*.

son — 4th [of] July toasts — passed ev[enin]g at Mrs. Gordon's.

Tuesday, 5th. — Rec[eive]d letter from Mr. Storrow — Montano arrived with Mr. Jerome Patterson, Mme Tonsard, etc. Drove out with Mrs. Beasley and Mrs. Greene — Montivilliers — lovely valley — bleach'g grounds — beautiful Gothic church — returned by Greville Abbey — saw steam-boat return'g — Peter and Mr. Beasley returned on her — dined at home — Mr. and Mrs. Greene — in ev[enin]g Mrs. Patterson and Miss Gore came in.

Wednesday, 6th. — Dined at Mr. Latham's — Mr. Greene, Peter, Patterson, Mr. Delaroche's family — ev[enin]g Mrs. Paul Delaserre, Mr. and Mrs. Bonnafié, etc. — Mr. Delaroche intelligent man — very expressive countenance — looks like Napoleon.

Thursday, 7th. — Take leave of the Myers — introduced by Patterson to Mad. Tonsard — merely *en passant* — sail in steam-boat "Duchesse d'Angoulême" at half-past eleven for Rouen — among the passengers Mr. and Mrs. Beasley, Peter, Patterson, Mr. Lattin of Philadelphia, two gent[lemen] who know Mills, Compton, etc. Fine tho' windy day — arrive at Rouen by half-past nine o'clock — put up at Hotel Vatil.

Friday, 8th. — Rain at intervals — walk about with Patterson and Mr. Beasley — dine at restaurant — ev[enin]g to theatre — see "Homme des Bonnes Fortunes," "Sage et Coquette," "Somnambule" — Jenny Vestpré in the cast.

Saturday, 9th. — Set off at half-past five *celerefore*[1] for Paris — took my seat on the top — Patterson and Mr. Lattin with me — in the coach a pock-

[1] *Céllérifère* — a fast coach.

marked young girl whom I had met at the Simpsons', and a Portuguese — pleasant day — morn'g overcast — afternoon warm — dined at one o'clock at Mantes. Beautiful drive thro' St. Germain and adjoin'g valley — arrive at Paris at half-past seven — find letters from Mills and Newton.

Sunday, 10th. — Receive this day a letter from Jack Nicholson dated Messina — after breakfast go out with Peter to Versailles to Col. Aspinwall's where Mr. Storrow's family are — Col. A. departs about one for England — dine and pass the day there. In the ev[enin]g return in carriage with Mr. S[torrow], Sam and Peter — call on Mr. Rogers of Baltimore and sit some time with him — leave cards for Patterson, Snelling, Bradford.

Monday, 11th. — Call on Jones, whom I find in bed ill — on Mr. Brown, Mr. Shaler (leave card). Dine at home with Peter — Mr. Bradish[1] calls and Mr. Matthews — ev[enin]g walk to Storrow's — Galignani's.

Tuesday, 12th. — Weather hot — Mr. Shaler[2] calls — Mr. Buteau — dine at home and do not go out till after dinner — call on Bradish — Dr. Stevenson — return home and find Patterson — Mr. Storrow calls — go to Jones, and sit some time with Mrs. Bigot — go to Ital[ian] opera and see last act of "Donna del Lago" — Schearsotte sang very well. In Matthews' box — introduced to Mr. Williams of Glamorganshire — go afterwards and take ices at Café Français — return home about twelve.

July 13th. — Wednesday. At home all the morning — read'g tales of Crusaders — wrote letters to

[1] Luther Bradish (1783–1863), an American statesman.
[2] William Shaler (1778–1833), author, and Consul-General at Algiers.

Newton, Mills, Paulding, Mrs. Foster. Dine with Peter at three — call on the Gibbings — Jones.

In ev[enin]g go with Peter and Mr. Storrow to Mr. Brown's — find there Mad. de Castro — Patterson — very hot weather — eighty-two.

Thursday, 14th. — Passed the morn'g in the garden of the Tuileries, read'g.

Dined at Welles' — present, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Storrow, Mr. and Mrs. Low and sisters, Miss ——, Mr. Shaler, Alderman Parkins, Mr. Peabody, Old Gray and young Gray.

Ev[enin]g at opera — "Don Giovanni" — in box with Mr. Matthews — Mr. Williams. Very hot weather.

July 15th. — Friday. Called on Jones, who is quite unwell — dined at home — Patterson called — went to Storrow's — passed the ev[enin]g there — the Buteaus, Mr. and Mrs. Low and sister, Mr. ——.

Saturday, 16th. — Spanish lesson — call on Jones — Storrows — dine with Sir Egerton Brydges — present, Chamb[er]l[ain] and Sec[retar]y of Duke of Anhalt Coethen — Mons. Colon, etc., etc.

Excessively hot weather — eighty-six degrees — looked in at Ital[ian] opera — "Cenerentola." Felt a pain in neck and shoulders the whole ev[enin]g having been exposed to a draught of air.

Sunday, 17th. — After breakfast called on Galignani's at his request — introduced me to Mr. Whitaker — latter talked of joining *Universal Review* and *Knight's Quarterly* into one — wanted me to write for it — gives from ten to twenty fr[an]cs a sheet — declined. At half-past two went out with Peter to Versailles. Hot drive — took lodgings at Hôtel des Reservoires — passed ev[enin]g

at Aspinwall's — pleasant ev[enin]g walk on hill by windmill.

July 18th. — Monday. At Versailles — awake a great part of last night by noise of the inn and of dogs, etc.

Rose at six — breakfasted early — walked in park — returned and sit at home — took mutton chops and muskmellon at one — English lady in green silk dress — stout, fresh woman — has two daughters with her — little women but shorter — flounced, etc. — handsome French officer with her.

Dress — walk in park — loll on grass and nap — go to Aspinwall's — walk to hill — sunset — sun red — beautiful valley with city in midst — capricious.

Tuesday, 19th. — Excessively hot day — Mr. S. S. and daughters come to us at half-past ten. Passed the morn'g in park — took repast at two — passed afternoon in our room and in park — scarcely a breath of air — nature panting. Returned home towards eight — walked up to windmills with girls — breezy ev[enin]g — refreshing after so hot a day — talk of astronomy, etc. — therm[ometer] of Réaumur at twenty-eight and rising.

Wednesday, 20th. — Go into town in *espérance* — breeze from north which fans the air and allays the extreme heat — call on Jones who has had leeches applied to his stomach, which gives him relief. Met Price in gay equipage in Rue Richelieu look'g out for me — find letter from Murray — buy belt — return to Versailles at four — arrive at six — walk up to windmills — capricious.

July 21st. — Thursday. After breakfast walk with Peter to ye windmills — call at Mr. Aspinwall's — ineffectual attempt to get up a picnic — pass morn'g in park under trees read'g. Price comes

out to Versailles — walks and dines with us — accompany him to town — talk about Payne, and Price agrees to make an arrang[emen]t with him. Go to opera — "Romeo and Juliet" — in Matthew's box — Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Hamilton there — former a pretty, agreeable little woman. After opera go with Matthews and take ice. Weather this day is more temperate — a pleasant breeze from the north.

Friday, 22d. — Call at Storrow's where I meet with Mr. Cairns — just arrived — call on Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Everett — Jones, who is better — write to Payne, Mrs. Beasley — send letters *via* Havre to Mrs. V[an] Wart and West. Dine in café — leave card for Price — return to Versailles — walk in park with Mr. Aspinwall and Storrows — walk in Bosquet de Roi — music from the band — beautiful ev[enin]g pure, serene weather — ev[enin]g temperate.

Saturday, 23d. — Cool in the night — toward morn'g walked in park with Peter and talked about plot of "Embozado," etc. — visited Library — went to Kenney's at two — walked in park with him — dined with him. In ev[enin]g walked to windmills and in the woods with the Aspinwalls and Storrows — beautiful ev[enin]g, cool and refreshing. Mr. Storrow and Sam came to Versailles at half-past nine.

Sunday, 24th. — Cool, breezy day — after breakfast Mr. Storrow calls and walks in the park with us. Dine at Mrs. Aspinwall's early — drive afterwards with the Storrows to Grand Terrace — delay in being shewn the apartments. Leave to go to Petit Trianon[1] — walk in grounds — English fashion — drive to Park of Versailles.

[1] Erected by Louis XV, and a favourite resort of Marie Antoinette.

Pass ev[enin]g at Mr. Storrow's — Mr. Root there.

July 25th. — Monday. Returned to town this morn'g with Mr. Storrow, Peter and Sam — called and left card for the Everetts[1] — called on Price — Jones, who is better — Patterson — dined at home. In ev[enin]g Mr. Storrow with us — Newton and Wilkie arrived — Newton took up his quarters with us.

Tuesday, 26th. — Called on Jones — met Wilkie in Louvre.

Dined with Price, Newton, and Peter at Les Trois Frères Provenceux — afterwards went to the Théâtre de Madame. Saw "Comedia d'Estampes," "Haine d'une Femme," and "Secretaire de Commerce" — Pailit played — weather pleasant and cool.

Wednesday, 27th. — Spanish lesson — Mr. Feldborg of University of Copenhagen called on me — presented me with a copy of his "Denmark Delineated" — gave him my picture — called on Mr. Carey,[2] Miss Leslie, etc. — Kenney dined with us. In ev[enin]g he, Peter and Newton went to the play — passed ev[enin]g at Storrow's — played chess.

Thursday, 28th. — Wilkie called on us — invited him to dine — letter from Payne — called with Newton on Jones, Storrows, where we met Bradish — Kenney —Newton and Wilkie dined with us — Patterson came in afterward. In ev[enin]g went to opera with Newton — saw "Tancredi" — Pasta

[1] Alexander H. Everett (1792–1847), who became American Minister to Spain in 1825.

[2] This appears to be one of the well-known Careys (Irving later spells it *Cary*) the Philadelphia publishers of Irving's books — Mathew (1760–1839), or his son Henry (1793–1870). The Miss Leslie next mentioned may have been Miss Eliza Leslie (1787–1858), the popular authoress and editor of that well-known annual, *The Gift*.

in fine voice — went afterward with Newton and Matthews and took ice at Café de Paris — day rather warm.

Friday, 29th. — Spanish lesson — wrote to Payne — called on Price, who has a touch of the gout — left card for Robies — Careys — met Mr. and Mrs. Storrow on the boulevard and walked home with them. Dined at home — Mr. Strobel, Kenney, Newton — walked in ev[enin]g by moonlight along the boulevard, Rue de la Paix, Rue Rivoli, Place de Carrone, Pont Royal, Quai Voltaire, Pont Neuf, Palais Royal — beautiful night.

July 30th. — Saturday. Called with Kenney on Talma — left card — went with K. and Newton to Champs Elysées to look at pictures — nobody at home. Dined at Storrow's — Mr. and Mrs. Robie, Newton, Peter — warm weather.

Sunday, 31st. — Rec[eive]d letter from Constable[1] proposing that I should write the life of Gen[era]l Washington — also one from Mr. Henry requesting a contribution to his Yearly Remembrancer — called at Storrows — looked over maps, etc., concerning an excursion. Drove in team with Peter to St. Ouen to dine with the Welles's — present, Mr. Price, Bremner, Lloyd Rodgers, two Miss Bliss — Mr. and Mrs. Mumford, formerly Miss Underhill. Beautiful evening — walk in little garden behind the country seat — terrace that overlooks the Seine — return in ev[enin]g with Price — take ices at Café de Paris.

August 1st. — Monday. Mr. Feldborg called on me — wanted me to sit to Mr. —— for a likeness — called on Jones — rec[eive]d letter from West.

[1] Archibald Constable (1774–1827), the well-known Edinburgh publisher.

Dined at Galignani's — present Mr. and Mrs. Cary — Miss Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Didot, Jr.

Tuesday, 2d. — Rec[eive]d letter from Julia Irving — Mr. Deny — called at Storrow's — Mrs. and Miss Buteau there — called on Jones — dined at home — Kenney and Newton — Ev[enin]g at Storrow's — Mrs. and Miss Buteau early part of ev[enin]g — Mr. and Miss Hulme afterward — walked on boulevard with latter.

Wednesday, 3d. — Spanish lesson — pay for twelve lessons — drive out to Versailles — pass the day at Mrs. Aspinwall's. Walk in park in ev[enin]g and hear music — return home at half-past ten — find Newton ill — has had leeches appl[ie]d.

Thursday, 4th. — Letter from Payne — call on Price and Jones — latter better.

Dine at Storrow's — present, Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Mr. Bradish, Peter and myself — ev[ening — see part of "Barbier de Seville."

This day we had showers of rain — the first that has fallen for two months.

Friday, 5th. — Weather sunny and warm — Mr. Storrow calls with letter he had rec[eive]d from Col. Aspinwall giving good acc[oun]ts of mine, etc. — accompany him home. Set off in carriage with the ladies for Champs Elysées, but are obl[i]g[e]d to return from seeing a threat[eni]ng shower — read first act of "Hadad" to them. Jones and Mrs. Bigot call — they set me down at my lodgings — Mr. Kenney dines with us — Newton out of order to-day.

Ev[enin]g take tea with the Careys — return'g home meet Payne just coming out — accomp[an]y him to *restaurateur's* — where he gives acc[oun]t of his affairs, etc.

Saturday, 6th. — Newton continues ill — call with Payne on Price — talk over theatrical business. Payne ret[urne]d to his lodgings to get plays. Price tells me he will give Payne 100 or 150£ a year as theatrical agent — I beg that it may be at least 150. He says he will recompense him further if his pieces make hits — by benefit or some other way.[1] On my talk'g with Payne afterward he says he had expect'd 200£ but had determined to accept of whatever was offer'd — call at Storrows' — they had just gone out. Dine at home — Payne dines with us — Price calls and he, Payne, and Peter go to the play — call at Storrows' — sat some time with the ladies, then return and pass ev[enin]g with Newton.

August 7th, Sunday. Go with Wilkie to Mr. ——, at the School of Paint'g, etc. — then to Gerard's, where we see paint'g of Battle of Austerlitz — portrait of Napoleon when he ret[urne]d from Egypt — met Lady Davy[2] there — Baron Humboldt, Misses Berrys, Duchess of . . ., daughter of Duchess of Duras.

Gerard spoke of the inconvenience of crowds of comp[an]y. "This is what we aim at," said he (mean'g notoriety), "and yet when we get it we complain of it."

Dined at Storrow's — present, Dr. McEwens, Stevenson, Mr. Cairns, Smith — ret[urne]d home shortly after dinner.

August 8th. — Monday. Call on Price with P. Irving — we talk over Payne's engag[emen]t — settles at 150£ a year, for which P. is to furnish

[1] We have here new data concerning the aid given by Irving to John Howard Payne.

[2] Lady Davy, wife of Sir Humphrey Davy (1778–1829), the famous English chemist.

fifteen pieces. If any of them make great hits Price will make some consideration therefor, but that to rest entirely with his discretion. Called on Welles and cashed Price's draft on Miller for fifty pounds — the proceeds I pay to Payne in advance of his engag[emen]t.

Dined at home — Payne with us — pass ev[enin]g at home — Mr. Storrow calls and plays chess.

Tuesday, 9th. — Pack up books, etc. — Wilkie calls — go to Storrow's — walk in Champs Elysées with ladies — just escape a heavy rain — dine at Storrow's and pass ev[enin]g there.

Wednesday, 10th. — Dine at home. — Kenney dines with us — ev[enin]g at Storrow's — lend Kenney 300 fr[ancs].

August 11th. — Thursday. Call on Carey — talk about Am[erican] Edit[ion] of Works.

Dine at home — ev[enin]g at opera — "Romeo and Juliet."

Friday, 12th. — All day busy selecting and burning papers — dine at home — call at St[orrow's] — not at home — pass ev[enin]g at home — Mr. Storrow calls.

This morn'g Peter set off for Havre.

Saturday, 13th. — Called on Woolsey, who is on his way to Spain — on Foy. Galignani spoke to me about new project for the collection of English Literature. Drove out with the Storrows to St. Ouen to see Mrs. Welles — dined at Mr. Storrow's — heavy rain — ret[urne]d at eight o'clock — passed ev[enin]g with Newton.

Payne took up his quarters in the apart[ment] this ev[enin]g.

Sunday, 14th. — Call on Wilkie — Floodgate —

dine at home — part of ev[enin]g at Storrow's — Mr. Cairns there.

Monday, 15th. — Letter from Emily Foster — call on Galignanis — Mr. Carey there — offer to do twenty vol[ume]s of the collect[ion] of Eng[lish] Authors for 500 £.[1]

Walk with Payne to Notre Dame to see procession of Royal family — Assumption Day — dine at Storrow's — ev[enin]g at home with Newton — Rodgers calls.

Tuesday, 16th. — Wrote letters to Murray, Constable, Dewey. Newton walked out to-day for the first time. Foster arrived from Eng[lan]d.

Walking down the Rue de la Paix I met the Duke of Wellington[2] just coming from Place Vendome. He was strolling along in blue frock and white trousers, umbrella under his arm — English and French and soldiers passing him unconscious that it was the great Wellington they were elbowing. He jaunted along with air of nonchalance, gazing at print shops, etc. — looks pale — face thin — cheeks fallen in — hair very grey.

Ev[enin]g Foy called in and sat some time with Newton and myself.

Read Mrs. Shelley's correspondence before going to bed.

August 17th. — Wednesday. Rec[eive]d letter from Peter — wrote reply — talked with Carey at Galignani's about publishing my works — called at Storrow's — read Spanish — dined at home — Newton and Foster — passed ev[enin]g at home.

[1] Irving's price may have seemed too high to his American publisher. At any rate, the work never appeared under his editorship.

[2] Irving later became acquainted with the great Wellington, and was his guest at the ball given by the Duke in honor of King William IV.

Thursday, 18th. — Read "Hist[ory] of Spain" — hear of failure of Richard and of Wainwright — call on Bradish — dine at Storrow's with Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, Newton and Dr. Stevenson — ev[enin]g, call on the Careys, who set off to-morrow — Mr. and Miss Kingston and Miss Hulme there.

Friday, 19th. — Spanish lesson — letter from Mills — finish read'g Spanish hist[ory] — get 500 fr[ancs] of Mr. Storrow — walk with the ladies in Champs Elysées — dine at home with Newton — go to Théâtre de Madame "Un Jour à Versailles" — "Dernier Jour de Liberté" — artist, Gastronome.

Saturday, 20th. — Read in Calderon — Mr. Archbald of Porto Rico calls with letter from Mr. Everett. Walk out at three — fine, sunny, cool day — call at Storrow's — Mr. Bradish comes in — dine at home with Newton — ev[enin]g to Variety — "Entrepreneur" (pretty good) — "Bénéficence," excellent.

Sunday, 21st. — Called at Storrow's — Family had taken a drive into country — write to Peter and send letters to Murray and Constable — Storrows return — call on Archbald. Drive out with Newton to dine at Welles' — present, Mr. and Mrs. Low, Mr. and Mrs. and Susan Storrow, Mr. Cooper, Prince, Mr. Hammond — beautiful ev[enin]g — return with Prince.

Monday, 22d. — Slept ill last night — Welles' wine made me restless — uneasy thoughts — took Spanish lesson. Mr. Stewart Watson, a painter, called on me and wants me to sit to him for my likeness. Rec[eive]d letter from Peter, who seems depressed in spirits — called with Newton on Wilkie, who is rather better — called at Storrow's — ladies

gone to Auteuil — wrote letter to Peter and forwarded it by parcel to Havre with letters to Murray, Constable, and Dewey — called on Ogden Hammond — dined at home *solus*. Mr. Storrow calls — drive with him to Barrier de Passy — walk thro' Passy to Auteuil — visit Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon — Mrs. Storrow and Susan there — walk in Bois de Boulogne — walk back to the Barrier by moonlight — beautiful ev[enin]g.

Tuesday, 23d. — Slept ill — uneasy thoughts — after breakfast could not remain in the house — walked with Newton to Foster's and with him in the Louvre — met Sir T. Lawrence there — Mr. August, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Jenkinson.

Dined at home with Newton. In ev[enin]g walked on Pont des Arts with Storrows — fine moonlight night.

Wednesday, 24th. — Slept very well — Spanish lesson. Foster breakfasts with us. Drive out with the Storrows to Versailles — fine, sunny day, tho' rather hot. — Dine at Hôtel de la Reservoir with Foster and Newton — go to Mrs. Aspinwall's and take tea — go to the Fair with the families — to the Garden and hear music — return in the *espérance* — take ice at Café de Paris — weather very hot.

Thursday, 25th. — Read in Calderon — called on Mr. Shaler, who departs to-morrow for Algiers. Left card for Roussel — called at Storrow's — talked about modes of battles, etc. — rec[eive]d letter from P. I. inclosing one from Van Wart — called on Mr. and Mrs. Brown just ret[urne]d from Aix — dined at home. Ev[enin]g at opera — "Cenerentola" — afterward took ice with Newton at Café de Paris — weather hot.

August 26th. — Friday. Write to E.[1] Foster — to P. I. — drive out to Auteuil with Wilkie and Newton to dine with Gerard the painter — walk about his grounds. At dinner Mons. and Mad. ——. He is a chemist of the first celebrity — his wife very handsome — speaks English — Baron Humboldt — the two Maybeers (Meyerbeers?) — one a composer, the other literary — Mademoiselle ——, a paintress.

Ev[enin]g Pasta came in — talked with her about the performances.

Beautiful moonlight night — take coffee in vestibule.

Saturday, 26th. — Called at Storrow's — dined at Welles' — St. Ouen — present, Sheriff Parkins; Mr. Spencer, a banker; Mr. Murray of Halifax; Dr. Stevenson — beautiful moonlight night — ret[urne]d in Dr. Stevenson's *voiture* with Newton. Met Foster on boulevard and took ices at Café de Paris.

August 28th. — Sunday. Rewrote letter to E. F. — rec[eive]d letter from P. I. — called at Lady Granard's — met Lady Rencliff there — called and left card for S[ir] T. Lawrence, Wilkie, Matthews, and W[illia]ms. Dined at Mr. Storrow's — present, Newton, the two Mr. Fishers — in ev[enin]g Mr. Cairns came in.

Monday, 29th. — Sent letter to E. Foster — made tour of Paris with Newton, Foster, Ward, and Briggs, by Hôtel de Ville, Place Royal, Jardin des Plantes, Cité Notre Dame, etc. — dined with Newton at restaurant. Ev[enin]g Mr. Storrow called — went with Newton and took ice on boulevard — called at Storrow's and took tea — the two Mr. Hulmes

[1] The next letter from Irving to Emily Foster, recorded in Irving biographies, was written more than twenty years later (July 2, 1856), long after her marriage to a Mr. Fuller.

there — day overcast in morn'g but clear afterward — fine ev[enin]g.

Tuesday, 30th. — Peter arrived this morn'g from Havre. Wrote to Pierre Irving — drew 1000 francs from Mr. Storrow — dine at home — ev[enin]g, with Peter to Mr. Storrow's.

August 31st. — Wednesday. Lend Payne five nap[oleon]s — leave Paris eight o'clock with the Storrows, Peter, and Newton on a little tour in barouche and cabriolet — beautiful weather — stop at Louvres and get bread and fruit — pass reg[imen]t of lancers on the road going to Compiègne. After leaving Louvres some distance we come to hill from whence we have a beautiful view over wooded country — arrive half-past twelve at Mortefontaine — dine at miserable inn — walk about the grounds.

Beautiful drive thro' woods to Ermenonville — arrive there at half-past six — walk by moonlight.

September 1st. — Thursday. Walk before breakfast around the sheet of water to the top of poplars where Rousseau is buried — pass the morn'g strolling about grounds — dine at two. After dinner walk in park — leave Ermenonville at five for Senlis by cross road — part of the way thro' woods — old *château* — broken tower, wooden buildings.

Arrive at Senlis at dusk — put up at Grande Cerf — troops (lancers) there — mess of officers — walk out to the church by twilight — on the boulevards by moonlight.

September 2d. — Friday. Awakened early by troops departing — bugles, etc. — rise before six — dress and walk on boulevard — pleasant promenade — breakfast half-past seven — walk out with ye ladies while carriages are getting ready. On re-

turning Newton deserts us and returns to town. Set off at half-past eight — approaching Verberie we have a pleasant view descending a hill. Arrive at Compiègne at half-past twelve — put up at the Lion d'Argent — good, clean country inn — people civil. Visit the *château* — magnificent apartments — walk in the park — beautifully laid out — in ev[enin]g walk on boulevard.

Compiègne is on the Oise — a silent old town — quiet streets — by palace — worthies in high cocked hats walking gravely about it — employed to do nothing.

September 3d. — Saturday. Overcast morning, but clears off beautifully at seven, with masses of clouds — set off in carriages for the castle of Pierrefonds — take old fellow for guide — traverse the forest — fine alleys — beech, oak, etc., etc. Stop at pheasantry — *château* on hill — village at bottom built in 1320. The Nesles have been its *seigneurs*. Pigeons flying about the town — fine *souterrains*[1] — ivy about some of the towers — return home by half past four.

Sunday, 4th. — Before breakfast see Galignani from the window and join him — left Compiègne at eight o'clock — went to Verberie and by cross-roads to Pont-Ste. Maxence, intending to traverse the forest of Chantilly — find we cannot traverse it without having the key of the Barriers. Pursue the main road, which is very pleasant, leading thro' forests — to Chantilly, where we arrive at four — walk on the lawn before the stables.

Monday, 5th. — After breakfast walk in the park of Chantilly — visit the stables — magnificent —

[1] The reference is probably to the underground portions of the castle.

stalls for 150 horses. (This place belongs to the Prince de Condé)[1] — leave Chantilly at half-past ten. At one arrive at Ecouen — picturesque *château* above the town, where the daughters of the legion of honour were educated — leave Ecouen at half past two and arrive at Paris between four and five.

This morning we had a slight shower at Chantilly just after getting into our carriage, the only shower we have had on the tour. The sky generally has been cloudless, the weather warm but bland and delightful. This day it cleared up some — sun was warm — it was very dusty.

Found Newton still at Paris — felt out of order in the evening — stiffness in the neck — pain in ye shoulders from a cold.

September 6th. — Tuesday. Out of order this morn'g with a cold — walked about and wore it off in the course of the day. Chas. Kemble called on Payne — wants me to write a play — walked with him and Payne to Port St. Martin — saw Smith, one of the proprietors, Merle another, and a literary man. Mesurier, a lively, good-looking little fellow. Called on Sir Thos. Lawrence — met Wilkie — called on the Browns — met Mr. Hottingner there — dined at home. In ev[enin]g went with Peter to the Storrows'.

Wednesday, 7th. — Altered beginning of "Richelieu" — called with Bradish on the Countess de Brey. Dined at Mr. Brown's — present Mr. Bradish, Newton and Peter — afterwards went to the Storrows'.

[1] At Chantilly, on the Oise, is the old Castle of Montmorency, one of the noblest of Renaissance structures. After having belonged to the Montmorency and Condé families, the Castle now belongs to the French Institute, a gift from the Duc d'Aumale.

Thursday, 8th. — Retouched "Richelieu" this morn'g — called on Rousells — Gibbings — dined at home with Peter — ev[enin]g, to the Storrows'.

Chas. Kemble this morn'g talked about theatre, etc. — fine weather — warm.

Friday, 9th. — Newton set off for London at half-past eight. Retouched "Richelieu" — called on Wilkie, who departs to-morrow — left card for the Grevilles — dined with Peter at *restaurateur's* — ev[enin]g at Storrow's — very fine weather.

September 10th. — Saturday. Retouched part of "Richelieu" — visited Mr. Brown — met a Mrs. Sheldon there — rec[eive]d letter from Mrs. Van Wart. Dined at Sir Egerton Brydges' — present, Mrs. ——; Miss Hamilton; Col. ——; Mr. Lodge, author of "Biographies of Em [inent] Characters;" a Spanish gent(leman), etc. Sir E. prosed after dinner till ten — half his auditors asleep.

Warm, sunny weather — rec[eive]d letter from Sally.

Sunday, 11th. — Walked in the morn'g with Chas. Kemble[1] and Payne — talked with K. about Payne's circumstances, etc. Kemble wanted me to write a play.[2] Declined for the present — wrote letters to Mills and Mrs. V. W. — go out to St. Ouen with Peter to dine with Mr. Welles — at dinner Mr. Spooner, Mr. Dexter (a handsome young man), Mr. Grosvenor, Mr. Hammond (Welles' cashier).

Rainy evening — obliged to stay all night.

Monday, 12th. — Beautiful morn'g — ret[urne]d

[1] The well-known English actor (1775–1854).

[2] That Kemble should have asked Irving to write a play for him is now first recorded; and it shows what he thought of Irving's talent in dramatic authorship. It will be noted that he declines only for the *present*.

to town in cuckow — three bouncing lasses with us — called on Gen[era]l Devrieux and Mr. Dunlop. Dined at home with Peter — ev[enin]g at Storrow's — Mrs. Aspinwall and family there at dinner.

Tuesday, 13th. — Felt idle and good for nothing to-day — read in Calderon — packed trunk. Matthews called — on the point of going to Eng[lan]d — called with Peter on Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, then on the Storrows, where I rec[eive]d 1000 francs on ac[count] of Payne's draft. Dined and pass'd the ev[enin]g at Storrow's — a warm, close day — slight showers. Lynch arrived from London and left card.

Wednesday, 14th. — Spanish lesson — called on Lynch and sat with him till two — dined at home — passed ev[enin]g at home.

Thursday, 15th. — Met Mr. Clark of N. York at Hotel Montmorency — introduced me to Mr. Fitch of Marseilles and his niece, Miss Lee of Norwich, Connecticut (very pretty) — called on Mr. Brown — met Capt. Macy there — got passports arrang'd — sent letters to-day to Mrs. V. W., Mills, and Byng by Ambassador's bag. Dine at home — ev[enin]g at the Storrows' — present, Mr. Fitch and niece, Mr. Low, Mr. Hulme, Clark, Johnson.

Friday, 16th. — Spanish lesson — call on Lynch — Argerseui calls and tells him Garcia[1] is fixed to go to America. Write to Mills in behalf of Lynch — call on Mr. Dunlop — leave card for the Fieldners — dine at home — ev[enin]g at Storrow's.

September 17th. — Saturday. Spanish lesson —

[1] Maria Felicita Garcia (1808–1836), the opera singer whose first appearance was at London, on June 7, 1825. Pasta was ill that night, and the seventeen-year-old Garcia who took her place had an immediate and phenomenal success.

called on Mr. Storrow — drew bill in his favour on Mr. W[illia]ms, for 200£ sterl'g and wrote to W. requesting him to place funds for the same deposited with Mr. S. Kenney's note for 300 francs due Nov. 10 — drew from Mr. Storrow 2000 fr[ancs] — took places in *berline de commerce* for Moulins — to start on Wednesday. Bo[ugh]t Goethe's "Faust" for six fr[ancs] twelve sous — called on Bradish — dined at home. Ev[enin]g, went with Peter and Payne to Vaudeville — saw "Les deux Lorraines" — tolerable; "Le Rendezvous" — pleasant; "La Blanchisseuse de Fin" — very good; "Les Singes, ou la Parade dans le Salon" — very amusing — Le Peinture, Jr., good actor — round, jolly, vigorous — Lafont tall, handsome, excell[en]t young man — played *chasseur* extremely well — Armand very good in young dandy and in man who played *le songe-Joly* admirable in Menisier in the *Blanchisseuse* — Guence pretty good. Mad. Clara pretty and very tolerable in part of fine lady — Mad. Lafont, formerly Jenny Colon,[1] very pretty and very agreeable — on our way home took ices at Café du Palais Royal — at night a thunder-storm.

Sunday, 18th. — Packed up everything — called on Lady Granard — talked of Faux Dauphin[2] — met Countess of Ormond there, who wanted me to visit her castle at Kilkenny — called and left card

[1] Marguerite (usually called Jenny) Colon (1808–1842). It is worth noting that this delightful actress was, like Garcia, only seventeen years old when Irving saw her.

[2] The term "Faux Dauphin" was applied to a succession of individuals who claimed Louis XVI as their father. Among these were the notorious Charles Naundorf; Eleazer Williams, a Protestant missionary to the United States; and Henri Louis Hector Herbert, so-called Baron de Rochamont and Duc de Normandie. Some of the American descendants of Williams still believe in their Bourbon blood.

for Dunlops — Fieldners — dined at Storrow's *en famille* — Sam better.

Monday, 19th. — Very nervous — corrected a few sentences in "Richelieu" — wrote letter to author of "Triermain." [1]

Rec[eive]d letter from the Fosters — dined with Peter at Bradish's — ev[enin]g at Storrow's — the Mr. Fishers there.

[*The following memoranda from September 21st to November 4th, 1825, Irving jotted down on small sheets of paper which he then placed in the diary whose daily entries ended with September 19th, 1825.*]

September 21st, 1825. — Tuesday. All day touching up "Richelieu" — dined at the Storrows' *en famille* — ev[enin]g, the Hulmes and Mrs. Low there — took leave at ten.

Wednesday, 22d. — Leave Paris at six o'clock in the morn'g in *berline de commerce* for Moulins — places in the *coupé* — a *sœur de charité* has the third place. We came too late with our luggage and had to leave our trunks behind — surly conductor — fine weather.

Pass thro' Fontainebleu, Nemours, etc. — ev[enin]g at Montargis — tolerable town — travel all night — Nemours with picturesque little castle on the banks of the Loire.

Thursday, 23d. — Fine weather — a little showery — breakfast at Pouilly at a miserable *auberge* — pass thro' the Nivernais — pleasant, fertile country — people engaged in vintage — travel along the banks in sight of the Loire — country verdant —

[1] At the time of its publication there was considerable doubt as to who was the author of the "Bridal of Triermain," but this note makes it evident that Irving then already knew that it had been written by Sir Walter Scott.

picturesque hedges — trees — resembles England. Pass thro' Nevers — picturesque old *château* of the Duke of Nevers in the principal square — enter the Bourbonnais — pleasant, fertile country. From the hills in this and the Nivernais are fine, fertile views — arrive at ten at night at Moulins.

Friday, 24th. — All day at Moulins — visit tomb of Montmorenci[1] erected by his wife, the Princess of Ursins, who was afterward buried in it. He killed the King of France accidentally in a tournament, his splinted lance entering his eye. He was afterward for some other cause beheaded — tho' 't is said this accident had rankled in the royal mind ag[ain]st him. Tomb fine sarcophagus of black marble — statues of the Duke and Princess on it.

Old tower of castle of brown free stone now a prison — Peter falls at foot of it.

September, 25th. — Saturday. Leave Moulins at half past eight in diligence for Clermont — lovely weather — pure, serene and temperate — pass thro' gentle, beautiful country — wide valley watered by the —— — grain, vineyards, nut trees, farm-houses, hedges, orchards, farm-houses with little towers make picturesque objects in distance. Line of blue mountains towards Lyons — peasants — men with large, black-brimm'd hats — women with broad-built hats lined with pink. Dine at Saint Pourçain — long bridge — fine stream — scolding bitch trollop of housemaid.

[1] Henri II, Duc de Montmorency (1595–1632), Governor of Languedoc, and Marshal of France. The two kings of France who reigned during his lifetime were Henry IV (1589–1610) and Louis XIII (1610–1643). As Henry IV was assassinated by a Jesuit maniac, Irving obviously had his facts confused. The king of France who was mortally wounded in a tournament was Henry II, in 1559; and the Count of Montgomery, not the Duke of Montmorency, was the innocent slayer of his monarch.

After dinner ride thro' long plain well cultivated — line of hills to our right with farm-houses, etc.

Distant line of blue mountains to left — road border'd by nut trees — very warm afternoon — lovely moonlight evening — arrive half-past eight at Riom — we determine to stop there. Young man, a mercantile traveller, stops there likewise — conducts us to a very good hotel without the wall opposite the fountain — order supper — walk by moonlight thro' Riom — traversed at right angles by two large streets — fine, spacious houses — fountains and streets paved with basalt — house of lava — seat of a *cour royale* — many *avocats* and men in office. Return'g from our promenade, find the young traveller seated in the kitchen which occupies the ground floor, chatting with landlady, who seemed to be an acquaintance — a pretty woman — she was preparing supper and her husband, a fat, jolly young fellow, acted as cook — a sancho figure. Supped near eleven — talked with young traveller about America.

Riom is on the Ambene.

Hôtel de la Colonne.

September 26th. — Sunday. Lovely morn'g — walk round boulevard and thro' main streets of the town — peasant men and women — men short, duck-legged — large broad-brimmed hats — some with cocked hats — long hair — linen or white wollen gabardine — white garters; women with linen pinned round their head and falling in two long lappets behind — blue or grey eyes — light-brown hair — fountain in main street — houses of basalt and lava.

Château near Riom called Tournelle — another right hand of road to Clermont called Château

Gay. [*Here Irving has made a little sketch of the castle.*]

Great basin of Clermont surrounded by volcanic hills — some of the hills cov[ere]d with vines — peasants loaded with grapes pass us.

Clermont, an ill-built, black-looking town. Cathedral has fine columns and painted windows — fine view from an esplanade. No places in the diligence and the next parts the day after to-morrow — find three young men applying for places — agree with two of them to take a cabriolet for Aubusson — twenty-one and one half leagues. Dine and set off at three — walk up the *côte* to foot of Puy-de-dôme — excessively hot — very long ascent — volcanic hills cover'd with vineyards — fine view over the great basin of Clermont. At summit take wine at a *cabaret* — two swarthy mountaineers in broad hats and long hair tak'g wine — continue mounting and descend'g — at eight o'clock stop at ——. Sup there. Dingy house — great fireplace — plenty of the substantials — diff[eren]t parties eat'g at same time — the waggoner and mine host at a side table. He tells story of the Limousines[1] — woman brings wine out of cave for peasants — girl jerks down loaf of bread — girl tosses off a dish of trout fried in wine and passed out on slic'd bread — three francs a head.

Continue on to *fin de mur* — I walk great part of the way — fine night — fine mountain defiles — arrive at half-past one — get bed with difficulty.

Monday, 27th. — Sleep till five — set off at six — pay five francs for two beds. Dine at ——.

[1] Limousin, an ancient province of Central France. In 1152 it came into the possession of the English, Henry II acquiring it with Eleanor of Aquitaine as part of her dowry; in 1369 it was restored to France.

Hostess has to borrow knives from waggoner — gigot of mutton — excellent — small.

In the afternoon overtake a beggar boy seventeen years old — lame of one hand — a droll — loves wine and snuff.

Arrive at Aubusson at five o'clock — get places in diligence for Limoges — Aubusson pleasantly situatèd in a little valley — old, ruined tower on a height above it — small river of the —— runs thro' it — manufactures *tapisserie*.

Travel all night — sleep well — moonlight night.

September 28th. — Tuesday. Morning, breakfast at —— — beautiful valley surrounded by hills. Here we are joined by preceptor of Limoges, who sings, chatters, plays the droll to great delight of a blacksmith, native of Angoulême, but married in Auvergne, who mounts the front of cabriolet. Schoolmaster's wife is cousin in three removes to some great man at Paris — thinks of ask'g for office — his wife is *marchand*[*e*] *de modes* — cousin-german to some other person.

Beautiful drive thro' hilly country cover'd with chestnut trees — hedges — pass thro' St. Leonard — curious little town with very old Gothic church.

Arrive at Limoges at twelve — ugly town — narrow streets — people lively — put up at Hôtel de Globe — at the *massagerie* take bath — dine — retire to bed at seven o'clock.

September 29th. — Wednesday. Start at one o'clock in the morn'g — fine moonlight — have places in the *coupé* — breakfast at Chalus — visit the tower of ruins of castle of Chebrot where Rich[ar]d Coeur de Lion was killed. Our journey this day lay thro' Périgord — country cover'd with chestnut trees — in afternoon drive along a high

ridge with wide views on each side over hilly country cov[ere]d with forests. Dine at six o'clock at Périgueux — party at another table dining — travel all night — full moon — thro' beautiful country — walk occasionally on changing horses, etc.

Thursday, 30th. — Morning in Gurenne (dept. Gironde) — a fertile country like England — breakfast at ten at Libourne — a picturesque, rural part on the Isle — (before arriving at it we have a beautiful view over a fertile country water'd by the windings of the Isle) — one league from Medard — scene of battle of Coutras[1] where Henry IV distinguished himself.

Crossed little ferry at Libourne over the Isle — a beautiful view — bridge nearly finished. Drive about a league and come to the Dordogne where the diligence, passengers, etc., are ferried over in a scow — a wide river — strong tide — from —— to Bordeaux eight leagues — arrive between four and five — put up at Hôtel de France. In ev[enin]g go to theatre — see the "Muet et Robin des Bois."

October 1st. — Friday. All morn'g retouching Payne's plays — dine at *table d'hôte* — rain to-day — ev[enin]g at theatre.

October 2d. — Saturday. Mr. Guestier called on us. Dine at *table d'hôte* — Mr. James and Mr. Bicknell dine there and chat with us.

Eve[nin]g go to theatre — receive letter from Paulding.

Send off parcel to Payne — rain in morn'g — clears off.

October 3d. — Sunday. Rain in the night — fine

[1] At this place, Henry IV in the "War of the Three Henrys" (during the wars of religion) defeated Anne, Duc de Joyeuse, in 1587.

day — go to Protestant church with Mr. James — write to Payne.

Friday, 8th. — Fine weather. Mr. Guestier endeavours to get on board the steam-boat which is passing, but is disappointed. Ride with him to the estate of the Wine de la Rose — *château* with white tower in which a former proprietor, who had gained the wine its reputation, used to live — had flag-staff on the tower on which he hoisted a flag according to the quality of his wine. In the best years he hoisted an English flag — the next best a Dutch — the third best a French flag — as a signal for the wine brokers. The *château* has a very spacious, clean court-yard with two rows of sycamore trees in it. Rode with Mr. Guestier to the borders of The Landes — sandy, covered with heath, brush, and small pine wood — on return'g, found Mr., Mrs., and Miss Phelan on a visit — also Mr. and Mrs. Barton — dined at home — ev[enin]g, music.

October 9th. — Saturday. Fine, clear weather. Mr. Guestier left the *château* for Bordeaux. Mr. Nath[anie]l Johnson arrived at *château*. Took an airing — Peter, with Mr. Johnson in car and myself on horseback, visited Battalia, the seat and vine-yard of Mr. Guestier the elder — passed the ev[enin]g at the Countess d'Aux's, where Mr. Scott and his family are. Mr. and Mrs. Barton were there — music — dance — returned home in *char-à-banc* — rain in the night.

Countess d'Aux is daughter of Lilly Tollendal.[1] Her husband will succeed to the title of Marquis of Tollendal.

Sunday, 10th. — Fine weather — family prayers.

[1] Trophime Gerard, Marquis de Lally-Tollendal (1751–1830), a French author and politician.

This day Mr. Powel, Mr. Gestier's[1] uncle, arrived from Bordeaux.

Monday, 11th. — Rose at four — went out with Mr. Scott's harriers — found a hare on the borders of The Landes — after two hours' chase killed it on the vineyard of Battaliar — Scott's huntsman a small, dark, sallow man with bright eyes.

We had much bother among brushwood vines and hummocky land.

Returned home at eleven.

Drive with the family to Battalia. At dinner to-day Mrs. Gestier's brother-in-law, Mr. Lorton, arrived — rec[eive]d letters to-day from J. K. Paulding, E. Irving, and Beasley — Peter re-t[urne]d home.

October 12th. — Tuesday. After breakfast we set off for *château* Margaux — the family and Peter in the *char-à-banc* and myself on the pony. Mr. Lawton accomp[anie]d us part of the way on horseback. On arriving at the *château* the Marquis Colonilla was absent, so we went over the whole of the *château* — visited the tower, etc. — lunched at the village and set off for home. Mr. Johnson left us at the village and returned to Bordeaux. On my ride homewards I discov[ere]d a ruined tower surrounded by thick trees and overrun with ivy — very picturesque. In the ev[enin]g the peasants were permitted to dance in the hall and the servants with them — great performance of the cook and shearer.

October 13th. — Wednesday. Rose at five — breakfasted with Johnson in the dining-room, by candle light — at six o'clock set off for Mr. Calarousce's to follow his hounds. His pack made up of

[1] Notice Irving's aberrations with regard to the spelling of this name, as well as others.

a mixed breed — large, as they have occasionally to hunt the boar and wolf.[1] We cast off the hounds on The Landes about three leagues off — fine morning — very little mist. Dogs deep mouthed — give a rich, rolling note like distant thunder — start one hare, but after chasing it for some time, lose it in a wood — get on the traces of others, but the dogs are idle and we do not start them. Returning towards home we start a hare in The Landes —after half an hour's run we kill it — return home by two o'clock — lie down and nap — in ev[enin]g go to Mad. d'Aux — music and dancing.

Thursday, 14th. — Go out this morning with Mr. Barton's hounds — poor sport — start a hare and lose it — get on traces of others without success — return home about one. The Johnsons depart for Bordeaux on the steam-boat.

Mr. Nat. Barton, his brother, and cousin dine with us.

Very sleepy and uneasy — retire early.

One of the huntsmen with us, a fat, round man with little coat with peaked skirts that looked like the index of sun dial on his broad breech, had a hunting horn slung round him which he tooted continually if permitted. Mr. Scott kept him in check and he swelled like a bladder with repressed wind. He is a character — has no money nor credit and yet supports himself and horse — raffles a horse once a year — God knows where he gets it — spends the money immediately — has squandered an estate.

[*Here Irving has made a very clever little sketch in pen and ink, portraying the fat horseman on his horse.*]

[1] That there should still have been wolves in South-western France will surprise no reader of the early part of George Sand's delightful "Historie de Ma Vie."

Friday, 15th. — Drive with the family to La Rose — dine at home — Mr. Barton with us.

Saturday, 16th. — Drive to Pauillac to meet Mr. Guestier who arrives in steam-boat — Mr. Barton's brother and cousin dine with us — in the ev[enin]g Mr. Scott and family, Mad. d'Aux. The Beau Dulac and his brother came in — music and dancing — young Scott dresses in girl's clothes. Dulac a man who has made a business of being a handsome man.

Sunday, 17th. — Nothing remarkable — passed the day at home — rather *abattu* — rec[eive]d letter from Storrow enclosing one from Mrs. Van Wart.

Monday, 18th. — Awoke early — very much depressed in spirits — my appetite has failed me of late and I have felt quite *abattu*. Rec[eive]d letter from Payne — wrote letters to-day to Price, Payne, and Storrow — rode with Mr. Guestier to a new purchase of his on The Landes — his attempt to bargain with old peasant for mill and cottage — the old fellow asked 12,000 francs and Mr. Guestier offer'd 3,000 — old peasant good looking — grey hair, lively black eye. Passed by an estate which about twenty-five years since the owner of the Hotel Richelieu offered his hotel for. He valued his hotel at 500,000 francs and the owner of the estate valued estate at 500,000 fr[ancs]. Each tho[ugh]t to take the other in and made the bargain quick. The owner of the hotel found the estate mortgaged to a great am[oun]t. He has dwindled down to poverty on it — has pulled down outhouses and sold the stones — sold tiles from the roof and lately sold the estate for 30,000 fr[an]cs. He now works as a common peasant. His family are reduced to a par with the peasantry and his son is a ploughman. The rogue who got the Hotel Richelieu

is a beggar — tho' the Hotel Richelieu five years since sold for 1,500,000 francs.

On returning home Mr. Scott and his son called.

Dined at home — *partie carrée.*

Tuesday, 19th. — Read in the "Henriade"[1] — ride out with Mr. Gestier, Mrs. G. and Peter in the *char-à-banc* — call on the *curé* whom we find with a brother *curé* dining — the *curé* a sleek, rosy-faced young man.

Pass the old Baron de Pichon Longueville — tall, fresh-complexioned — nose and chin like nut-cracker — grey hair tied behind — prides himself on looking like the Royal family — says that when Louis XIV was at Bordeaux in the time of Mad. de Longueville his great great grandmother, a very handsome woman, was a favourite of the King. Says in consequence of the devotion to the house of Condé they are permitted to take the name of Longueville — has two sons — the eldest married but has [no] issue. The second son was intended for the Church but was withdrawn from it that he may marry and perpetuate the family. He looks with critical eye on every young lady he is introduced to.

Called at Mrs. Phelan at Battalia.

Rode to see the little old *château* of ——, said to date from the time of the English — situated in a soft valley — old avenue of trees leading to it — columns of iron-railed pines, — the rails gone — house surrounded by wide *fossé* — one tower and tower buildings — large doorway tall enough to admit a giant — smaller wicket in it — place out of order — ducks waddling about it — peasant or servant woman passing and repassing over the little wooden

[1] An epic poem by Voltaire on the career of Henry IV.

bridge that led into the interior. As we approached it we see a group of ladies and gent[lemen] entering the yard on horseback and dismounting. The widow who owns it has a large family. Her husband has been dead ten years. The tutor of his son remains as her *homme d'affaires* to the great scandal of the neighbourhood. Her son when grown up wanted to fight him, but has been reconciled.

Dined at home with Mr. and Mrs. Gestier.

Wednesday, 20th. — [*No entry has been made for this day, although Irving has left a blank space in his note-book.*]

Thursday, 21st. — In the evening went to Baron Pichon de Longueville's to a ball — about seventy people there — the flower of Médoc — saw there the *beau du lac* and a little old dancing fellow who looked like St. Vitus.

Had a good supper — came away about three — rainy night.

Friday, 21st. — Rec[eive]d parcel from Payne today — retouched parts of "Richelieu" — rode out at three o'clock with Mr. Scott and Arabelle — stopped at Mr. Calarouce's and at the Baron de Pichon's.

Wrote to Payne in ev[enin]g.

October 22d. — Saturday. Busy part of day at "Richelieu" — altering the character of Mad. Fleury — in the ev[enin]g went with the Gestiers to Mr. Nat. Barton's — met there the Scotts and the Countess d'Aux — dull ev[enin]g.

October 23d. — Sunday. Wrote all [day] at "Richelieu" — completely altered character of Mad. Fleury — sent the alteration to Payne by post. Ev[enin]g, Mr. Lawton dined at *château.*

Monday, 24th. — Set off at eight o'clock with Nat. Johnson and Mr. Scott on horseback for Bor-

deaux, twenty-seven miles — breakfasted at Margaux — called at *château*, but Marquis not at home — made a circuit over The Landes — my companions looking for situation for dog kennel within six miles of Bordeaux — called at *château* of Marquis.

Married niece of Mr. Lattan — a round, rosy-faced, jovial-looking old gentleman.

Arrived at Bordeaux at four o'clock — went in ev[enin]g to theatre — "Zaire," and an opera.

October 25th. — Tuesday. Called on Mrs. Gestier — dined at Mr. Johnson's — the Gestiers there — Mr. Powell — Mr. Johnson, the uncle — Mr. Henderson.

Wednesday, 26th. — Conceived plan of play "Cavalier" — noted down a hint or two — called on Gestier and got Clarendon's hist[ory] of rebellion — met Mr. Hammond the engineer there — also Mr. Barton, uncle.

Dined at Mr. Gestier's — Mr. Phelan there.

Thursday, 27th. — Sketched a little at the first act — dined at *table d'hôte* — ev[enin]g, theatre — small theatre.

Friday, 28th. — Retouched at first act — get on but slowly — no excitement — dine at *table d'hôte*. Ev[enin]g, Grand Theatre — play "Les Marionnettes" (very good) by Picard — ballet of Cupid and Psyche. Mr. Scott called on us.

Letter from Payne.

Saturday, 29th. — More excited — rewrote the part I had already written of Act I. Mr. Strobel called on us — Mr. Bicknell — Mr. Gestier called and took us to the foundry. Dined at *table d'hôte* — ev[enin]g at the small theatre.

Sunday, 30th. — Wrote at the "Cavalier" — altering and rewriting first act — walked in the

Jardin Royal, etc. — beautiful afternoon — dined at *table d'hôte*. Ev[enin]g, Théâtre Épreuve Réciproque (*excellent*) — "Macbeth" — "Don Juan."

Rec[eive]d letter from Payne.

Monday, 31st. — Laboured to-day at the play, but very little to my satisfaction.

Dined at Mr. Johnson's with the Gestiers. Before dinner Mr. Gestier mentioned the contents of a letter from Beasley from London containing the disastrous intelligence of the failure of Saml. Williams which we read also in Galignani's Mess[en]g[e]r. Passed a restless night — my mind haunted by apprehensions of evil.

Wrote a letter to Storrow to-day, which will go by to-morrow's post.

November 1st. — Tuesday. All Saints' Day — tried to write this morn'g, but the news of Mr. W[illia]ms' failure had incapacitated me. Rode out with Mr. Guestier to Floirac, his country seat — Peter went in carriage — the family of the Guestiers, Mr. Johnson, Miss Johnson, Mr. Powell dined at Floriac — mild day — roses in bloom — in the open air — hawthorn — rode home after dusk. At present sitting in my room — in ev[enin]g tolerably tranquil in mind, tho' full of doubts — sent letter to Mr. Storrow to-day.

Wednesday, 2d. — Forced myself to write a little at the "Cavalier," but did not satisfy myself — much depressed and filled with anxiety — sat some time with Mr. Bicknell — dined with him at *table d'hôte* — Ev[enin]g, to the play, "Ros[s]ignol" (charming) and "Alamcerin," ballet.

Thursday, 3d. — Rec[eive]d letter from Mills dated Oct. 25, mentioning Mr. W[illia]ms' failure and kindly offering services — wrote a reply —

passed part of the day in Mr. Guestier's library — dined at hotel — passed ev[enin]g in my room read'g Hodgson's "America" — my mind still full of misgivings — rest broken at night. Feel a want of confidence in myself in case of misfortune — do not feel the same vivacity of thought and feeling as formerly.

November 4th. — Friday. Rainy in the morning early, but clears up as the day advances — St. Charles' Day — *fête* in honour of King — wrote letter to Mills — read in Hodgson — dined at Guestier's — present, the Johnsons, Mr. Bovier's family (he is an uncle of Mr. Guestier), old Mr. Guestier, Mr. Powell — ev[enin]g went to ball at the *Préfet's* — Baron d'Hauzzey — saw there old commander of *gendarmerie* — man shaped like a toad — huge, fat, and withered — wilted pumpkin — another skinny old fellow who looked like Newton — came away at half past eleven.

[*The diary volume which begins with June 14, 1825, and among whose pages were loosely laid the entries that conclude with November 4, 1825, contains a few pages of notes in connection with the play of "El Embozado." These few pages seem to be all that remain extant of the dramatic work that Irving contemplated in these Parisian days, but which he never carried out. His notes are as follows:*]

Clara — Teresa — Linda — (Hero) Fernando — Alvaro — Blanca — Lazaro — Nisida.

Act I

General Scene

Fernando conversing with companions — his birthday — of age — coming to his estate. Anticipations

of delight — tells how he has been thwarted by Embozado who comes in his way. Others laugh at him — counsel him to proceed. They retire — Embozado enters — warns him — partly listens. Sound of village music — village dance — sing. Linda appears — Embazado retires shaking finger at him — Alonzo draws Linda aside — scene of seduction.

Tells his comp[anion]s of the Embozado — they laugh at it.

Scene — Alonzo's Chamber

Embozado reproaches him — tells him to marry her — he rejects the proposition with scorn — "then never will I cease to plague thee" — tells that he is in love with Clara — lady of high rank.

Scene at Dona Clara's

Fernando pays court — she is in love with another — her father in favour of Fernando — as he comes from the house he meets Linda, pale and disheartened — tells him what she has suffered — cannot look her mother in the face — implores his pity — becomes frantic — he dreads his being discovered.

Dona Clara is approaching — night — she sees him depart with Dona Clara — goes off distracted.

Scene — *fête champêtre*

At Don Fernando's villa — pays court — Lady —— Embozado interrupts speech and speaks of Linda — by an effort he shakes him off — dance goes on — music — song — wailing heard at distance — corpse of village maid brought across the stage — she had been found drowned — Fernando asks who it is

— Embozado enters and says Linda — curtain falls.

Scene — His Chamber

Fernando asleep — Embozado seated beside him — dream — sound of revellers at the door — enter his dissolute companions — revel — comic scene.

Feast — cup drops from his hand — at the name of Linda.

Stratagem to gain Dona Clara — serenade — waylays his rival — kills him.

Scene — Wilderness

Fernando — despair — storm — he fancies he hears voices in wind and thunder — spectres of Linda and his rival — voices — songs of warrior spirits, etc., etc.

He sees the Embozado in the midst conjuring up these phantoms to molest him — rushes up to tear off the mask and look him in the face — Embozado unmasked — proves to be the image of himself — his second self — he throws himself headlong from the precipice into the torrent.

[*The preceding notes outline the plot of this unwritten play of Irving's. They are followed by a page and a half of notes which are obviously memoranda for portions of monologue. They are as follows:* —]

Nay never tell me a lad of thy spirit and thy means — forth — away with melancholy.

I cannot — I tell thee I am harassed — worried — thwarted in all my joys.

What — art not come to thy estate — thy father dead — the world before thee and money in thy purse — why melancholy [?].

What's this you tell me [?] — Don Fernando melancholy [?] — impossible [!] — why, he's but come to his estate — flush of youth and wealth — pish — 't is not possib[le] — some passing enigma. I tell you no — I have marked him — I know him well — a youth of wayward character — a spoiled child — wild from his infancy — indulged by his mother — his passions outgrew his years — fierce and uncontrollable when quite a boy — he grew up in the indulgence of every will — of every caprice.

We must tame him — he has too full a purse to be let slip — we must feed on him — we must lead him on. How goes it with the peasant [?].

BORDEAUX

November 5th, [*1825*]. — Saturday. This morn'g was relieved from great anxiety by letter which Peter rec[eive]d from Mr. Beasley from London, covering one which Mr. B. had rec[eive]d from Van W. stating that he should not be a loser of a farthing by failure of Mr. Williams — re[ceive]d letter also from Payne and one from Capt. Nicholson on board the "Ontario" — Island of Milo.

Called at the Guestiers — sat some time with Mrs. G. — Mrs. and Miss Scott called — dined at *table d'hôte* — passed ev[enin]g in my room.

Sunday, 6th. — Sent letter to Payne — read in Galignani account of Wallace's death — read Italian — walked out to Mrs. Johnson's — lost my way and made a long detour — found Mr. King there — came on to rain so I remained to dinner — Mr. Powell there — returned in ev[enin]g in a fiacre — four francs — tranquil in mind.

Monday, 7th. — Rainy day — copied Italian passages from Passavanti — called at Guestier's — lunched — passed two hours in library — rec[eive]d letter from Storrow — ev[enin]g theatre — "Les Joies Amoureuxes" — "Gazza Ladra."

Tuesday, 8th. — Showery day — wrote to Storrow and Welles — copied from Sanazzaro[1] Arcadia —

[1] Jacopo Sannazaro (1458–1530), the Neapolitan poet whose "Arcadia," a work in prose and verse, went through sixty editions within a century. Irving misspells the name.

dined at Guestier's — present, the Baron de Stael, Mr. Brown and others — hear to-day that Mr. W[illia]ms is in the *Gazette*. Felt full of doubt, from the disastrous state of the times, — but yet hope that all will turn out well.

Wednesday, 9th. — Showery day — read Sanazzaro and Passavanti — made extracts. Mr. Johnson and King called — walked in King's garden — dined at *table d'hôte* — passed ev[enin]g in room — read'g.

November 10th. — Thursday. Stormy day — high wind — re-wrote part of second act of Cav. [Cavalier] — made extracts from Italian — dined at *table d'hôte* — extracted from Poliziano — ev[enin]g at home.

Friday, 11th. — Fine morn'g — make ex[trac]ts from Poliziano — feel literary excitement — gratifying to feel this revival of my mind — at half-past one set off on horseback with Mr. Nat. Johnson for Libourne — where he is going to attend fair and buy horse — beautiful weather — warm — country still beautiful — autumnal tinge — hilly and diversified — *château* — at sundown cross ferry over the Dordogne — after dark cross ferry to Libourne — difficulty to find hotel — then to find quarters — put up at Calif d'Or — Johnson sleeps on mattress on floor — dine at eight o'clock — horse-jockies eat'g at diff[eren]t tables.

November 12th. — Saturday. Overcast morn'g — Clears up beautifully after twelve — house in an uproar with the fair — horse-jockies, farmers, etc. eat'g at diff[eren]t tables — a continual succession of guests — kitchen with *chef* and assist[ant] cook — serv[an]t women hurrying hither and thither with dishes of meat — vagabond dogs and vagabond

boys lounging about after scraps — shoeblacks besiege you in the yard — countrymen arrive in blue cloaks that cover their horses to the rump — visit fair in public place under low arcade — visit King's horse — it was called Ami — the wickedest animal in the stable — Matador the gentlest.

Leave Libourne at twelve — in company with us is a Mrs. Lynch (an Anglo-French) with her serv't Ralph, bundled up in blue cloak on a kind of Cossack horse — a bag of something banging about at the saddle-bow — another young man (Frenchman) returned by the bridge. Stopped at the *Château* of —— belonging to Duke de Berry — old *homme d'affaires* with red nose, shewed us the interiors — fine terrace commanding a splendid view over the Bordogne and the ——. Room in which Henry IV slept.

Reached Bordeaux at five — dined at Mr. Guestier's — the Bartons — father, uncle, son and nephews and young Mrs. Barton there and Mr. and Mrs. Phelan.

November 13th. — Sunday. Overcast, raw day — tho' clears up a little in ev[enin]g — try to write at play, but cannot — make extr[a]ct from Poliziano and Sanazzaro — call at Mrs. Guestier's — find the Johnstons and Scotts there — lunch — read in library — bring home Lippi,[1] Molza[1] and Casa[1] — pass ev[enin]g at Mr. Nat. Barton's — present, the Scotts, Mrs. Barton and nephews, Mr. Nat. Johnson, Sr. and Jr., Mr. King, Mr. Powell, Mr. Lloyd — home at half-past eleven.

Monday, 14th. — Read the Marmonteli[2] of Lippi —

[1] Lorenzo Lippi (1600–1664), Italian poet and painter. Francesco Maria Molza (1489–1544), Italian poet and novelist. Giovanni de la Casa (1503–1556), Italian poet and orator.

[2] "Il Malmantile Racquistato," a burlesque romance.

call on young Cutting — on Mr. Strobel — dine at home — ev[enin]g at theatre — Metromania — "Barbe[r] of Seville" — calm in mind — though full of doubts about affairs.

Tuesday, 15th. — A night of frequent waking — broken dreams — about failures of houses — dreamt of Rogers and Moore — former told me another great house had broken in James St., meaning the lower part of London — full of forebodings.

Receive letters from Mr. Williams respect'g draft for 200£ and guarantee of 2000£ from Jones about mine shares and from Van W. about difficulties of the times — completely bewildered by their letters — seem as if my dreams and forebodings were realized.

Dined at Mr. Johnson's with the Guestiers and an old Italian singing master, who sang in the eve and looked like a snuffers.

Went to bed but did not get asleep until twelve — a German walking in the room over head — awoke again at two and scarcely slept again during the night — my mind quite harassed.

Wednesday, 16th. — After a sleepless night rose at half-past seven — breakfast with Peter — write letters and send them to Mr. Williams, Jones and Van Wart — walk out — meet Mrs. Guestier — afterward walk with Peter — dine with Peter and Mr. Bicknell at the *table d'hôte* Hôtel d'Holland — a bad *table d'hôte* — ret[urne]d home and napped from seven till nine — passed ev[enin]g at Mrs. Barton's — the Scotts, Bartons, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd there — felt cheerful in the ev[enin]g.

This day, in the midst of trouble — thought of writing a work on manners and morals as connected

with manners[1] — suited to America — the thoughts of it animated and cheered me.

Thursday, 17th. — Awake at four o'clock, after which had but little sleep — and my mind was full of uneasiness — forseeing or apprehending difficulties or distress to my relations and myself — read a little — got up at a little past seven — breakfasted with Peter — after breakfast felt more composed — wrote two or three pages on "Suavity of Manners" — walked out with Peter — went to Library — delivered letter of Mr. Guestier's to the Librarian — an old, dry man. Looked for lodgings — called on Mr. Cutting — dined at home, Mr. Bicknell at table with me — ev[enin]g at Mr. Scott's — the Bartons, Lloyds, Cunliffes, and Mrs. Guestier there — came home half-past eleven.

Friday, 18th. — Awake at four — laid awake with my mind full of anxious thoughts — breakfasted with P. — conversed on various literary projects until I got excited — wrote a few pages at my essay on manners — called with Peter on Mrs. N. Barton, not at home — left cards — passed an hour or so in Mr. Guestier's library. Mrs. G. came in — sat and talked with her until near five — dined at the *table d'hôte* with Peter and Mr. Bicknell — took a nap in ev[enin]g and then went with them to Mr. Strobel's, where we took tea and remained until half-past nine. On my way home stopped at the *café* and read papers. My mind gets excited during the day, but my nights are dismal with broken sleep and uneasy thoughts — feel my whole frame unstrung by these mental agitations.

[1] The essays referred to here and in subsequent entries made during Irving's sojourn at Bordeaux, were never published, nor is there any record to show that the Mss. were preserved.

November 19th. — Saturday. Slept very tolerably last night — breakfasted with Peter and talked on literary topics — about Germ[an] work, etc., which had good effect on mind and spirits — wrote several pages in "Essay on Manners." Dirty, drizzly day — walked about with Peter look'g for apartments — dine at *table d'hôte* with Mr. Bicknell — in ev[enin]g sat in my room — read Moore's "Life of Sheridan." This day my mind has been less harassed.

Sunday, 20th. — Read from six o'clock in Moore's "Life of Sheridan" — after breakfast wrote a little in "Essays on Manners" — went with Mr. Bicknell to church — afterwards walked home with the Strobels — called at the Guestiers' — the Johnsons and Jones there — lunched and dined there — passed some time in library — ev[enin]g went to theatre — saw Delavigne's[1] "Comedy of the Comedians" — excellent — and the "Pensionnat des Jeunes Demoiselles" — very pleasant — feel tranquil in mind to-day.

Monday, 21st. — A good night's sleep — this morn'g wrote a page in "Essay on Manners." Mr. Strobel called — went to look at lodgings — went out with Mr. and Mrs. Guestier and Peter to dine at Mr. Johnson's — Mr. King there — return at nine — read in paper failure of large Manchester house — feel tol[era]bly tranquil to-day.

Tuesday, 22d. — Awoke early — wrote but little this morn'g at the "Essay" — walked out with Peter and Mr. Strobel to look for lodgings — dirty day — meet Mr. Fenwick at Mr. Strobel's — dined at *table d'hôte solus* — very much depressed and full

[1] Jean François Casimir Delavigne (1793–1843), French lyric and dramatic poet, whose satires, written in 1815, opposing the restoration of the French monarchy, were the best of their kind.

of uneasy thoughts and apprehensions — passed ev[enin]g in my room and read papers at *café*.

Wednesday, 23d. — Awake early — read in Moore's "Sheridan" — wrote but very little to-day in "Essay on Manners" — felt out of spirits — day cool and fair — called on Mr. Cutting — walked in promenade — dined at *table d'hôte*, with Peter and Mr. Bicknell — passed ev[enin]g in my room.

Thursday, 24th. — In bed this morn'g thought of a plan of a miscellany — talked over the same at breakfast with Peter — the plan developed in the progress of conversation — both felt cheered and animated by it — wrote in my "Essay on Mans. [manners]" an article on Am[erican]s travelling in Europe. Wrote a letter to E. I. which Peter sent off, together with letter from himself to E. I., Beasley and Van W. — dined at *table d'hôte* with Peter and Bicknell — passed ev[enin]g in room.

Feel much cheered to-day by the literary plans hit upon — write late at night in "Essay" — go to bed after twelve — some time before I can get asleep — make notes, etc.

Friday, 25th. — Woke early — made notes a/c essays. Thurs. (last) night dreamt of being in a large old house — found it giving way above, escaped and saw it falling to ruins — it took fire — tho[ugh]t all my property and especially my Mss. were in it — rushed towards the house exclaiming I am now not worth a sixpence — found one room of the house uninjured — my brother E. I. in it — arranging papers — wiping books, etc., told me that he had just managed to save everything that belonged to me, by putting them into this one room that remained uninjured. The dream was doubtless occasioned by my letter to E. I. written yester-

day requesting him in case of difficulty to place my literary property, etc., in the hands of Brevoort or J. T. I.[1] Wrote a few pages in my essay to-day, but did not feel very much excited — at two went to Mr. Guestier's — dirty, rainy day — read in the library where I found Peter. We dined there *en famille* and passed the ev[enin]g there.

November 26th. — Saturday. Awoke early — mind busy — made notes in mem. book. After breakfast wrote at my "Essay" — naval remarks — walked out at three o'clock — called on Mr. Strobel and looked for lodgings — dined at *table d'hôte* — napped — went to *café* — read newspapers — took coffee — ret[urne]d home and wrote until past twelve o'clock — ever since I have resumed my pen my spirits have revived and my mind is rising into tone.

November 27th. — Sunday. Did not get asleep till near two — woke at four — slept ill — made notes for Am. essays — after breakfast wrote a little — called on Mrs. Cunliffe — Mr. Cutting — met Mr. —— of Westpoint — then dined at *table d'hôte* with Peter and Mr. Bicknell — passed ev[enin]g at home.

Monday, 28th. — Slept well — wrote this morn'g at "Essays on Mns (Manners)" — paid off bill at Hôtel de France and moved to lodgings No. 24 Rue Rolland — second floor — two rooms at fifty francs per month — wrote a little, then walked out — beautiful day — very mild weather — called at Hôtel de France on Mr. Colt and Mr. Oliver — dined with them. They set off to-morrow for Madrid. Went with Mr. Colt to small theatre — saw three pieces — "Alfred" — "The Doctor of the

[1] John Treat Irving, Washington Irving's brother; at that time the presiding Judge of the New York Court of Common Pleas.

Defunct," and the "Conscript" — well amused with all — ret[urne]d home half-past nine. In very good spirits.

Tuesday, 29th. — Slept well last night — wrote at the Am. essays. Mr. Phelan called, and Mr. Fenwick — walked out and bought blank books, etc., etc. Dined at Mr. Guestier's — present, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Guestier the Elder, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Phelan, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Nat. Barton, Mr. King, Peter and myself and a French Gen[era]l. In the ev[enin]g came in Mr., Miss and young Scott, Mr. Ogle, Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe — ret[urne]d home near twelve.

November 30th. — Wednesday. Slept well — mind tranquil — wrote this morn'g at "Essay" — on treatment of strangers in Am. Mr. Strobel called — walked out about three — called at Mr. Guestier's — not at home — met Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd at the door — called and sat some time with Mr. Cutting — Mr. —— of Westpoint there — made dinner at home — ev[enin]g at Mr. Strobel's — Peter with us — met Mr. Bicknell there, and a French gent[leman] who wrote some articles for the —— en Provence — ret[urne]d home at ten — rained heavily in the night — weather for some time back very rainy, mild, and heavy.

December 1st. — Wrote a little at "Essays" — subject, National Prejudices — called at the Phelan's — dined at home — cold dinner — read papers at *café* — passed ev[enin]g in my room.

Friday, 2d. — Slept well — tranquil — wrote to Storrow — wrote a few pages in "Essays," tho' with difficulty — called on Mr. Fenwick — drove out with Mrs. Guestier and dined at Mr. Johnston's *en famille* — ret[urne]d home at ten — pleasant

weather part of day — sunny and soft, showers in the afternoon.

December 3d. — Saturday. A night of broken sleep tho' rid of uneasy tho[ugh]ts — dream disagreed with me — fine day — wrote at "Essays" till one — on Sensibility to Reproaches — walked on *esplanade* — called on Cutting — Mr. ——, who gave vivid account of the storm when Ogden's son was lost. Dined at home — ev[enin]g went to Mr. Strobel's — Mr. Marchand there — a very pleasant man.

Sunday, 4th. — After breakfast called on Commodore Morris[1] and Capt. Reed[2] of the U. S. Navy at Hôtel de France — went with them to Mr. Fenwick's — ret[urne]d home at two — wrote a little in "Essays" — dined at Fenwick's with Morris, Reid, Strobel, and Peter — ret[urne]d home half-past nine.

Monday, 5th. — Beautiful weather — finished letter to J. K. Pauld[in]g — sent parcel to Payne for diligence cont[ainin]g — "Richelieu" and Span. Hist. Tried to write in "Essays," but could not succeed — called at Mrs. Guestier's — found her and Johnston and King there — dined at Fenwick's — present, Morris, Reid, Strobel, Mr. de Caze, Admiral ——, formerly Min[i]st[er] of Marine under Nap[oleon].

Tuesday, 6th. — Fine weather — tried to write in "Essays," but could not — read in Adams' Republic[3] — called at Guestier's — called on Bick-

[1] Charles Morris (1784–1856), one of the foremost American naval men of his day.

[2] Samuel Chester Reid (1783–1861), also a distinguished naval officer.

[3] Irving probably meant John Adams's "Defence of the Constitution of the Government of the U. S. of A." (1788), which is also known as "A History of the Principal Republics of the World."

nell — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mr. Strobel's — Mr. Bicknell and Mr. Marchand there.

Wednesday, 7th. — Fine weather — could not write — strolled with Bicknell into bookshops — read at Guestier's library — sent letter to J. K. Pauld[in]g — dined at Mr. Guestier's — present, Mr. and Mrs. Lawton, Mrs. Phelan, Mr. Robinson, a relative of Sir W. Scott's and of Mr. Wm. Erskine. His two little daughters dined at table.

Thursday, 8th. — Could not write — nervous and worried by noises of dogs, etc., etc., — walked out — called on Cutting — read Am. newspapers — walked in public garden where met Johnston — Mrs. and Miss Strobel — ret[urne]d home — read in Dante — made extracts — dined — passed ev[enin]g at Strobel's — Mr. Bicknell there — read in papers adv. by Longw[or]th of Knickerbocker.

Friday, 9th. — A night of broken sleep and uneasy tho[ugh]ts — dreamt I was at Welles' who was mak'g out an a/c — nervous in the morn'g — but excitable — scribbled a little in "Essays" — subject, theatre — made minutes for essay on effect of natural scenery on character — got extremely excited. Mr. Guestier came in and sat some little while — found afterward that I could not write — went to Mr. Guestier's library — read in Alfieri on *Principe e Letter*[1] and letters on tragedy — got extremely excited — took the books home. Dined at home — napped — went to theatre and saw "Le Joueur" — amusing tho' more extravagant than French comedies generally are — ballet — "Amadis de Gaule" — staid thro' first act — pretty but no force of incident.

[1] "Del Principe e del Lettere," by the famous dramatic poet Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803).

Saturday, 10th. — Full of excitement and anxious to sketch essay on Am. Scenery, but harassed by noises in the house until I had to go out in despair and write in Mr. Guestier's library. Dined at Mr. Cunliffe's — present Mr. Scott, Ogle, Bicknell, Peter — in the ev[enin]g came in the Miss Scotts, Mrs. Ogle, young Scott, Mr. and Mrs. ——, the vice-consul, Mr. ——, a French gent[leman] who has resided at N[ew] York.

This day rec[eive]d letter from Mrs. Storrow.

December 11th. — Sunday. Read in Dante — Mr. Caze called on me — called with him on Fenwick — Admiral —— came in — old gent shrewd, an epicure on words, call with Caze on Mr. La Harpe, a Swiss — called on Cutting — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Strobel's — Mr. Bicknell there — a beautiful, cool, sunny day.

Monday, 12th. — Read in Dante — called on Tezier whom I found *bien niché* in a quiet room in the upper story of a large mansion — his father's — called on Cutting — dined at home — ev[enin]g went to *café* — saw in paper success of Payne's Farce "'T was I" — ret[urne]d home — read in Dante and in Foscolo's "Essays on Petrarch."

Tuesday, 13th. — Read in Dante — left cards for Mr. Guestier — Mr. and Mrs. Lawton — sat for some time with Cutting — dined at Mr. Phelan's — present Mr. and Mrs. Lawton, Mr. Maxwell and Peter — passed the ev[enin]g there — Mr. Phelan's story of his adventure in an inn — about twenty years since travelling — gloomy weather in south of France — knew no one in diligence — one man wrapped up in greatcoat — looking out earnestly every now and then behind diligence — as if ap-prehend'g pursuit — knew Mr. Phelan by name,

but Mr. P. did not know him — arriv'd in ev[enin]g at an inn — had been convent — great halls — long, gloomy corridors, etc. He told serv[an]t maid to awake him early before the others — going to bed passed what had been chapel — at present a stable or warehouse — great boxes, bales — men at work by dull light of one lamp — slept in room that apparently had been a cell — in morn'g before daybreak awak[ene]d by knock'g at door that seemed to rise in the room where he was — saw by light that gleamed thro' chink of the door some dark figure passing and repassing — attempted to spring out of bed — something held him back fast — fell and tumbled everything with him — inn alarmed — cry of thieves — odd figures that came out — man in greatcoat terribly alarmed — explanation — a woman had been put in same room with him who had just come out of a madhouse cured and was to go back to her friends by the same coach, so to save necessity of calling at various doors they had put her in same room. He had been held back in bed by the circumstance of there being but one sheet — which was doubled — and he was entangled in the fold. The mysterious man in greatcoat was a clerk of the very banker to whom Mr. Phelan was addressed and who had under convoy a cart laden with specie — which travelled post after the diligence and caused him frequently to look out as if apprehensive of pursuit.

In old inn with large rooms; furnished with tarnished but once magnificent furniture — talk'g with landlady suddenly a great mirror fell from the wall and shivered in pieces on the floor — a cloud of dust arose — a dim figure was seen mov'g about the floor — landlady fainted, etc., etc. It was a raging

old chimney sweep who had come down the wrong flue of chimney and as the wall above the fireplace was old, of one thickness of brick, had fallen thro'.

Sleepwalker. — In a town in Eng[lan]d where he once was, during apprehension of invasion — a body of troops arrived — a young officer was quartered in a house where was merely an old gent and his niece. As the officer was apt to walk in his sleep, to prevent awkward accidents he tied his leg to bedpost. In vain — in the night attempted to get up — fell — knocked everything over — gave alarm to house — cry of thieves — fire — town alarmed — troops out half dressed — all confusion — officer next day confessed the cause of the alarm.

December 14th. — Wednesday. Read Dante — called on Mr. Caze — found him in a great hotel in the centre of the city — ascended a narrow stone stair in one corner — found him in a corner room — bookcase — old portrait — bed in a recess with shelves of books and door in imitation of books in front — sombre room — stuffed chair — night lamp — apparatus for study — the house belonged to his father-in-law who was once prefect — was turned out of office on change of public offices — is dead. His wife went mad — the family burrow in the house as the property cannot be divided — air of neglect — solitary court. Dined at home — long ev[enin]g at a party at Mrs. Scott's — saw there Mr. Latten's sister and nieces.

Thursday, 15th. — Awoke with headache — read all the morn'g in Dante — Mr. La Harpe called on me. Dined at Mrs. Guestier's, Jr., with the Johnstons and King. This day saw a/c of B.[1]

[1] This entry is inexplicable, although B. may well stand for Irving's friend Beasley.

Friday, 16th. — Out of order with a cold — read Dante — finished "L'Inferno" — visited Mr. Cutting. Dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mr. Strobel's — weather continues mild, soft and dirty.

Saturday, 17th. — Read Petrarch — wrote memorandum in "Essays" — rec[eive]d letters from Payne and Mrs. Foster — Mr. Robison called on me and Mr. Marchand — walked out — beautiful weather — like a fine spring day — met Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe — read in Mr. Guestier's library — dined at home — ev[enin]g called in at Mrs. Johnston's — two or three persons there — old gentleman of old school — in breeches and bl[ac]k silk stockings, hair powdered — runs about on tipto[e] bowing and resurging — played chess with Mrs. Johnston.

Sunday, 18th. — Read Dante — rec[eive]d letter from Mr. Storrow enclosing bank note for 2,000 francs — Peter rec[eive]d letter from V. W. — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Strobel's — Mr. Marchand and Mr. Bicknell there — oppressed by cold — retired early.

Monday, 19th. — Write at Bohemian story. Mr. La Harpe called and lent me the Messéniennes — dined at Mr. Phelan's — Mr. and Mrs. Guestier the elder there — ev[enin]g at Mrs. Guestier's — a dance.

Tuesday, 20th. — Very much disordered by my cold — called and left card for Mr. Robison — called on Cutting — dined at Mrs. Johnston's — present the Guestiers, Mr. King, gent[leman] of Bagnères, and an Ital[ian] gentl[eman] — ev[enin]g music — chess — a tolerably fair day.

Wednesday, 21st. — Write at Bohem[ian] tale — am interrupted by Mr. Caze and completely put out of the mood to write — call on Bicknell — Marchand — walk on *esplanade* — dine at home. Ev[e-

nin]g at Strobel's — who gives me acc[oun]t of his seeing the behead'g of Queen of France.

Thursday, 22d. — Wrote a little at B[ohemian] tale, but had to give up, my mind being exhausted — walked out — left cards for Mr. and Mrs. La Harpe — Lawton — called on Cutting — Mr. Strobel and Peter came in — dined at home. Ev[enin]g to the theatre — "Voila un Barber de Seville," comedy, and "Susanne," ballet.

Friday, 23d. — Wrote to Mr. Storrow — and to J. H. Payne — sent the letters — read in Mr. Guestier's library — dined at home — walked in public garden — a foggy day. Ev[enin]g at Mrs. Johnston's — chess — an Italian gent[leman] there, apparently well informed — talked of Ital[ian] literat[ure].

Saturday, 24th. — Beautiful day — clear and cool — copied out maxims, etc., from Machiaevelli — read Dante — Mr. La Harpe called and bro[ugh]t me Klopstock's "Messiah" — read in Mr. Guestier's library — Milton, Gibbon — dined at home. Ev[enin]g at Mr. Strobel's — Mr. Bicknell there.

December 25th. — Sunday. *Christmas.* Rewrote letter to Mr. Storrow and sent it — called on Cutting — passed between two and three hours in Mr. Guestier's library — a rainy day.

Dined at Mrs. Johnston's — the Guestiers there and Mr. King — ev[enin]g charades, etc. For some time past, indeed ever since I have resumed my pen, my mind has been tranquil — I sleep better and feel pleasanter.

Monday, 26th. — Made notes in "Essays" — called on Mr. Phelan — left cards — passed part of day in Mr. Guestier's library — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mrs. Johnston's — chess.

December 27th. — Tuesday. Cool day but clear — read in Alfieri — made minutes on "Essays" — called on Mr. Scott — found his old uncle with him —left card for Bartons — passed several hours in Mr. Guestier's library read'g and mak'g notes — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Johnston's.

Wednesday, 28th. — Felt head weary — want of exercise and too much application — paid month's rent fifty fr[ancs] — called on Strobel and walked with him into the country — cold, cloudy day — on return called on Cutting. Dined at Mrs. Johnston's — present the Guestiers, Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. ——, Mr. King and Peter.

Thursday, 29th. — Read Alfieri, etc. — made minutes in "Essays" — went early to Mr. Guestier's library and read and made notes until near five o'clock — dined at home — rec[eive]d letter from Price. Ev[enin]g at Mr. Strobel's, who had re-c[eive]d news of account of his son in America — a rainy day.

Friday, 30th. — Fair, cold weather — passed great part of the day in Mr. G.'s library — rec[eive]d letter from Coles,[1] on subject of steam-boat — dined at Mr. Dan'l Guestier's — present, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Guestier, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. and Miss Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. N. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. ——, Misses Johnston.

Saturday, 31st. — Write letters to Price, Payne and Coles — walk out — fine, cool, clear weather — all the world buying *bonbons* — called on Cutting — dined at home — afterwards walked out — met N. Johnston — accomp[anie]d him thro' *boutiques*

[1] Benjamin W. Coles, of New York, who in 1822 was introduced to Irving by James Fenimore Cooper.

of *bonbons* — ev[enin]g at Mrs. Johnston's — play'g chess — in the night military music in the street serenading the commandant who lives opposite. So closes the year — tranquil in mind, though doubtful of fortune and full of uncertainties — a year very little of which I would willingly live over again — tho' some parts have been tolerably pleasant.

January 1st, 1826, — Sunday. Read and made extracts from Alfieri, etc. — at twelve went out with Peter and made calls, leaving cards at most houses — fine sunny day — Mr. Cunliffe called on us — dined at Mrs. Johnston's — *en famille* — passed ev[enin]g there.

Monday, 2d. — Passed considerable part of the day in Mr. G.'s library, readin'g Alfieri, etc., etc. — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mr. Scott's — present Capt. Coffin and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Bartons, etc.

Tuesday, 3d. — Rec[eive]d letter from Payne — wrote a reply inclosing letter for E. I. on subject of Richelieu — made notes, etc., on "Essays" — called on Mr. Marchand — Mr. Cutting walked in public garden — ev[enin]g at a ball at Mrs. Guestier's — ret[urne]d home at three in the morn'g.

Wednesday, 4th. — Get up at the usual time — could do nothing all day — called on Mr. Cutting and sat there till five — walked in public garden — napped — ev[enin]g at Mr. Strobel's — Mr. Marchand there.

Thursday, 5th. — Made notes and extracts in "Essays" — walked out and met Mr. Caze with whom I walked for two or three hours — dined at home — passed ev[enin]g at home — Peter rec[eive]d letter from Beasley.

Friday, 6th. — Made a few notes in "Essays" —

read in "Cicero de Officiis" — felt incapable of application — walked out — called on Cutting — at Mr. Faxon's to read papers — changed bank note for 500 francs — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mrs. Johnston's — Mr. Dufour and family there — Miss Hovey — Mr. King — played chess.

Saturday, 7th. — Wrote to E. I. — to Newton and Mrs. V. W. and sent the letters inclosed in one of Peter's to Beasley. Mr. La Harpe called — dined at home — called at Cutting's — but he was asleep — took coffee at *café* — ev[enin]g at Mrs. Johnston's — Mr. King there.

Sunday, 8th. — Dismal day, wet, misty, chilly — read a little, but felt unfit for any thing — rec[eive]d letter from Storrow, cover'g yearly a/c — called with Peter on Cutting — Mr. Strobel came in — sat there till near four — walked in arcades of Spectator — took coffee — passed ev[enin]g at home.

Monday, 9th. — Made notes and extracts in "Essays" — read Montesquieu in Mr. G.'s library — called upon Cutting — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mr. Strobel's — with Peter. This day rec[eive]d parcel from Paris cont[ainin]g Garnett's lectures[1] and letters from Mr. S'Aubyn dated N. York — Mr. Everett, dated Madrid, and Mr. White, dated Richmond, Virginia[2] — cold weather — a little snow last night — weather pure and bracing.

Tuesday, 10th. — Frosty weather — a little snow — write all the morn'g — enlarging essay on Union

[1] No book answering this designation has been found, nor any Garnett clearly its author. Thomas Garnett (1766–1802) was, however, a noted English lecturer on natural philosophy, and the reference may be to something by him. There was also a Richard Garnett (1789–1850), a philologist.

[2] This is perhaps Thomas W. White, who afterwards published *The Southern Literary Messenger.*

— receive letter from Payne and Nicholson — write letter to Mr. Everett — Mr. Fenwick calls and introduces me to the Circle[1] — left card at Mr. Scott's — Newton had gone — dine at Mrs. Johnston's — present Mr. and Mrs. Guestier, Senr. and Jnr., Mr., Mrs. and Miss Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. De Courçées, Mr. King, Peter and the family.

Wednesday, 11th. — Did not sleep well last night — consequence of dining out.

Sent letters to Mrs. Foster and Mr. Everett — called on Mr. Cutting, but did not see him — went with Peter to the Circle — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mrs. Johnston's — played chess — afterwards went to ball at Mr. Dufour's — very pleasant — danced with Mrs. Barton and Miss Scott — weather cold.

Thursday, 12th. — Clear, frosty weather, though milder than yesterday — no great mood for writing, yet in course of morn'g write comparison patriot and demagogue — call with Mr. Guestier on Mr. de Saget — Judge — very intelligent, pleasant man with great memory — offered me the use of his library — dined at home — [evenin]g at Mrs. Johnston's.

Friday, 13th. — Out of order — nervous — have taken cold — wrote a letter to Mr. Everett — Madrid. My trunk arrived from Paris, with clothes and Spanish books — carriage sixteen francs — called on Mr. Cutting — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mr. Strobel's — weather very cold but clear.

Saturday, 14th. — Still disabled from doing anything by a cold — weather very cold — take warm bath — Mr. Caze called on me — dined at home — read papers at Circle — fall of snow — passed ev[enin]g at Mrs. Johnston's.

[1] I.e., to the Club.

Sunday, 15th. — Dined at home — called on Mr. Cutting — ev[enin]g at Mr. Strobel's with Peter — weather still very cold.

Monday, 16th. — Clear and cold — retouched and altered story of French *Émigré* — rec[eive]d letter from Mr. Cole — dined at Mrs. Johnston's with the Guestiers and King — passed ev[enin]g there — Mr. and Mrs. Barton came in.

Tuesday, 17th. — Attended the funeral of Madmll. Tezier — buried in Protestant bury'g ground — Church of Eng[lan]d service read in French — called on Cutting — the President Sagêt called on me. Dined at Mr. Guestier's *fils* — present Mr. and Mrs. Guestier *père*, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Phelan, the Johnstons, Mr. and Miss Hovey, Mr. Barton, Peter — in the ev[enin]g dance.

January 18th. — Wednesday. Rewrote part of "Essays on Am. Rural Life" — rec[eive]d books from Mr. de Saget — carpet hired for a month — twelve francs — dined at Mr. Fenwick's — present, Mr. Caze and wife and three daughters — one of them named Mad. —— her husband was there also — Mr. Caze's brother-in-law, a Mr. L'Alemand — in ev[enin]g other ladies and gent[lemen] came in — afterwards went to a ball at Mr. Scott's — ret[urne]d home at half-past one — clear, frosty weather.

January 19th. Thursday. Wrote all the morn'g at "Essays on Am. Rural Life" — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mrs. Johnston's — Italian gent[leman] there — this evening the weather changed — rain — less cold.

Friday, 20th. — Wrote all day at "Essay on Union" — called on Cutting — wrote again in the ev[enin]g — Mr. Tezier called on me this mornin'g.

Saturday, 21st. — Finished "Essay on Union" —

walked for two hours in public garden with Mr. Lloyd — a cold, raw day — damp — dined at home — ev[enin]g at Mrs. Johnston's.

Sunday, 22d. — Wrote at "Essay on Public Prosperity" — lunched at Mrs. Johnston's and rode out with N. Johnston, Miss Johnston and Mr. N. Barton to the kennels — fine sunshine from two to three — then cloudy — ev[enin]g at Mr. Strobel's with Peter.

Monday, 23d. — Contin[ue]d "Essay on Public Prosperity" — rec[eive]d letter from Mills — called on Cutting — dined at Mrs. Johnston's — the Guestiers and King there — in ev[enin]g went to concert to hear young Litz.[1]

Tuesday, 24th. — Wrote a little at "Probity of Dueling,"[2] but was fidgety and could not get on — Mr. Caze called and interrupted me — called on Cutting — left card for Mr. Fenwick — a beautiful day — dined at home — ev[enin]g at a ball at the Prefect's.

Wednesday, 25th. — Finished "Essay on Probity" — interrupted by Mr. La Harpe — Mr. Guestier — called on Strobel and looked over books — called with him on Cutting — ev[enin]g at ball at Mr. Guestier *fils* — ret[urne]d home at half-past three.

Thursday, 26th. — Got up at half-past seven — wrote at "Essay on Nat. Car." [national characteristics] made but little progress — walked on

[1] Irving had trouble with the spelling of this Hungarian name. He is referring to Franz Liszt, then less than fifteen years old, but already famous as a pianist.

[2] The disappearance of this essay on dueling is especially to be regretted. Irving's early associations with Aaron Burr and Commodore Decatur, protagonists in two of the most famous of American duels, may perhaps have given a personal touch to his lost essay.

quinconce[1] — met Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe — ev[enin]g at Mrs. Johnston's — fine, clear weather.

Friday, 27th. — Teased myself all the morning trying to write on naval essay — got out of all mood and went out — called on Cutting — dined with Peter at Mr. La Harpe's — Mr. Tezier and Mr. Caze there — ev[enin]g called in at Mrs. Johnston's — Mrs. Guestier there — wrote this day to Payne — beautiful weather.

Saturday, 28th. — Went out after breakfast. Bo[ugh]t Moratin's dramas seven francs — called on the De Sagets — ret[urne]d home and read in Moratin. M. de Solis called on me — promised to come on Monday to take me to Mr. Moratin's — tried to write on "Essays" but gave up in despair — walked out with Peter — called on Cutting — ev[enin]g to theatre (little on) — "Beneficences" — "Kitley" — "Somnambula" — rec[eive]d letters from Payne, Leslie, Mr. Carey. Peter rec[eive]d [letter] from Storrow.

January 29th. — Sunday. Wrote all day at "Essay on Navy" and finished it at five o'clock — ev[enin]g at Mr. Strobel's.

Monday, 30th. — Added some passages to "Essay on Navy" — rec[eive]d letter from Mr. Everett, attaching me to Embassy at Madrid — inclosing passport and proposing my translating voyage of Columbus[2] — ev[enin]g went to ball at Mr. Foulk's — called with Mr. de Solis on Mr. Moratin — Spanish dramatist.

[1] Place de la Quinconce, a square ornamented by large statues of Montaigne and Montesquieu.

[2] The proposition was that Irving should translate a work entitled "Voyages of Columbus," by the Spanish historian Martin Fernandez de Navarrete (1765–1844). He was a traveller, sailor, and scholar, author of the life of Cervantes and of a work on the voyages of Spanish discoverers.

Tuesday, 31st. — Wrote letter[1] to Mr. Everett — rewrote part of "Essay on Education of Youth" — walked on *quinconce* with Mr. Strobel — called on Mr. Cutting — ev[enin]g at the Prefect's.

February 1st. — Wednesday. Wrote at "Essay on Education" — left cards for Mr. La Harpe — called on Mr. Cutting — ev[enin]g at ball at Mr. N. Barton's — ret[urne]d home quarter-past two — lovely weather.

Thursday, 2d. — Slept little — finished "Essay on Education" — walked on *quinconce* — called on Mr. Cutting — dined at Mrs. Johnston's *en famille* — Mr. King there — weather delicious — like spring.

Friday, 3d. — Wrote to Leslie and to Storrow — dined at Mrs. Guestier's — met there the Phelans, Johnstons, De Courcées, etc. — danced in ev[enin]g to the piano.

Saturday, 4th. — Wrote in Essay on Duelling" — packed trunks — called on Cutting — ev[enin]g ball at Mr. Guestier, Senior's — staid till four o'clock morn'g.

Sunday, 5th. — Packed trunks — called at Mrs. Johnston's — the Scotts there — walked out with Mrs. J. and Mrs. Guestier in the public garden — dined at Mrs. Johnston's, *en famille.*

Monday, 6th. — Rec[eive]d letter from Payne — wrote to Murray — ev[enin]g at the ball at the Baron Pichon Longville's — came away in an hour.

Tuesday, 7th. — Made extracts from books —

[1] In this letter to the American Minister at Madrid Irving wrote, that he would be delighted to follow his suggestion concerning the translation from Navarrete. But when Irving studied the Spanish historian's work he decided not to translate it, but to use the material which Navarrete so generously placed at his disposal for a "Life of Columbus," which he afterwards wrote.

made visits — dined at Mrs. Johnston's — the Guestiers, King, Ital[ian] gent[leman].

Wednesday, 8th. — Write to Mills, Payne, E. Irving, Coles — called on Cunliffe, Dufour, etc. — walked out to Longchamps — dined at Guestier's — present the elder Guestier, Phelan, De Courcées, Johnstons, King — ev[enin]g the Scotts and Bartons.

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